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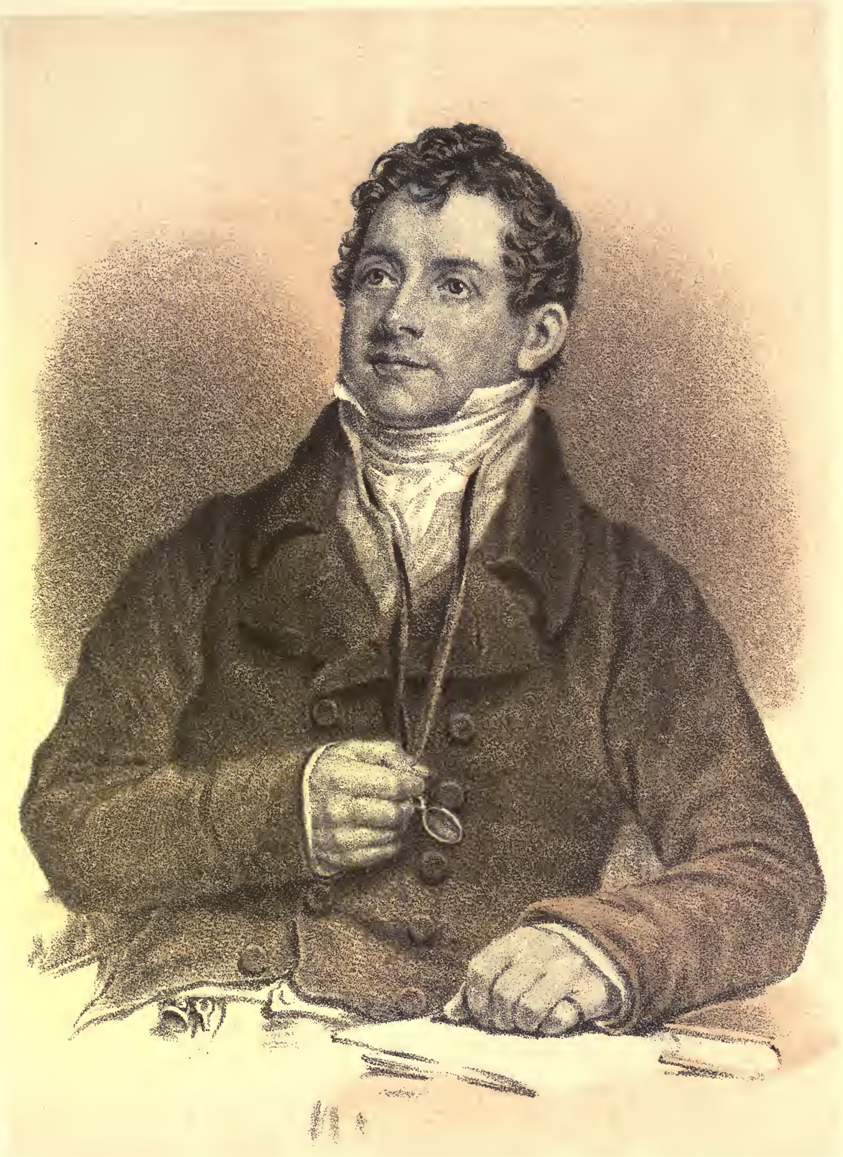
THE CABINET

OF

IRISH LITERATURE.



THOMAS MOORE.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY M. A. SHEE. P. R. A.

BLACKIE & SON, LONDON, GLASGOW, EDINBURGH & DUBLIN.

THE CABINET
OF
IRISH LITERATURE:

SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS OF THE

CHIEF POETS, ORATORS, AND PROSE WRITERS
OF IRELAND.

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND LITERARY NOTICES,

BY

CHARLES A. READ, F.R.H.S.,

Author of "Tales and Stories of Irish Life," "Stories from the Ancient Classics," &c.

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME III.

PAGE

Portrait—Thomas Moore—From the portrait by Sir Martin Archer Shee, *P.R.A.*, ... *frontispiece.*
„ Lady Morgan—From the portrait by Rene Theodore Berthon, ... *to face* 26
„ Rev. Theobald Mathew ("Father Mathew")—From the picture by J. Haverty, „ 118
„ James Sheridan Knowles—From the portrait by T. Wageman, ... „ 152
„ Thomas Osborne Davis—From an authentic portrait, ... „ 180
„ William Carleton—From the drawing by Charles Grey, R.H.A., ... „ 214
„ Samuel Lover—From a photograph by Maull and Co., London, ... „ 262
„ Francis S. Mahony ("Father Prout")—From a photograph by Lesage, Dublin, „ 302

PAGE

Thomas Moore (1780–1852), ... 1
- The Temple of the Moon (from "The Epicurean"), 7
- Bermuda, 9
- A Canadian Boat Song, 9
- Dialogue between a Sovereign and a One-pound Note, 9
- Epistle from Miss Biddy Fudge to Miss Dorothy, 10
- To my Mother, 10
- Zelica's Song, 11
- The Tears of Penitence, 11
- Beauty, 11
- Light Causes may create Dissension, 11
- Nama and Zaraph's Love, 12
- Sound the Loud Timbrel, 12
- Oft in the Stilly Night, 12
- Hark! the Vesper Hymn, 13
- Go where Glory waits Thee, 13
- Oh! breathe not his Name, 13
- The Meeting of the Waters, 13
- Love's Young Dream, 14
- She is far from the Land, 14
- 'Tis the Last Rose of Summer, 14
- Dear Harp of my Country, 14

William Conyngham Plunket (1764–1854), ... 15
- The Union, 16
- Catholic Relief, 21
- Catholic Claims, 23

Lady Morgan (1783–1859), ... 26
- Extremes Meet (from "The Princess"), 28
- Kate Kearney, 35
- Lady Singleton Travelling (from "O'Donnel"), 35
- Madame de Genlis (from "France"), 36

George Darley (1785–1846), ... 38
- A Guilty Conscience (from "Ethelstan"), 39
- Song from "Ethelstan," 39
- The Fairy Court (from "Sylvia"), 40

Duke of Wellington (1769–1852), ... 41
- The National Defences, 44
- Abolition of the Lord-lieutenancy of Ireland, 45

PAGE

James Roche (1771–1853), ... 46
- Gibbon and his great Work, 47

Sir Martin Archer Shee (1769–1850), ... 49
- Extract from "Alasco," 50
- Napoleon and David the Painter, 50
- Impressions of Paris, 51
- The Dilettanti of the Day (from "Rhymes on Art"), 51

Marquis of Londonderry (1778–1854), ... 52
- The Retreat upon Corunna (from "The Story of the Peninsular War"), 53
- The Battle of Corunna (do.), 55

Gerald Griffin (1803–1840), ... 58
- A Happy Home (from "The Colleen Bawn"), 60
- The Temptation of Hardress (do.), 64
- Lines on the Death of a Sister, 68
- Gille ma Chree, 68
- Adare, 69
- I love my Love in the Morning, 69

James Clarence Mangan (1803–1849), ... 70
- The Nameless One, 72
- Dark Rosaleen, 72
- A Highway for Freedom, 73
- The Woman of Three Cows, 73
- The Expedition and Death of King Dathy, 74
- And then No More, 75
- The Karamanian Exile, 75
- My Three Tormentors, 76
- Cahal Mor of the Wine-red Hand, 77
- "The One Mystery," 77
- Cean-Salla, 78
- The Time of the Barmecides, 78

Richard Lalor Sheil (1791–1851), ... 79
- Speech at the Clare Election, 82
- Speech at Penenden Heath, 86
- The Majesty of Virtue (from "Evadne"), 91

John Keegan (1809–1849), ... 94
- Caoch the Piper, 94
- The Dark Girl at the Holy Well, 95
- The Dying Mother's Lament, 96
- The Holly and Ivy Girl, 96

PAGE
Lieut.-Gen. Sir Chas. J. Napier (1782–1853), 97
Frica the Vala (from "William the Conqueror"), ... 98

John Wilson Croker (1780–1857),............... 103
Revolutionary Sympathy (from "Essays on the Guillotine"), ... 104
A Reply to Macaulay, ... 105

William Hamilton Maxwell (1794–1850),..... 106
Captain Kennedy's Escape (from "Stories of Waterloo"), ... 107
General O'Dogherty's Visitors (from "The Bivouac"), ... 110

Viscount Strangford (1780–1855),............... 114
Canzon Spanish, ... 116
Canzonet, ... 116
A Night Scene in the Lusiad, ... 116

Rev. Theobald Mathew (1790–1856),........... 117
The Apostle of Temperance in Dublin, . . 120
Temperance Oration, ... 121

George Croly, ll.d. (1780–1860),................. 122
The Escape of Naomi (from "Salathiel"), . 123
Extract from "Catiline," 125

Sir Wm. Francis Patrick Napier (1785–1860), 126
Assault of Badajos (from "History of the Peninsular War"), ... 127

John D. Fraser (1809–1849),...................... 132
Brosna's Banks, ... 132
The Holy Wells, ... 132
Song for July 12th, 1843, ... 133
Our Course, ... 133
The Gathering of the Nation, ... 134

Dionysius Lardner, d.c.l. (1793–1859),.......... 134
The Universal Agency of Heat (from "A Treatise on Heat"), ... 135

Thomas Crofton Croker (1798–1854),........... 137
The Soul Cages (from "Fairy Legends"), . 139
The Lord of Dunkerron (do.), ... 144

Edward Walsh (1805–1850),...................... 145
Brighidin Ban mo Store, ... 146
Aileen the Huntress, ... 146
Over the Hills and far Away, ... 147
Mo Craoibhin Cno, ... 148
Mairgréad ni Chealleadh, ... 148

William Thompson (1805–1852),.................. 149
The Magpie (from "The Natural History of Ireland"), ... 150

James Sheridan Knowles (1784–1862), ... 151
The Death of Virginia (from "Virginius"), . 152
The Return of Leonardo (from "The Wife"), 157

Mrs. Jameson (1794–1860),........................ 162
A Visit to Mount Vesuvius (from "The Diary of an Ennuyée"), ... 163

William Hamilton Drummond (1778–1865),... 165
The Bed of Ocean (from "The Giant's Causeway"), ... 166
Benevolence of the Good Man to the Inferior Animals, ... 166
Cuchullin's Chariot (from "Ancient Irish Minstrelsy"), ... 167

PAGE
George Petrie, ll.d. (1789–1866),................ 167
Ancient Irish Ecclesiastical Remains (from "The Round Towers"), ... 169

Eugene O'Curry (1796–1862),...................... 171
Druids and Druidism (from "Manners and Customs of Ancient Erinn"), ... 172
The Old Books of Erinn (from "Lectures"), 173

William Archer Butler (1814–1848),........... 175
The Even-song of the Streams, ... 176

Henry Cooke, d.d., ll.d. (1788–1868),........... 177
Dr. Cooke and Slavery, ... 179
On Dr. Chalmers, ... 180

Thomas Osborne Davis (1815–1845),............ 180
Lament for the Death of Eoghan Ruadh O'Neill, ... 182
The Sack of Baltimore, ... 183
Fontenoy, ... 184
The Geraldines, ... 185
Mairè Bhan a Stoir, ... 186
Oh! the Marriage, ... 186
Tipperary, ... 187
A Nation once again, ... 187
The Irish Hurrah, ... 188
My Grave, ... 188
Oh! for a Steed, ... 188
A Scene in the South, ... 189

Thomas Colley Grattan (1795–1864),.......... 189
An Expedition to the Landes (from "Highways and By-ways"), ... 191

John Anster, ll.d. (1793–1867),.................. 201
The Death of Margaret (from "Faust"), . . 202

Daniel Owen Madden (1815–1859),.............. 205
A Day with Charles Fox (from "The Chiefs of Parties"), ... 205
A Gambling Hell of the Olden Times (do.), . 206
William Pitt (do.), ... 207
A Speech of Mr. Gladstone (do.), ... 207

James Wills, d.d. (1790–1868),.................... 208
The Last Days of Red Hugh (from "The Irish Nation"), ... 209

John D'Alton (1792–1867), ... 211
The World of Years long past, ... 211
Oh! Erin! 211
The Fair Hills of Ireland, ... 211
Laurence O'Toole (from "Archbishops of Dublin"), ... 212

William Carleton (1794–1869),................... 213
The Miser on his Son's Love (from "Fardorougha the Miser"), ... 217
The Miser goes Match-making (do.), . . . 223
A Love Scene in a Cabin (from "Traits and Stories"), ... 228

General Chesney (1789–1872),.................... 231
With the Arabs (from "Narrative of Euphrates Expedition"), ... 232
Arrival at Bagdad (do.), ... 235

Thomas Keightley (1789–1872),................... 236
Broken Oaths (from "Fairy Mythology"), . 236

PAGE

Cardinal Wiseman (1802–1865), 240
  The Fall of Torquatus (from "Fabiola"), 241
  Italian Gesticulation (from "Essays"), 242
  The Ancient and Modern Poet, 243
  On Shakspere, 244
  Two Roman Characters (from "Recollections of the Last Four Popes"), 245
  The Abbe La Mennais (do.), 246
  Egyptian Art, 246

Eyre Evans Crowe (1799–1868), 247
  Mr. Poyntz's Maiden Speech (from "Charles Delmer"), 247
  Mr. Jacobi's Tactics (do.), 248
  Smyrna (from "The Greek and Turk"), 249

Michael Banim (1796–1874), 249
  Lynch Law on Vinegar Hill (from "The Croppy"), 251

John O'Donovan, LL.D. (1809–1861), 258
  Cormac's Glossary, 259

Samuel Lover (1797–1868), 262
  My Mother Dear, 264
  Rory O'More; or, Good Omens, 264
  Molly Carew, 265
  How to Ask and Have, 265
  The Angel's Whisper, 266
  The Road of Life; or, Song of the Irish Post-boy, 266
  Why should Love inflict a Wound? 266
  Shakspere Prophetic, 267
  On the Failure of Overend, Gurney, and Co., 267
  To Dr. Joseph Dickson, 267
  Paddy at Sea (from "Selections from Unpublished Papers"), 267
  Icing the Champagne (from "Handy Andy"), 271
  The Irish Harp (from "Selections from Unpublished Papers"), 272
  St. Patrick and the Sarpent (do.), 273
  The Irish Brigade (do.), 274

William Smith O'Brien (1803–1864), 275
  Amusements of the People (from "Principles of Government"), 277

Sir William Rowan Hamilton (1805–1865), 279
  On Symbols (from "Lectures on Quaternions"), 280

William Hickey (Martin Doyle) (1787–1875), 282
  Home Reflections on Home Duties (from "The Common Things of Everyday Life"), 282
  Asses in the East (from "The Farmer's Manual"), 283
  Irish Homes (from "The Agricultural Labourer Viewed"), 284
  The Horse (from "The Farmer's Manual"), 284

Lady Dufferin (1807–1867), 285
  The Irish Emigrant, 286

PAGE

  Terence's Farewell, 286
  Oh! Bay of Dublin, 287
  Katey's Letter, 287
  Sweet Kilkenny Town, 287

Sir James Emerson Tennent (1794–1869), 288
  Capture of the Wild Elephant (from "The Wild Elephant"), 289

Joseph Stirling Coyne (1803–1868), 292
  A Comedy of Errors (from "Urgent Private Affairs"), 293

Matthew James Higgins (1810–1868), 296
  A Scene in the Irish Famine (from "Essays on Social Subjects"), 297
  Our Chapel of Ease (do.), 299

Francis Sylvester Mahony (1805–1866), 302
  Go where Glory, 303
  In Pulchram Lactiferam, 304
  To a Beautiful Milkmaid, 304
  The Shandon Bells, 305
  The Groves of Blarney (in five Languages), 306
  The Death of Socrates, 307
  La Mort de Socrate, 307
  Pray for Me, 308
  The Song of Brennus, 308
  The Autobiography of P. J. de Béranger, 308
  The Song of the Cossack, 309
  The Carrier-dove of Athens, 310
  The Garret of Béranger, 310

James Henthorn Todd (1805–1869), 311
  St. Patrick's Success (from "St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland"), 312

Patrick Kennedy (1801–1873), 314
  The Road of the Dishes (from "The Bardic Stories of Ireland"), 314
  The Amadhān Mor (do.), 315

Sir Robert M‘Clure (1807–1873), 317
  The Discovery of the North-west Passage (from "Despatches"), 319

Dr. William Stokes (1804–1878), 322
  Petrie's Last Visit to Clare (from "Life of Petrie"), 323
  A Touching Reminiscence (do.), 324

John Francis Maguire (1815–1872), 324
  The House of Commons of the Future (from "The Next Generation"), 325

John Mitchel (1815–1875), 329
  Farewell to Ireland (from "Jail Journal"), 331
  Character of O'Connell (from "The Last Conquest of Ireland"), 334
  A Galway Election (do.), 335

THE CABINET

OF

IRISH LITERATURE.

PERIOD A.D. 1800 — 1860.

THOMAS MOORE.

BORN 1780 — DIED 1852.

[Thomas Moore was born in Dublin, in the year 1780, of humble but respectable parents, both of whom were Roman Catholics. His father, John Moore, was a grocer and keeper of a small wine store in Aungier Street, where his dwelling-house was over the shop. The usual date assigned for Moore's birth is 1779; but, although the latter date appears upon his tombstone, the baptismal register, which has been published by Earl Russell, is still in existence, and proves that he was born in 1780. To his mother's judicious home-training Moore was indebted for his future success in society. He was sent to school at an early age; first to a Mr. Malone, who was seldom sober, and would often whip the boys all round for disturbing his slumbers; then to the grammar-school of Mr. Samuel White, eminent as an elocutionist, but more widely known as the teacher of Richard Brinsley Sheridan and Thomas Moore.

In 1794, Moore entered Trinity College, Dublin, with a view to study for law. His career there was more than an ordinary success, although, hating Latin hexameters, he often substituted English for Latin verse when he conveniently could do so. From his childhood, he had exhibited a genius for lyric verse and music; and two of his productions, dropped into the letter-box of a Dublin magazine called *The Anthologia*, appeared in its pages bearing the initials "T. M." when he was only fourteen years of age. He was fond of recitation, and Mr. White's favourite *show*-scholar. His home life was a very happy one under the fostering care of his parents; and after he entered college, pieces were got up and acted by himself, his sister, and several young friends in the little drawing-room over the shop. He continued to write verses for *The Anthologia*, and afterwards for other publications. His sister's music-teacher taught him to play on the pianoforte; he learned Italian from a priest, and picked up French from an emigrant acquaintance.

In 1798, Moore narrowly escaped being involved with Emmet and others in a charge of sedition. He, without doubt, sympathized with their cause, and anonymously wrote two articles, one a poem and the other a fiery letter in favour of the movement, for *The Press*—a revolutionary paper started towards the end of 1797 by Arthur O'Connor, Robert Emmet, and other chiefs of the United Irish conspiracy. His mother coming to know of it bound him by a solemn promise never again to contribute to *The Press*, so that, afterwards, when he was hauled up and examined, he owed his escape from danger to his having given heed to her warning voice.

His father, having saved a little money, now left the counter, became a barrack-master in the army, and resolved to send his son to London to prosecute his law studies. In the same year—1798—which saw so many of his companions exiled or dead, Thomas Moore graduated as B.A., and, bidding adieu to his native city, set out for London, where, early in 1799, he entered as a student at the Middle Temple. He had already translated the *Odes of Anacreon*, and shortly after settling in London he arranged for their publication in a quarto volume: Lord Moira, the Duke of Bedford, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and the Prince of Wales became subscribers for this work. To Lord Moira he owed his introduction to this select circle, and the Prince of Wales permitted the dedication of the *Odes* to himself. His brilliant conversational powers, with his poetical and musical gifts, rendered him everywhere a welcome guest, and he was now plunged headlong into the vortex of London fashionable society. In 1801 he published a volume of "Poems" under the name of "The Late Thomas Little, Esq." These were full of indecencies, of which, however, he was afterwards so heartily ashamed that he altogether excluded many of them from the collected edition of his poems.

In 1803 Lord Moira procured him an appointment in the Court of Bermuda as Registrar of the Admiralty. He sailed on the 25th of September in the *Phaeton* frigate from Spithead, landing at Norfolk, Virginia, whence, after a stay of about ten days, he proceeded in a sloop of war to Bermuda. It was the beginning of 1804 when Moore reached the "still-vexed Bermoothes," and, knowing that it was an uncongenial post, he only remained there for a few months while arranging to have his duties performed by deputy. In his letters he described the scenery as beautiful, but his occupation, in examining witnesses in regard to captured vessels, &c., as not very poetical. He left Bermuda in April, resolved to see something of America before his return to England, and sailed to New York; from whence, after a short stay, he revisited Norfolk in Virginia, where Mr. Merry, the English minister, introduced him to President Jefferson—the man who drew up the Declaration of American Independence. From Norfolk he proceeded on a pleasure tour through the States; and, in his *Odes and Epistles* subsequently published, we have a series of poetical notes of his progress from place to place. At Philadelphia he formed some agreeable friendships. Visiting Canada, he saw Niagara Falls. Crossing the "fresh-water ocean" of Ontario, he sailed down the St. Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec, staying for a short time at each of these places. Of all his poetical records of this tour, none are so exquisitely lovely as the "Canadian Boat-song." His whole absence from England was only a period of fourteen months, and from what he saw, or rather from what he could not find there, of refinement in social life and the aroma of society, his preconceived ideas of republican government were considerably modified.

Odes and Epistles, to which we have alluded, appeared in 1806. Capt. Basil Hall vouches for the accuracy of Moore's description of Bermuda, saying that it is "the most pleasing and exact" he knows. However, the volume was very severely handled by Jeffrey in *The Edinburgh Review,* on the score of its occasional questionable morality; and Moore, irritated, foolishly sent him a challenge. The affair was stopped on the ground by the police, and the would-be combatants afterwards became fast friends. Byron's sarcastic allusion to the duel stung Moore, and he also received a challenge; but, fortunately, matters were adjusted by mutual friends without a hostile meeting. In 1807 he began to publish *The Irish Melodies,* which were not completed till 1834. He furnished words and adapted the airs, while Sir John A. Stevenson was to provide the accompaniments. In 1808 he published anonymously two poems, *Intolerance,* and *Corruption;* and, in 1809, *The Sceptic,* none of which, however, were very successful. "A Letter to the Roman Catholics of Dublin" appeared in 1810.

On Lady-day, in March, 1811, he married Miss Bessie Dyke, a native of Kilkenny, a charming and amiable young actress of considerable ability. She was very domestic in her tastes, and possessed much energy of character, tact, and judgment; while her personal appearance was such as to draw from Rogers the appellation of "the Psyche." Lord John Russell tells us that, "from the year of his marriage to the year of his death, his excellent and beautiful wife received from him the homage of a lover." In the autumn of 1811, *M.P., or the Blue Stocking,* a comic opera, was produced on the stage. For a time after his marriage he had been residing chiefly with Lord Moira, but in 1812 he took a cottage at Kegworth, so as still to be near his friend's residence; but, on Lord Moira going to India, he shortly afterwards left it for Mayfield Cottage, near Ashbourne, in Derbyshire.

In 1812 appeared *The Intercepted Letters, or the Twopenny Post Bag, by Thomas Brown, the Younger.* The wit, pungency, and playfulness of these satires, aimed at the Prince Regent and his ministers, made them immensely popular, and fourteen editions were called for in the course of one year. At this time, the Messrs. Longman arranged to give him three thousand guineas for a poetical work of which they had not seen a single line. Moore determined not to disappoint the trust placed in him, and, in his cottage in Derbyshire, studied oriental literature summer and winter; and, in four years after his arrangement with the firm, *Lalla Rookh* was completed. *National*

Airs, a volume of poems containing "Flow on, thou shining River," "All that's bright must fade," "Those evening bells," "Oft in the stilly Night," and others, was published in 1815. In 1816 appeared two series of *Sacred Melodies.* He removed to Hornsey, near London, this year, in order to see *Lalla Rookh* through the press. It was published—a quarto volume—in 1817, and, striking a new key-note, was a splendid success, dazzling the readers of the day with its gorgeous eastern illustration and imagery. Within a fortnight of its issue, the first edition was sold out; and within six months it had reached a sixth edition. Parts of the work were rendered into Persian; and Mr. Luttrell, writing to Moore, said:—

> "I'm told, dear Moore, your lays are sung,
> (Can it be true, you lucky man?)
> By moonlight, in the Persian tongue,
> Along the streets of Ispahan."

In holiday mood, Moore, leaving his wife at Hornsey, accepted from Rogers the offer of a seat in his carriage, and set out, in 1817, for a visit to Paris. The Bourbon dynasty had just been restored; society was in a chaotic state, and Paris swarmed with English, whose ridiculous cockneyism and nonsense furnished him with materials for the letters entitled *The Fudge Family in Paris*, published in 1818, and consisting of a happy blending of the political squib and the social burlesque. This was succeeded, in 1819, by the publication of *Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress.* On his return he was urged by the Marquis of Lansdowne, his ever-constant friend, to come and live near him; and he, accordingly, took Sloperton Cottage, near Devizes and contiguous to his friend's beautiful demesne of Bowood, in Wiltshire. He had not been long settled in it, however, when intelligence reached him that the deputy whom he had appointed at Bermuda had absconded, and, by embezzlement, involved him in a debt of £6000 for which he was responsible. Friends at once offered pecuniary aid; but Moore resolved to help himself by his pen. To avoid arrest he was advised to visit the Continent till matters were arranged; so, in September, 1819, he set out with Lord John Russell to visit Switzerland and Italy. At Milan they met Lord Kinnaird, thence Lord John went to Genoa, and Moore proceeded to Venice to meet Lord Byron. At Rome, the two poets explored the works of ancient and modern art, under the personal guidance of men such as Canova, Chantrey, Turner, Lawrence, Jackson, and Eastlake. On returning from Rome to Paris, in January, 1820, he was there joined by his family, and settled down to literary work. During the nearly three years he lived in Paris, his life was precisely the same as when in England, one continual round of visiting amongst the English aristocracy and travellers who came there. At the same time he was busy on *The Life of Sheridan, The Epicurean, Rhymes on the Road, The Loves of the Angels,* &c., which were published at a later period. Moore was in seven different lodgings in, or near, Paris; but the dwelling which he liked best was a cottage belonging to their friends the Villamils, at La Butte Coaslin, near Sevres, which they occupied for some time. It reminded him of Sloperton, and he happily defined it by a quotation from Pope—

> "A little cot with trees a row,
> And, like its master, very low."

Here he used to wander in the park of St. Cloud, writing verses, planning chapters of *The Epicurean,* and closing the evening by practising duets with the lady of his Spanish friend, or listening to her guitar. Kenney, the dramatic writer, lived near them, and Washington Irving visited him there.

At length, in 1822, he received a letter from Longmans informing him that the Bermuda defalcation had been arranged, and that he might now safely return to England. In the end of November, 1822, he returned to Sloperton Cottage; and, in 1823, published *Rhymes for the Road,* with *Fables for the Holy Alliance,* and *Loves of the Angels,* which he had written when in exile. In June of this year, his publishers placed £1000 to his credit from the sale of the last-named work, and £500 from the *Fables for the Holy Alliance.*

At this time, too, he made a favourable arrangement regarding the copyright of *The Irish Melodies.* As early as 1797 Moore's attention had been called to Bunting's collection of Irish Melodies; and, at intervals, he had written words for some of them which he was accustomed to sing with great effect. In 1807, as we have stated, he began to publish these, receiving from Mr. Power £50 each, for the first two numbers. The songs were immensely and deservedly popular, and now, in 1823, Mr. Power agreed to pay Moore £500 a year, for a series of years, that he might have the exclusive right of publishing *The Irish Melodies,* the whole ten numbers of which were not completed till 1834, and are likely to prove the most lasting of all his works.

His *Memoirs of Captain Rock* appeared in 1824, written after a tour in Ireland with the Marquis of Lansdowne. This year Lord Byron died, and thus the existence, and the intended publication of his memoirs, which he had entrusted to Moore for that purpose, came to be known. Byron's relatives strongly urged that the MS. should be destroyed, and, after arrangements made accordingly, it was burned, in the presence of witnesses.

In October, 1825, his *Life of Sheridan* appeared. In 1827 *The Epicurean* was published, illustrated with vignettes on steel after Turner. It is a romance founded on Egyptian mythology, and is the most highly finished, artistic, and imaginative of his prose writings. In 1830 he edited *The Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, with Notices of his Life.* This work, which appeared in two quarto volumes, compiled from Byron's journals and such materials as he could subsequently procure, is interesting, but too copious and, as might be expected, partial and lenient in its criticism. For this biography he ultimately obtained £4870. In 1831, was published his *Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald,* followed by *The Summer Fete,* a poem, celebrating an entertainment given at Boyle Farm in 1827. At this time he chiefly adhered to prose, and only occasionally wrote verse in the shape of political squibs or satires for *The Times* or *The Morning Chronicle,* for which service he was paid at the rate of about £400 a year. In 1833, followed *Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion,* a defence of the Roman Catholic system; and *The History of Ireland* (4 vols. 12mo), in 1835, written for Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopedia.* It embraced a long period, from the earliest king to the latest chief. This year, during Lord Melbourne's administration, a pension of £300 a year was bestowed upon him for his literary merits.

He wrote little else after this period, beyond an occasional trifle in verse for the periodicals, and the prefaces and a few additions to a collected edition of his poetical works issued by the Longmans (1840–42), in ten volumes. His latter years were clouded by domestic grief, his children having all died before him. In 1846 the poet made this sad entry in his diary, "The last of our five children is gone, and we are left desolate and alone, not a single relative have I now left in the world." His memory failed rapidly; he stooped and looked old; and, in 1848—as in the cases of Swift, Scott, and Southey—mental imbecility gradually set in, caused by softening of the brain.

In 1850 Mrs. Moore received a pension of £100 a year, in consideration of her husband's literary services; and no wife ever deserved recognition more than she for *her own* sweet sake. She was in every respect a true and model wife. Moore's loss of memory was in his case perhaps, a blessing, "bestowing a calm," as William Howitt remarks, "on his closing period, which otherwise could not have existed." "His last days," says Lord John Russell, "were peaceful and happy; his domestic sorrows, his literary triumphs, seem to have faded away alike into a calm repose. He retained to his last moments a pious submission to God, and a grateful sense of the kindness of her whose tender office it was to watch over his decline." His frame grew weaker and weaker, and he died at Sloperton Cottage, his home for more than thirty years, on the 26th of February, 1852, aged seventy-two years and nine months, and was buried in the churchyard of Bromham, Bedfordshire, within view of his own house, and by the side of two of his children.

Lord John Russell generously negotiated for the publication of Moore's *Memoirs, Journal and Correspondence* with the Longmans, who brought them out in eight volumes (1852–56) and under Lord John's own editorial supervision, in accordance with the desire of the poet. With the £3000 obtained for the work, an annuity was purchased for Mrs. Moore equal to the whole income which she and her husband had enjoyed during the latter years of his life. The journal embraces the period between 1818 and 1847. Mrs. Moore survived him till 1865, having presented the poet's valuable library to the Royal Irish Academy. She died at Sloperton Cottage, on the 4th of September, aged sixty-eight.

Moore's life may be summed up as "an untiring pursuit of poetry, prose, and fashionable society." Byron said, "Tommie dearly loved a lord;" and his journals continually evince his vanity in this respect, although it was, essentially, of a very harmless and kindly sort.

"But," as William Howitt, who knew him, wrote, "it is as useless to wish Moore anything but what he was, as to wish a butterfly a bee, or that a moth should not fly into a candle. It was his nature; and the pleasure of being caressed, flattered, and admired by titled people must be purchased at any cost. Neither poverty nor sorrow could restrain him from this dear enjoyment. . . . He goes into the charmed, glittering ring to forget his trouble, and leaves poor, desolate Mrs. Moore solitarily at home to remember it. . . . At another time you find him invited to dine with some great people, but he has not a penny in his pocket; Bessie, however, has scraped together a pound or two out of the housekeeping cash, and lets him have it, and he is off." Of his bearing in these circles, Byron says:—"In society he is gentlemanly, gentle, and altogether more pleasing than any individual with whom I am acquainted."

In extenuation, it has been said that Moore wished to keep himself before the people who could purchase his expensive quarto volumes, and that Mrs. Moore acquiesced in what was thus for their mutual benefit. However, it must be admitted that Moore was a spendthrift to the end of his days. His writings brought him £30,000, and he had nothing to leave to his wife—his sole survivor—but his diary in MS. Owing chiefly, perhaps, to her good sense, they always lived in houses of low rents; and, of these, only two were residences of long duration—the one, Mayfield Cottage, near the river Dove, in Derbyshire; and the other, Sloperton Cottage, in Wiltshire. But we find him borrowing a large house of Lord Lansdowne, at Richmond, one summer; borrowing his friend's carriages, and giving great dinners and fêtes champêtres, so that it is easy to see how the money went. Amidst all this he was attached to his family, a faithful, kind, and generous friend; he habitually wrote to his mother twice a week; and, when he got £3000 for *Lalla Rookh*, he left £2000 in the hands of his publishers, directing the interest (£100 a year) to be handed to his parents, to whom he was devoted; and this sum was paid them while they lived, even when he himself was often sorely pressed. Nor did he by his extravagance ever involve them in any expense. Professor Morley observes:—"He loved his mother and his wife, but dining out did not deepen his character." Much that was indelicate in his earlier writings he lived to regret; and, as he advanced in life, he breathed a purer and serener atmosphere. Sidney Smith described Moore as "a gentleman of small stature, but full of genius, and a steady friend of all that is honourable and just." And Sir Walter Scott wrote, "It would be a delightful addition to life, if Thomas Moore had a cottage within two miles of me."

Of Moore's prose writings, his best sustained and most highly finished imaginative work is *The Epicurean*—an Egyptian romance, which he at first intended, and indeed began, to write in verse, but left it as the unfinished fragment called "Alciphron," which is now appended to the prose tale. Alciphron was an Epicurean philosopher converted to Christianity, A.D. 257, by a young Egyptian maiden with whom he fell in love, but who suffered martyrdom in that year. On her death, he betook himself to the desert. During the persecution under Dioclesian, his sufferings for the faith were most exemplary, and being at length, at an advanced age, condemned to hard labour for refusing to comply with an imperial edict, he died at the brass mines of Palestine, A.D. 297. There was found after his death a small metal mirror, like those used in the ceremonies of Isis, suspended around his neck. Moore's biographical works are all faulty and diffuse, although they abound in sparkling passages; his notices of Lord Byron are generally written with taste and modesty, and in very pure and unaffected English. As an editor, in this instance, he admits far too much trivial matter, and his judgment is considerably biassed by friendship. His *History of Ireland* is admitted to be a very important work, and, of its kind, is thought to be his best. It is certainly an interesting and careful production, though by no means an impartial one.

Moore's satirical productions are equal to anything of the kind in the language, and in them his peculiar abilities are exhibited to the best advantage. Hazlitt, after slashing at some of his other works, says, "But he has wit at will, and of the first quality. His satirical and burlesque poetry is his best; it is first-rate." "In *The Twopenny Post Bag*, his light laughing satire attains its most delicate piquancy." Of it Byron wrote, "By-the-bye, what humour—what—everything in the *Post Bag!*" *The Fudge Family* was *once* amusing, but it is the natural fate of ephemeral satire to perish with the events which gave rise to it. *Rhymes on the Road* is a series of clever trifles—often graceful and pleasing, but occasionally indelicate—conversational and unstudied, and "little better," to use Moore's own words, than "prose fringed with rhyme." His *Odes and Epistles* contain descriptive sketches of scenery as remarkable for their fidelity to nature as for their poetical beauty.

Lalla Rookh,—signifying *tulip cheek*,—is Moore's most elaborate poem. It is an oriental romance, with its dazzling wealth of gorgeous illustration and imagery, presenting a brilliant picture of eastern life and thought. It consists of four tales connected by a slight narrative in prose. These are, "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan," "Paradise and the Peri," "The

Fire-worshippers," and "The Light of the Harem." Its illustrations are so accurate, that Colonel Wilks, the historian of British India, thought Moore must have travelled in the East. But the lay-figures introduced lack character; there is, throughout, a marked deficiency of dramatic power and completeness; and, from the very excess of ornament and exuberant fancy, its sweetness and sparkle palls on the senses. Full of glittering fancy, "it lacks passion, pathos, and the shaping spirit of imagination." Professor Morley quaintly says, that "beside poems that rank with the powers of Nature, it looks like an oriental sugar-candy temple of such confectioner's work as was also fashionable in the days when *Lalla Rookh* was read."

Hazlitt wrote of Moore, "His fancy is for ever on the wing, flutters in the gale, glitters in the sun. Everything lives, moves, and sparkles in his poetry; while, over all, Love waves his purple light. . . . The poet was a diligent student, and his oriental reading was as good as riding on the back of a camel." Stopford A. Brooke adds that "the tales in *Lalla Rookh* are chiefly flash and glitter, but they are pleasant reading." Some of the lyrics which are found in its pages are very melodious and beautiful. While admitting the abstract justice of the criticisms we have quoted, we submit that there are times, seasons, and moods, when it is very pleasant to be half smothered in roses!

Of Moore's larger poetical works, the next in importance to *Lalla Rookh* is his *Loves of the Angels*, an allegory founded on the eastern story of the angels Harut and Marut, and the rabbinical fictions of the loves of Uzziel and Shamchazai. The three stories are related with graceful tenderness and passion; but his angels actually fall over head and ears in love with the fairest of earth's daughters.

Of all that Moore has written, the best of his *Irish Melodies* and *National Songs*, without doubt, are very perfect and most likely to live with the language itself, and so perpetuate his fame. He wrought at these series of songs for over a quarter of a century. Bright and sparkling at all times, Moore is the Rossini of musicians and the humming-bird of poets. His airy verse, with its drawing-room sheen and polish, may be aptly described in his own words, from *Lalla Rookh*:—

"Mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring dying notes
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly;
And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
Refines the bosom it trembles through,
As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,
Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too."

No one would go to Moore, expecting to find the robust vigour, condensed wisdom, and epigrammatic point of a Shakspere or a Burns; but sentiment, though less deep and more diffuse, may still be true, and touch our hearts. How often the cadence of a line recalls some well-nigh forgotten song heard long ago, while the phrase of haunting melody, so sadly sweet, yet sweetly sad, with which it is inseparably and for ever associated, floats magically through the soul, wafting us away like the music of a dream to other days and brighter scenes, when hope was young:—

"Sweet air, how every note brings back
Some sunny hope, some day-dream bright
That, shining o'er life's early track,
Fill'd even its tears with light!"

Strange to say, Moore, though Irish, is, in a national sense, the least Irish of Irish bards, and does not even approach the natural pathos and humour of Samuel Lover. His songs are characterized more by sprightly fancy and sentiment than by imagination; but he thoroughly understood the requirements of *vocalization*, and his verse is perfectly modulated *for singing*—an art to which very few poets, even of a much higher order, have attained.

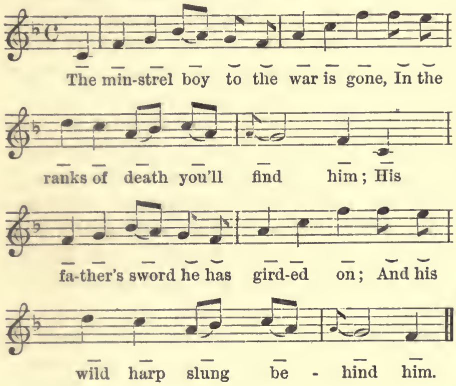
Moore speaks admiringly of the marvellous and matchless skill of Burns, in successfully adapting words to music, as encouraging him in his own attempts, and adds: "I have always felt in adapting words to an expressive air, that I was but bestowing upon it the gift of articulation, and thus enabling it to speak to others all that was conveyed in its wordless eloquence to myself." He also wrote, in the preface to *The Irish Melodies*:—"With respect to the verses which I have written for these melodies, as *they are intended rather to be sung than read*, I can answer for their sound with somewhat more confidence than for their sense." This, Moore's intention, ought to be borne in mind; and it is not fair to criticise the accent of his songs apart from the music to which they are written; for the one is dependent on, modified by, and quite *inseparable* from the other. In short, as Samuel Lover points out, even "Moore is liable to be falsely read, when the ordinary accent is given to the reading," that is, "when measured syllabically rather than rhythmically." This Lover amply proves and illustrates by the example of "The

Minstrel Boy to the War is gone," given, marked in longs and shorts, showing that the music is *more* than essential, and absolutely *increases* the power of the lines—the remarkable succession of long sounds in the noble air giving a grandeur of effect to the poem which is otherwise wanting. Thus, as they would be read:—

> The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
> In the ranks of death you'll find him;
> His father's sword he has girded on,
> And his wild harp slung behind him.

While, it is as follows, when accentuated by the music:—

Irish air—*The Moreen.*


The min-strel boy to the war is gone, In the
ranks of death you'll find him; His
fa-ther's sword he has gird-ed on; And his
wild harp slung be - hind him.

Lover, who himself, in this respect, was only second in Ireland to Moore, and free from many of Moore's defects, characterized *The Irish Melodies* as "that work, not only the crowning wreath of its author, but among the glories of the land that gave him birth. To the finest national music in the world he wrote the finest lyrics; and if Ireland never produced, nor should ever produce, another lyric poet, sufficient for her glory is the name of Thomas Moore." Byron wrote:—"Moore has a peculiarity of talent, or rather talents—poetry, music, voice, all his own; and an expression in each which never was, nor will be, possessed by another." He was undoubtedly the greatest lyrist of his age; and "of all song-writers," said Professor Wilson, "that ever warbled, or chanted, or sung, the best, in our estimation, is verily none other than Thomas Moore." Lord John Russell's estimate of Moore was: "Of English lyrical poets he is surely the first." Stopford A. Brooke writes: "He had a slight, pretty, rarely true, lyrical power, but all the songs have this one excellence, they are truly things to be sung;" and Professor Henry Morley, in the same strain, adds: "As a lyric poet Moore was above all things a musician—one of the best writers we have ever had of *words for music.*"

His patriotic songs are the most real in feeling, and therefore the best. With these, Moore permeated society, and so created an interest in Irish matters and wrongs. Next to these patriotic songs, are those conveying moral reflections in metaphor. On the best of *The Irish Melodies*, and on *The National Songs*, Moore's lasting fame will doubtless rest. He himself has recorded this, as his own belief, in these memorable words:—"My fame, whatever it is, has been acquired by touching the harp of my country, and is, in fact, no more than the echo of the harp."

Many editions of Moore's works have been called for, especially of *The Irish Melodies* and *Lalla Rookh.* The former was issued (1845) profusely illustrated by Maclise; and the latter has been illustrated (1861) by Tenniel. A *Biography* of Moore, by H. R. Montgomery, was published in 1860. Much information may be gleaned from Moore's own prefaces; and biographical notices have been prefixed to various subsequent editions of the poet's works; those by Dr. John Francis Waller and Mr. William Michael Rossetti are specially noteworthy. Moore's *Hitherto Uncollected Writings*, edited by R. H. Shepherd, appeared, in London, in 1877.[1] A portrait-bust of Moore is placed in the National Portrait Gallery.]

THE TEMPLE OF THE MOON.

(FROM "THE EPICUREAN.")

The rising of the moon, slow and majestic, as if conscious of the honours that awaited her upon earth, was welcomed with a loud acclaim from every eminence, where multitudes stood watching for her first light. And seldom had that light risen upon a more beautiful scene. The city of Memphis—still grand, though no longer the unrivalled Memphis, that had borne away from Thebes the crown of supremacy, and worn it undisputed through ages—now softened by the mild moonlight that harmonized with her decline, shone forth among her lakes, her pyramids, and her shrines, like one of those dreams of human glory that must ere long pass away. Even already ruin was visible around her. The sands of the Libyan desert were gaining upon her like a sea; and there, among solitary columns and sphinxes, already half sunk from sight, Time seemed to stand waiting, till all that now flourished around him should fall beneath his desolating hand like the rest.

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[1] Mr. S. C. Hall has published *A Memory of Thomas Moore*, with whom he was acquainted so long ago as 1821. The centenary of the poet was commemorated in Dublin and other cities on the 28th of May, 1879.

On the waters all was gaiety and life. As far as eye could reach, the lights of innumerable boats were seen studding, like rubies, the surface of the stream. Vessels of every kind—from the light coracle, built for shooting down the cataracts, to the large yacht that glides slowly to the sound of flutes—all were afloat for this sacred festival, filled with crowds of the young and the gay, not only from Memphis and Babylon, but from cities still farther removed from the festal scene.

As I approached the island I could see, glittering through the trees on the bank, the lamps of the pilgrims hastening to the ceremony. Landing in the direction which those lights pointed out, I soon joined the crowd; and, passing through a long alley of sphinxes, whose spangling marble gleamed out from the dark sycamores around them, reached in a short time the grand vestibule of the temple, where I found the ceremonies of the evening already commenced.

In this vast hall, which was surrounded by a double range of columns, and lay open overhead to the stars of heaven, I saw a group of young maidens, moving in a sort of measured step, between walk and dance, round a small shrine, upon which stood one of those sacred birds, that, on account of the variegated colour of their wings, are dedicated to the worship of the moon. The vestibule was dimly lighted—there being but one lamp of naphtha hung on each of the great pillars that encircled it. But, having taken my station beside one of those pillars, I had a clear view of the young dancers, as in succession they passed me.

The drapery of all was white as snow; and each wore loosely, beneath the bosom, a dark blue zone, or bandelet, studded, like the skies at midnight, with small silver stars. Through their dark locks was wreathed the white lily of the Nile—that sacred flower being accounted no less welcome to the moon than the golden blossoms of the bean-flower are known to be to the sun. As they passed under the lamp, a gleam of light flashed from their bosoms, which, I could perceive, was the reflection of a small mirror, that, in the manner of the women of the East, each of the dancers wore beneath her left shoulder.

There was no music to regulate their steps; but, as they gracefully went round the bird on the shrine, some to the beat of the castanet, some to the shrill ring of a sistrum—which they held uplifted in the attitude of their own divine Isis—continued harmoniously to time the cadence of their feet; while others, at every step, shook a small chain of silver, whose sound, mingling with those of the castanets and sistrums, produced a wild, but not unpleasing harmony.

They seemed all lovely; but there was one—whose face the light had not yet reached, so downcast she held it—who attracted, and, at length, riveted all my looks and thoughts. I know not why, but there was a something in those half-seen features—a charm in the very shadow that hung over their imagined beauty—which took my fancy more than all the outshining loveliness of her companions. So enchained was I by this coy mystery, that her alone, of all the group, could I either see or think of—her alone I watched, as, with the same downcast brow, she glided gently and aërially round the altar, as if her presence, like that of a spirit, was something to be felt, not seen.

Suddenly, while I gazed, the loud crash of a thousand cymbals was heard;—the massy gates of the temple flew open, as if by magic, and a flood of radiance from the illuminated aisle filled the whole vestibule; while, at the same instant, as if the light and the sounds were born together, a peal of rich harmony came mingling with the radiance.

It was then—by that light, which shone full upon the young maiden's features, as, starting at the sudden blaze, she raised her eyes to the portal, and as quickly let fall their lids again—it was then I beheld, what even my own ardent imagination, in its most vivid dreams of beauty, had never pictured. Not Psyche herself, when pausing on the threshold of heaven, while its first glories fell on her dazzled lids, could have looked more purely beautiful, or blushed with a more innocent shame. Often as I had felt the power of looks, none had ever entered into my soul so deeply. It was a new feeling—a new sense—coming as suddenly upon me as that radiance into the vestibule, and, at once, filling my whole being;—and had that bright vision but lingered another moment before my eyes I should in my transport have wholly forgotten who I was and where, and thrown myself, in prostrate adoration, at her feet.

But scarcely had that gush of harmony been heard, when the sacred bird, which had, till now, been standing motionless as an image, spread wide his wings, and flew into the temple; while his graceful young worshippers, with a fleetness like his own, followed—and she, who had left a dream in my heart never to be forgotten, vanished along with the rest. As she went rapidly past the pillar against which I leaned, the ivy that encircled it caught in her drapery, and disengaged some ornament, which fell to the ground. It was the small mirror which I had seen shining on her bosom. Hastily and tremulously I picked it up, and hurried to restore it; but she was already lost to my eyes in the crowd.

In vain did I try to follow;—the aisles were already filled, and numbers of eager pilgrims pressed towards the portal. But the servants of the temple denied all further entrance, and still, as I presented myself, their white wands barred the way. Perplexed and irritated amid that crowd of faces, regarding all as enemies that impeded my progress, I stood on tiptoe, gazing into the busy aisles, and with a heart beating as I caught, from time to time, a glimpse of some spangled zone, or lotus wreath, which led me to fancy that I had discovered the fair object of my search. But it was all in vain;—in every direction files of sacred nymphs were moving, but nowhere could I discover her whom alone I sought.

In this state of breathless agitation did I stand for some time—bewildered with the confusion of faces and lights, as well as with the clouds of incense that rolled around me—till, fevered and impatient, I could endure it no longer. Forcing my way out of the vestibule into the cool air, I hurried back through the alley of sphinxes to the shore, and flung myself into my boat.

BERMUDA.

(FROM "POEMS RELATING TO AMERICA.")

Farewell to Bermuda, and long may the bloom
Of the lemon and myrtle its valleys perfume;
May spring to eternity hallow the shade,
Where Ariel has warbled and Waller has stray'd.
And thou—when, at dawn, thou shalt happen to roam
Through the lime-covered alley that leads to thy home,
Where oft, when the dance and the revel were done,
And the stars were beginning to fade in the sun,
I have led thee along, and have told by the way
What my heart all the night had been burning to say—
Oh! think of the past—give a sigh to those times,
And a blessing for me to that alley of limes.

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

WRITTEN ON THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Utawas' tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A SOVEREIGN AND A ONE-POUND NOTE.

(FROM "SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.")

Said a Sov'reign to a Note,
In the pocket of my coat,
Where they met in a neat purse of leather,
"How happens it, I prithee,
That, though I'm wedded *with* thee,
Fair Pound, we can never live together?

"Like your sex, fond of *change*,
With silver you can range,
And of lots of young sixpences be mother;
While with *me*—upon my word,
Not my Lady and my Lord
Of W—stm—th see so little of each other!"

The indignant Note replied
(Lying crumpled by his side),
"Shame, shame, it is *yourself* that roam, Sir—
One cannot look askance,
But, whip! you're off to France,
Leaving nothing but old rags at home, Sir.

"Your scampering began
From the moment Parson Van,
Poor man, made us *one* in Love's fetter;
'For better or for worse'
Is the usual marriage curse,
But ours is all 'worse' and no 'better.'

"In vain are laws pass'd,
There's nothing holds you fast,
Tho' you know, sweet Sovereign, I adore you—
At the smallest hint in life,
You forsake your lawful wife,
As *other* Sovereigns did before you.

"I flirt with Silver, true—
But what can ladies do,
When disown'd by their natural protectors?
And as to falsehood, stuff!
I shall soon be *false* enough,
When I get among those wicked Bank Directors."

The Sovereign, smiling on her,
Now swore, upon his honour,
To be henceforth domestic and loyal;
But, within an hour or two,
Why—I sold him to a Jew,
And he's now at No. 10 Palais Royal.

EPISTLE FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY.

(FROM "THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.")

Oh, Dolly, dear Dolly, I'm ruin'd for ever—
I ne'er shall be happy again, Dolly, never!
To think of the wretch—what a victim was I!
'Tis too much to endure—I shall die, I shall die—
My brain's in a fever—my pulses beat quick—
I shall die, or, at least, be exceedingly sick!
Oh, what do you think? after all my romancing,
My visions of glory, my sighing, my glancing,
This Colonel—I scarce can commit it to paper—
'This Colonel's no more than a vile linen-draper!!
'Tis true as I live—I had coax'd brother Bob so,
(You'll hardly make out what I'm writing, I sob so,)
For some little gift on my birth-day—September
The thirtieth, dear, I'm eighteen, you remember—
That Bob to a shop kindly order'd the coach,
(Ah, little I thought who the shopman would prove),
To bespeak me a few of those *mouchoirs de poche*,
Which, in happier hours, I have sigh'd for, my love—
(The most beautiful things—two Napoleons the price—
And one's name in the corner embroider'd so nice!)
Well, with heart full of pleasure, I enter'd the shop,
But—ye Gods, what a phantom!—I thought I should drop—
There he stood, my dear Dolly—no room for a doubt—
There, behind the vile counter, these eyes saw him stand,
With a piece of French cambric, before him roll'd out,
And that horrid yard-measure uprais'd in his hand!
Oh—Papa, all along, knew the secret, 'tis clear—
'Twas *a shopman* he meant by a "Brandenburgh," dear!
The man, whom I fondly had fancied a king,
And, when *that* too delightful illusion was past,
As a hero had worshipp'd—vile, treacherous thing—
To turn out but a low linen-draper at last!
My head swam around—the wretch smil'd, I believe,
But his smiling, alas, could no longer deceive—
I fell back on Bob—my whole heart seem'd to wither—
And, pale as a ghost, I was carried back hither!
I only remember that Bob, as I caught him,
With cruel facetiousness said, "Curse the Kiddy!
A staunch Revolutionist always I've thought him,
But now I find out he's a *counter* one, Biddy!"

Only think, my dear creature, if this should be known
To that saucy, satirical thing, Miss Malone!
What a story 'twill be at Shandangan for ever!
What laughs and what quizzing she'll have with the men!
It will spread through the country—and never, oh, never
Can Biddy be seen at Kilrandy again!
Farewell—I shall do something desp'rate, I fear—
And, ah! if my fate ever reaches your ear,
One tear of compassion my Doll will not grudge
To her poor—broken-hearted—young friend,
BIDDY FUDGE.

Nota bene—I am sure you will hear, with delight,
That we're going, all three, to see Brunet to-night,
A laugh will revive me—and kind Mr. Cox
(Do you know him?) has got us the Governor's box.

TO MY MOTHER.

WRITTEN IN A POCKET-BOOK, 1822.

They tell us of an Indian tree,
Which, howsoe'er the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free,
And shoot, and blossom, wide and high,
Far better loves to bend its arms
Downward again to that dear earth,
From which the life, that fills and warms
Its grateful being, first had birth.

'Tis thus, though woo'd by flattering friends,
And fed with fame (*if* fame it be),
This heart, my own dear mother, bends,
With love's true instinct, back to thee!

ZELICA'S SONG.[1]

(FROM "THE VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN.")

There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.

That bower and its music I never forget,
But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,
I think—is the nightingale singing there yet?
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?

No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave,
But some blossoms were gather'd, while freshly they shone,
And a dew was distill'd from their flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year;
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer!

THE TEARS OF PENITENCE.

(FROM "PARADISE AND THE PERI.")

And now—behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble pray'r,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through Heav'n
The triumph of a Soul Forgiv'n!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they linger'd yet,
There fell a light more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek.
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam—
But well the' enraptur'd Peri knew
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—
The gates are pass'd, and Heav'n is won!"

BEAUTY.

(FROM "THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.")

Oh what a pure and sacred thing
Is Beauty, curtain'd from the sight
Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with her light!
Unseen by man's disturbing eye,—
The flow'r that blooms beneath the sea,
Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
Hid in more chaste obscurity.

. . . . . .

A soul, too, more than half divine,
Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,
Religion's soften'd glories shine,
Like light through summer foliage stealing,
Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
So warm, and yet so shadowy too,
As makes the very darkness there
More beautiful than light elsewhere.

LIGHT CAUSES MAY CREATE DISSENSION.

(FROM "THE LIGHT OF THE HAREM.")

Alas!—how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity!
A something, light as air—a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken—
Oh! love, that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this hath shaken.
And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin;
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said;
Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of love are gone,
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,
That smiling left the mountain's brow

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[1] This and the three following extracts are from the four tales of *Lalla Rookh.*

As though its waters ne'er could sever,
Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
Breaks into floods, that part for ever.

NAMA AND ZARAPH'S LOVE.

(FROM "THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.")

Oh Love, Religion, Music—all
That's left of Eden upon earth—
The only blessings, since the fall
Of our weak souls, that still recall
A trace of their high, glorious birth—
How kindred are the dreams you bring!
How Love, though unto earth so prone,
Delights to take Religion's wing,
When time or grief hath stain'd his own!
How near to Love's beguiling brink,
Too oft, entranc'd Religion lies!
While Music, Music is the link
They *both* still hold by to the skies,
The language of their native sphere,
Which they had else forgotten here.

. . . . . .

To love as her own Seraph loved,
With Faith, the same through bliss and woe—
Faith, that, were even its light removed,
Could, like the dial, fix'd remain,
And wait till it shone out again;—
With Patience that, though often bow'd
By the rude storm, can rise anew;
And Hope that, even from Evil's cloud,
Sees sunny Good half breaking through!
This deep, relying Love, worth more
In heaven than all a cherub's lore—
This Faith, more sure than aught beside,
Was the sole joy, ambition, pride
Of her fond heart—the unreasoning scope
Of all its views, above, below—
So true she felt it that to *hope*,
To *trust*, is happier than to *know*.
And thus in humbleness they trod,
Abash'd, but pure before their God;
Nor e'er did earth behold a sight
So meekly beautiful as they,
When, with the altar's holy light
Full on their brows, they knelt to pray,
Hand within hand, and side by side,
Two links of love, awhile untied
From the great chain above, but fast
Holding together to the last!—

. . . . . .

Like two fair mirrors, face to face,
Whose light, from one to the other thrown,
Is heaven's reflection, not their own—
Should we e'er meet with aught so pure,
So perfect here, we may be sure
'Tis Zaraph and his bride we see;
And call young lovers round, to view
The pilgrim pair, as they pursue
Their pathway towards eternity.

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

(MIRIAM'S SONG.—FROM "SACRED MELODIES.")

"And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances."—Exod. xv. 20.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free.
Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave—
How vain was their boast, for the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword.—
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free!

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

(SCOTCH AIR.—FROM "NATIONAL AIRS.")

Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one,
Who treads alone

Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garland's dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

HARK! THE VESPER HYMN.

(RUSSIAN AIR.—FROM "NATIONAL AIRS.")

Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing
O'er the waters soft and clear;
Nearer yet and nearer pealing,
And now bursts upon the ear:
Jubilate, Amen.
Farther now, now farther stealing,
Soft it fades upon the ear:
Jubilate, Amen.

Now, like moonlight waves retreating
To the shore, it dies along;
Now, like angry surges meeting,
Breaks the mingled tide of song:
Jubilate, Amen.
Hush! again, like waves, retreating
To the shore, it dies along:
Jubilate, Amen.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

(FROM "IRISH MELODIES.")

Go where glory waits thee,
But, while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me!

When, at eve, thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
Oh! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me.
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee—
Oh! then remember me.

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

(FROM "IRISH MELODIES.")

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid:
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

(FROM "IRISH MELODIES.")

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no,—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

(FROM "IRISH MELODIES.")

Oh! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love.
New hope may bloom,
And days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream:
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one lov'd name.

No,—that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot
Which first love trac'd;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.
'Twas odour fled
As soon as shed;
'Twas morning's winged dream;
'Twas a light, that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream:
Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

(FROM "IRISH MELODIES.")

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her, sighing:
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he lov'd awaking;—
Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwin'd him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own lov'd island of sorrow.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

(FROM "IRISH MELODIES.")

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

(FROM "IRISH MELODIES.")

Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness

Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But, so oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh of sadness,
That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine!
Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine;
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own.

WILLIAM CONYNGHAM PLUNKET.

Born 1764 — Died 1854.

[William Conyngham Plunket, afterwards Lord Plunket, was born near Enniskillen in county Fermanagh in July, 1764. He was the youngest child of four sons and two daughters, his father being the well known Dr. Plunket, a Presbyterian minister for twenty years in Enniskillen, and afterwards in Strand Street Chapel, Dublin. When William was about fourteen his father died, leaving his family unprovided for; but the congregation and other friends raised a handsome sum as a provision for the family, and Mrs. Plunket was placed in comfortable circumstances for life. In 1779, when only fifteen years of age, young Plunket entered Dublin University; and in 1782 he joined the Historical Society, in which he soon became conspicuous by his abilities as an orator. At this period he was a frequent visitor to the galleries of the Irish House of Commons, where he listened with delight to the eloquence of Grattan. After five years of college life Plunket entered Lincoln's Inn as a law-student, and in 1787 he was called to the bar. At first his practice was of a very humble character, but owing to the energy and talent of the young lawyer and his well-known powers as a debater while leader of the College Historical Society, it soon began to improve. In 1790 he gained distinction in an important election case, in which Provost Hutchinson was charged with having unfairly influenced the university election in favour of his son. Two years later he married Miss Catherine M'Causland of Fermanagh, the daughter of an eminent solicitor. In 1797 he received a silk gown, and afterwards practised chiefly in the equity courts.

In 1798 Plunket was offered a seat in the Irish parliament for the borough of Charlemount, which he accepted unshackled by any conditions. Soon after the government determined upon restricting the liberty of the press in Ireland, and brought in a bill on the publication of libels. Plunket opposed the measure with some success, and thus began his political career in opposition to the government. During the outbreak of 1798 he did all in his power to allay animosities, and especially to soften the vindictiveness of the so-called loyal party. Through the whole of the struggle on the question of the union he took a foremost place in opposition to the government, and his speeches were models of eloquence. In the memorable union debate of January, 1799, his reply to Lord Castlereagh created a deep impression on his hearers. He was well known for his cool north country manner; but in this speech he passionately abandoned himself to the full force of his strong feelings.

When all was over, Plunket saw there was nothing for it but submission. During the state trials of 1803 he was engaged as counsel for the crown, and in this capacity the prosecution of Robert Emmet, the brother of an old friend, became his painful duty. His conduct in this case was immediately assailed with showers of abuse. Cobbett published a libellous account of the transaction; Plunket sued and obtained £500 damages, completely clearing his character at the same time. Some months later he accepted the post of solicitor-general. In 1805, during Pitt's administration, he became attorney-general; but "when, under the administration of Lords Grenville and Howick, the attorney-generalship had assumed a parliamentary and party character, he did not hesitate to resign it, and followed his leader into fifteen years' exile from power." In 1807 he was elected member for Midhurst; but a dissolution took place soon after, and he did not offer himself for re-election.

Still pursuing his profession, he was about this time in possession of the largest income ever enjoyed by an Irish lawyer. In 1808 Lady Downshire offered him the seat for Newry, and in the following year he was offered one in the gift of the Duke of Bedford. But he had determined before re-entering parliament to secure a competence which would prevent him being interrupted or harassed in his political career; and in 1812, by the death of his brother Dr. Patrick Plunket, he acquired a fortune of £60,000, which at once placed him in the wished-for position. In 1812 he again entered parliament as member for Trinity College; and in the following year began to take an active part in the business of the house. In February Grattan moved for a committee to inquire into the laws affecting the Roman Catholics, and Plunket strenuously supported him. The speech he made on the occasion was a memorable one, every speaker who followed on either side referring to it with admiration. Before long he had become a power in the house, and spoke on all important occasions. In 1821, on the Catholic question being again brought forward, he delivered another of his telling speeches. Sir Robert Peel declared that it "stood the highest in point of ability of any ever heard in the house, combining the rarest powers of eloquence with the strongest powers of reasoning."

In 1821 Plunket again became attorney-general. In 1825 he supported the bill for putting down the Catholic Association, although he still strenuously supported the claims of the Catholics. In 1827 he was appointed master of the rolls in England; but on learning the objection of the English bar to an Irish lawyer receiving such an appointment, he resigned it in a few days. As compensation for this disappointment he was appointed Chief-justice of Common Pleas in Ireland, and also made a peer of the United Kingdom under the title of Baron Plunket of Newton in the county of Cork.

During the passage of the Roman Catholic emancipation bill Plunket was the constant and faithful adviser of the Duke of Wellington. In 1830 he became Lord-chancellor of Ireland, and from 1830 to 1840 his influence with government was very considerable, his advice being taken on all Irish affairs. In 1841, while Lord Melbourne was in office, it was intimated to Lord Plunket that it would be desirable he should resign his office, to make way for Sir John Campbell, the English attorney-general. This after some correspondence he reluctantly consented to do, and delivered up his seals. Lord Brougham stigmatizes this action on the part of government as "the most gross and unjustifiable act ever done by party," and after condemning the whole proceeding as vile, he goes on to say that "the course taken to defend it was worse than the act itself. It was pretended that a falling off in his powers had been observed, and that his faculties were declining, than which no assertion could be made more utterly groundless." For several years after this Lord Plunket enjoyed the full exercise of brilliant intellect, and spent some time abroad, especially in Rome, which he greatly enjoyed. On his return home he settled down to the enjoyment of a calm and lengthened autumn of life, and died at Old Connaught, near Bray, 4th January, 1854, aged ninety years. He was buried in Mount Jerome cemetery.

An obituary notice of Lord Plunket says: "With future generations his great and deserved reputation will rest upon a narrow foundation. His speeches were at once few and famous; they excited the unqualified applause of the age in which he flourished, while the men who have survived these days feel that, even after the lapse of thirty years, his celebrity has scarcely waned, and that Plunket is still a conspicuous name amid the orators of the nineteenth century." And Dr. Madden says of him: "Plunket's eloquence has long gained for itself the highest prize of fame. In a period eminent for intellectual distinction both in Ireland and in England he vindicated to himself universal admiration. Owing nothing of his celebrity to birth, wealth, or official rank, he required none of these factitious supports to move freely in the loftiest regions of professional and parliamentary effect, dignity, and distinction." Lord Plunket's *Speeches at the Bar and in the Senate* have been published in one volume, with a memoir and historical notices by Mr. John C. Hoey; and *The Life, Letters, and Speeches of Lord Plunket*, by his grandson the Hon. David Plunket, appeared in two volumes, London, 1867.]

THE UNION.[1]

Sir, I shall make no apology for troubling you at this late hour, exhausted though I am in mind and body, and suffering though you must be under a similar pressure. This is a subject which must arouse the slumbering, and might almost reanimate the dead. It is a question whether Ireland shall cease to be free. It is a question involving our dearest interests and for ever.

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[1] Speech in Irish House of Commons, in reply to Lord Castlereagh, January 23, 1799.

Sir, I congratulate the house on the manly temper with which this measure has been discussed; I congratulate them on the victory which I already see they have obtained—a victory which I anticipate from the bold and generous sentiments which have been expressed on this side of the house, and which I see confirmed in the doleful and discomfited visages of the miserable group whom I see before me. Sir, I congratulate you on the candid avowal of the noble lord who has just sat down. He has exposed this project in its naked hideousness and deformity. He has told us that the necessity of sacrificing our independence flows from the nature of our connection. It is now avowed that this measure does not flow from any temporary cause; that it is not produced in consequence of any late rebellion, or accidental disturbance in the country; that its necessity does not arise from the danger of modern political innovations, or from recent attempts of wicked men to separate this country from Great Britain. No, we are now informed by the noble lord that the condition of our slavery is engrafted on the principle of our connection, and that by the decrees of fate Ireland has been doomed a dependent colony from her cradle.

I trust that after this barefaced avowal there can be little difference of opinion. I trust that every honest man who regards the freedom of Ireland, or who regards the connection with England, will, by his vote on this night, refute this unfounded and seditious doctrine. Good God, sir, have I borne arms to crush the wretches who propagated the false and wicked creed, "that British connection was hostile to Irish freedom," and am I now bound to combat it, coming from the lips of the noble lord who is at the head of our administration.

But, sir, in answer to the assertion of the noble lord I will quote the authority of the Duke of Portland in his speech from the throne at the end of the session 1782, "that the two kingdoms are now one, indissoluble, connected by unity of constitution and unity of interest; that the danger and security, the prosperity and calamity of the one must mutually affect the other; that they stand and fall together." I will quote the authority of the king, lords, and commons of Ireland, who asserted and established the constitution of our independent parliament founded on that connection; and the authority of the king, lords, and commons of Great Britain, who adopted and confirmed it. With as little prospect of persuasion has the noble lord cited to us the example of Scotland, and as little am I tempted to purchase, at the expense of two bloody rebellions, a state of poverty and vassalage at which Ireland at her worst state, before she attained a free trade or a free constitution, would have spurned.

But, sir, the noble lord does not seem to repose very implicit confidence in his own arguments, and he amuses you by saying that in adopting this address you do not pledge yourselves to a support of the measure in any future stage. Beware of this delusion. If you adopt this address you sacrifice your constitution. You concede the principle, and any future inquiries can only be as to the terms. For them you need entertain no solicitude, on the terms you can never disagree. Give up your independence, and Great Britain will grant you whatever terms you desire. Give her the key, and she will confide everything to its protection. There are no advantages you can ask which she will not grant, exactly for the same reason that the unprincipled spendthrift will subscribe, without reading it, the bond which he has no intention of ever discharging. I say, therefore, that if you ever mean to make a stand for the liberties of Ireland, now, and now only, is the moment for doing it.

But, sir, the freedom of discussion which has taken place on this side of the house has, it seems, given great offence to gentlemen on the treasury bench. They are men of nice and punctilious honour, and they will not endure that anything should be said which implies a reflection on their untainted and virgin integrity. They threatened to take down the words of an honourable gentleman who spoke before me, because they conveyed an insinuation; and I promised them on that occasion that if the fancy for taking down words continued I would indulge them in it to the top of their bent. Sir, I am determined to keep my word with them, and I now will not insinuate, but I will directly assert, that base and wicked as is the object proposed, the means used to effect it have been more flagitious and abominable.

Do you choose to take down my words? Do you dare me to the proof?

Sir, I had been induced to think that we had at the head of the executive government of this country a plain, honest soldier, unaccustomed to, and disdaining the intrigues of politics, and who, as an additional evidence of the directness and purity of his views, had chosen for his secretary a simple and modest youth, *puer ingenui vultus ingenuique pudoris*, whose inexperience was the voucher of his innocence; and yet I will be bold to say, that during the viceroyalty of this unspotted veteran, and during the administration of this unassuming stripling, within these last six weeks, a system of black corruption has been carried on within the walls of the castle which would disgrace the annals of the worst period of the history of either country.

Do you choose to take down my words?

I need call no witness to your bar to prove them. I see two right honourable gentlemen sitting within your walls, who had long and faithfully served the crown, and who have been dismissed because they dared to express a sentiment in favour of the freedom of their country. I see another honourable gentleman who has been forced to resign his place as commissioner of the revenue because he refused to co-operate in this dirty job of a dirty administration.

Do you dare to deny this?

I say that at this moment the threat of dismissal from office is suspended over the heads of the members who now sit around me, in order to influence their votes on the question of this night, involving everything that can be sacred or dear to man.

Do you desire to take down my words? Utter the desire, and I will prove the truth of them at your bar.

Sir, I would warn you against the consequences of carrying this measure by such means as this, but that I see the necessary defeat of it in the honest and universal indignation which the adoption of such means excites. I see the protection against the wickedness of the plan in the imbecility of its execution, and I congratulate my country that when a design was formed against her liberties, the prosecution of it was intrusted to such hands as it is now placed in.

The example of the prime minister of England, imitable in its vices, may deceive the noble lord. The minister of England has his faults. He abandoned in his latter years the principle of reform, by professing which he had attained the early confidence of the people of England, and in the whole of his political conduct he has shown himself haughty and intractable; but it must be admitted that he is endowed by nature with a towering and transcendent intellect, and that the vastness of his resources keeps pace with the magnificence and unboundedness of his projects. I thank God that it is much more easy for him to transfer his apostasy and his insolence than his comprehension and his sagacity; and I feel the safety of my country in the wretched feebleness of her enemy. I cannot fear that the constitution which has been founded by the wisdom of sages, and cemented by the blood of patriots and of heroes, is to be smitten to its centre by such a green and sapless twig as this.

Sir, the noble lord has shown much surprise that he should hear a doubt expressed concerning the competence of parliament to do this act. I am sorry that I also must contribute to increase the surprise of the noble lord. If I mistake not his surprise will be much augmented before this question shall be disposed of; he shall see and hear what he has never before seen or heard, and be made acquainted with sentiments to which, probably, his heart has been a stranger.

Sir, I, in the most express terms, deny the competency of parliament to do this act. I warn you, do not dare to lay your hands on the constitution. I tell you that if, circumstanced as you are, you pass this act, it will be a nullity, and that no man in Ireland will be bound to obey it. I make the assertion deliberately—I repeat it, and I call on any man who hears me to take down my words. You have not been elected for this purpose. You are appointed to make laws, and not legislatures. You are appointed to act under the constitution, not to alter it. You are appointed to exercise the functions of legislators, and not to transfer them. And if you do so your act is a dissolution of the government. You resolve society into its original elements, and no man in the land is bound to obey you.

Sir, I state doctrines which are not merely founded in the immutable laws of justice and of truth. I state not merely the opinions of the ablest men who have written on the science of government, but I state the practice of our constitution as settled at the era of the revolution, and I state the doctrine under which the house of Hanover derives its title to the throne. Has the king a right to transfer his crown? Is he competent to annex it to the crown of Spain or any other country? No—but he may abdicate it, and every man who knows the constitution knows the consequence, the right reverts to the next in succession—if they all abdicate it reverts to the people. The man who questions this doctrine, in the same breath must arraign the sovereign on the throne as an usurper. Are you competent to transfer your legislative rights to the French Council of Five Hundred? Are you competent to transfer them to the British Parliament? I answer, No. When you transfer you abdicate, and the great original trust reverts to the people from whom it issued. Yourselves you may extinguish, but parliament you cannot extinguish. It is enthroned in the hearts of the people. It is enshrined in the sanctuary of the constitution. It is immortal as the island which it protects. As well might the frantic suicide hope that the act which destroys his miserable body should extinguish his eternal soul. Again I therefore warn you, do not dare to lay your hands on the constitution; it is above your power.

Sir, I do not say that the parliament and the people, by mutual consent and co-operation, may not change the form of the constitution. Whenever such a case arises it must be decided on its own merits—but that is not this case. If government considers this a season peculiarly fitted for experiments on the constitution, they may call on the people. I ask you, Are you ready to do so? Are you ready to abide the event of such an appeal? What is it you must in that event submit to the people? Not this particular project; for if you dissolve the present form of government they become free to choose any other—you fling them to the fury of the tempest—you must call on them to unhouse themselves of the established constitution and to fashion to themselves another. I ask again, Is this the time for an experiment of that nature? Thank God the people have manifested no such wish—so far as they have spoken their voice is decidedly against this daring innovation. You know that no voice has been uttered in its favour, and you cannot be infatuated enough to take confidence from the silence which prevails in some parts of the kingdom: if you know how to appreciate that silence, it is more formidable than the most clamorous opposition—you may be rived and shivered by the lightning before you hear the peal of the thunder!

But, sir, we are told that we should discuss this question with calmness and composure. I am called on to surrender my birthright and my honour, and I am told I should be calm and should be composed. National pride! Independence of our country! These, we are told by the minister, are only vulgar topics fitted for the meridian of the mob, but unworthy to be mentioned to such an enlightened assembly as this; they are trinkets and gewgaws fit to catch the fancy of childish and unthinking people like you, sir, or like your predecessor in that chair, but utterly unworthy the consideration of this house, or of the matured understanding of the noble lord who condescends to instruct it! Gracious God! We see a Pery re-ascending from the tomb, and raising his awful voice to warn us against the surrender of our freedom, and we see that the proud and virtuous feelings which warmed the breast of that aged and venerable man are only calculated to excite the contempt of this young philosopher, who has been transplanted from the nursery to the cabinet to outrage the feelings and understanding of the country.

But, sir, I will be schooled, and I will endeavour to argue this question as calmly and frigidly as I am desired to do; and since we are told that this is a measure intended for our benefit, and that it is through mere kindness to us that all these extraordinary means have been resorted to, I will beg to ask, How are we to be benefited? Is it commercial benefit that we are to obtain? I will not detain the house with a minute detail on this part of the subject. It has been fully discussed by able men, and it is well known that we are already possessed of everything material which could be desired in that respect. But I shall submit some obvious considerations.

I waive the consideration that under any union of legislatures the conditions as to trade between the two countries must be, either free ports, which would be ruinous to Ireland; or equal duties, which would be ruinous to Ireland; or the present duties made perpetual, which would be ruinous to Ireland; or that the duties must be left open to regulation from time to time by the united parliament, which would leave us at the mercy of Great Britain. I will waive the consideration that the minister has not thought fit to tell us what we are to get, and, what is still stronger, that no man amongst us has any definite idea what we are to ask, and I will content myself with asking this question—Is your commerce in such a declining, desperate state that you are obliged to resort to irrevocable measures in order to retract it? Or is it at the very moment when it is advancing with rapid prosperity, beyond all example and above all hope—is it, I say, at such a time that you think it wise to bring your constitution to market, and offer it to sale, in order to obtain advantages, the aid of which you do not require, and of the nature of which you have not any definite idea?

A word more and I have done as to commerce. Supposing great advantages were to be obtained, and that they were specified and stipulated for, what is your security that the stipulation will be observed? Is it the faith of treaties? What treaty more solemn than the final constitutional treaty between the two kingdoms in 1782 which you are now called on to violate? Is it not a mockery to say that the parliament of Ireland is competent to annul itself and to destroy the original compact with the people and the final compact of 1782, and that the parliament of the empire will not be competent to annul any commercial regulation of the articles of union? And here, sir, I take leave of this part of the question; indeed it is only justice to government to acknowledge that they do not much rely on the commercial benefits to be obtained by the union—they have been rather held out in the way of innocent artifice, to delude the people for their own good; but the real objects are different, though still merely for the advantage of Ireland.

What are these other objects? To prevent the recurrence of rebellion, and to put an end to domestic dissensions? Give me leave to ask, sir, How was the rebellion excited? I will not inquire into its remote causes; I do not wish to revive unpleasant recollections, or to say anything which might be considered as invidious to the government of the country; but how was it immediately excited? By the agency of a party of levellers actuated by French principles, instigated by French intrigues, and supported by the promise of French co-operation. This party, I hesitate not to say, was in itself contemptible. How did it become formidable? By operating on the wealthy, well-informed, and moral inhabitants of the north, and persuading them that they had no constitution; and by instilling palatable poisons into the minds of the rabble of the south, which were prepared to receive them by being in a state of utter ignorance and wretchedness. How will an union effect those pre-disponent causes? Will you conciliate the mind of the northern by caricaturing all the defects of the constitution and then extinguishing it, by draining his wealth to supply the contributions levied by an imperial parliament, and by outraging all his religious and moral feelings by the means which you use to accomplish this abominable project, and will you not, by encouraging the drain of absentees, and taking away the influence and example of resident gentlemen, do everything in your power to aggravate the poverty, and to sublimate the ignorance and bigotry of the south?

Let me ask again, How was the rebellion put down? By the zeal and loyalty of the gentlemen of Ireland rallying round—what? a reed shaken by the winds; a wretched apology for a minister, who neither knew how to give nor where to seek protection? No! but round the laws and constitution and independence of the country. What were the affections and motives that called us into action? To protect our families, our properties, and our liberties. What were the antipathies by which we were excited? Our abhorrence of French principles and French ambition. What was it to us that France was a republic? I rather rejoiced when I saw the ancient despotism of France put down. What was it to us that she dethroned her monarch? I admired the virtues and wept for the sufferings of the man; but as a nation it affected us not. The reason I took up arms, and am ready still to bear them against France, is because she intruded herself upon our domestic concerns—because with the rights of man and the love of freedom on her tongue, I see that she has the lust of dominion in her heart—because wherever she has placed her foot she has erected her throne; and to be her friend or her ally is to be her tributary or her slave.

Let me ask, Is the present conduct of the British minister calculated to augment or to transfer that antipathy? No, sir, I will be bold to say, that licentious and impious France in all the unrestrained excesses which anarchy and atheism have given birth to, has not committed a more insidious act against her enemy than is now attempted by the professed champion of civilized Europe against a friend and an ally in the hour of her calamity and distress—at a moment when our country is filled with British troops—when the loyal men of Ireland are fatigued with their exertions to put down rebellion; efforts in which they had succeeded before these troops arrived—whilst our Habeas Corpus Act is suspended—whilst trials by court-martial are carrying on in many parts of the kingdom—whilst the people are taught to think that they have no right to meet or to deliberate, and whilst the great body of them are so palsied by their fears, and worn down by their exertions, that even this vital question is scarcely able to rouse them from their lethargy—at the moment when we are distracted by domestic dissensions—dissensions artfully kept alive as the pretext for our present subjugation and the instrument of our future thraldom!

Yet, sir, I thank the administration for this measure. They are, without intending it, putting an end to our dissensions—through this black cloud which they have collected over us I see the light breaking in upon this unfortunate country. They have composed our dissensions—not by fomenting the embers of a lingering and subdued rebellion—not by hallooing the Protestant against the Catholic and the Catholic against the Protestant—not by committing the north against the south—not by inconsistent appeals to local or to party prejudices; no—but by the avowal of this atrocious conspiracy against the liberties of Ireland they have subdued every petty and subordinate distinction. They have united every rank and description of men by the pressure of this grand and momentous subject; and I tell them that they will see every honest and independent man in Ireland rally round her constitution, and merge every other consideration in his opposition to this ungenerous and odious measure. For my own part, I will resist it to the last gasp of my existence and with the last drop of my blood, and when I feel the hour of my dissolution approaching I will, like the father of Hannibal, take my children to the altar and swear them to eternal hostility against the invaders of their country's freedom.

Sir, I shall not detain you by pursuing this question through the topics which it so abundantly offers. I shall be proud to think my name may be handed down to posterity in the same roll with these disinterested patriots who have successfully resisted the enemies of their country. Successfully I trust it will be. In all events, I have my exceeding great reward; I shall bear in my heart the consciousness of having done my duty, and in the hour of death I shall not be haunted by the reflection of having basely sold or meanly abandoned the liberties of my native land. Can every man who gives his vote on the other side this night lay his hand upon his heart and make the same declaration? I hope so. It will be well for his own peace. The indignation and abhorrence of his countrymen will not accompany him through life, and the curses of his children will not follow him to his grave.

CATHOLIC RELIEF.[1]

Mr. Plunket declared that he was not one of these men whom an honourable baronet (Sir T. Turton) had supposed were anxious to load the persons of his majesty's new ministers with obloquy and reproach. He was sure that his majesty was the kind father of his people, and had acted only on the representations of others that the Church was in danger. Those, however, who had been the foremost to set up this cry, and to sound this alarm, had thrown upon him a great weight of responsibility. It was incumbent upon them to prove the existence of that danger. He had yet to learn, and the house had yet to learn, how and from what quarter danger was to be apprehended to the Established Church. No man felt more strongly than he did the advantages to both countries from the connection with Ireland; no man wished more that that connection should be finally cemented, and no man was more attached to the Protestant Establishment of Ireland, which he conceived to be no less important than the connection itself. If, then, he could see any ground for supposing the Protestant Establishment was in danger he would be as ready as any man to raise his voice in its support, and to ring the alarm to the country. He was at a loss, however, now to discover from what quarter this danger was threatened; and it did appear to him that men who, upon such slight grounds, or rather upon no grounds at all, could come forward and wantonly disturb the peace of that country, did not show themselves to be men possessed of such discretion as should be expected from those to whom the administration of the affairs of the empire was to be committed at a crisis like the present. After the measure had been abandoned, still the cry was artfully kept up that the Church was in danger. He should therefore beg leave to call the attention of the house to the act of 1793, and he would first observe that that Irish act did not apply merely to Irish Catholics, but to all Catholics serving in the army of Ireland. Since the union, however, there no longer existed any separate army of Ireland, nor any separate establishments. But before the union, English Catholics, if serving in the army of Ireland, were entitled to the benefit of the act of 1793. At present, by the law of the land, the king is empowered to grant commissions in Ireland to Catholics, and it would be certainly a strange thing to tell those Catholics that although they were very fit to be trusted in Ireland, yet they were not fit to be trusted in any other part of the world. If the artful endeavours to keep up the cry of the Church being in danger had been confined to placards stuck up against the walls, or to Protestant songs and religious choruses, perhaps those endeavours would not merit any severe reprehension; but he had been informed of other attempts which he thought were deserving of more serious attention. The peace of the University of Dublin had lately been disturbed with attempts from a very high quarter to procure an address to his majesty, stating that the Church and the Protestant religion was in danger. Two letters had been written to the university by its chancellor (the Duke of Cumberland) to procure such an address. The first produced but very little effect; but in the second, the royal duke to whom he alluded stated (as he was informed) that such a step would be the only means of recommending that university to the favour of his majesty. He considered that nothing could be more unconstitutional than this mode of using his majesty's name to procure an address or petitions in parliament. He thought, however, that it would be necessary to consider the time at which such exertions were made to get a petition from the University of Dublin. It was either after the bill had been abandoned that it was endeavoured to raise the ferment and outcry, or it was in contemplation of its serving the new ministers. If the attempt was made before his majesty had exhibited the slightest disapprobation, it was evident how far the machinations of secret advisers operated; if it was after the bill was abandoned, it was equally evident that it was then the purpose of effecting a change of administration, which was stated to have been produced by other causes. He could not state at present the date of this last letter; but he must say generally, that whether it was before the bill was abandoned or immediately after, it equally showed what sort of engines had been set to work to spread the alarm that the Church and the Protestant religion were in danger. When he heard the name of religion mentioned he felt that everything that was most dear to his heart was touched; but when the name of religion was so dear to him, it was from its intrinsic value, from its dictating and concentrating all the amiable charities of life, from its breathing the spirit of toleration and mutual affection, and not as being the rallying word of a persecuting party. He knew there were many in that house to whom true religion was dear, and he therefore called upon those who possessed it in their hearts, and who did not use it as a watchword for persecution, to show it in their votes in favour of a system of toleration and benevolence to all classes of his majesty's loyal subjects. He should, then, call the attention of the house to the pledge which was required from the late ministers. This pledge he considered in the highest degree dangerous and unconstitutional, and tending directly to substitute secret whispers in the place of the responsible ministers and advisers to the crown. He conceived it of the most dangerous consequences to have it supposed that the ministers of this country could have one duty to their master and sovereign which was directly opposite to their duty to their country. He conceived that this particular pledge would compromise the safety of Ireland. The state of the Catholics of Ireland was this: during the course of his majesty's reign many concessions had been made to them, and many of the advantages to which they had been entitled had been granted them. In consequence of this many of them had arrived to wealth, and honour, and distinction. It would be asked by many—Ought not this content them? and ought they to press for anything more? It was not, however, in human nature to be so contented. He should appeal to the individual feelings of the members of that house, who all of them enjoyed wealth, honour, and distinctions in society—if they were to be told, You ought to be well satisfied with those advantages, and should be content not to be admitted to the full participation of the constitution, would they be so contented? They would not; it was not in human nature that they should.

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[1] Speech in parliament, April 9, 1807, being the only one Plunket delivered while member for Midhurst.

The Catholic gentry of Ireland were now in that situation of exclusion, and anxiously wished to be received into the bosom of the constitution. The Catholic priesthood were at present unpaid and degraded, and they wished also to be put into a more respectable situation. The Catholic population of Ireland, which was by far the greatest part of its inhabitants, also felt themselves degraded by the humiliation of their nobility, their gentry, and their priesthood. It was impossible that they should not feel in that manner; and it was impolitic to disappoint their natural and just feelings and expectations. Such was the actual situation of Ireland: he would not pretend to point out the specific remedy; but this he would say that it was impossible for Ireland to continue much longer in the state in which it was at present; it might be thrown into a worse state, but every one that was acquainted with its actual situation, and he would appeal to the right honourable gentleman who was lately secretary for that country (Mr. Elliot), must know and agree that it was impossible that it should remain long as it is at present. We might as well shut our eyes, and then say there was no danger, as remain longer in indifference and apathy respecting the situation of Ireland. The pledges that were demanded from the late ministers would have a most important effect upon the situation of that country. The ministers were to be absolutely prevented from even proposing anything in favour of its population. Every paltry corporation, the lowest individual in the empire, had by the constitution a right to present his petition to the king or to the legislature; but now, for the first time, it is stated that four millions of the people of Ireland shall be debarred of the right of petitioning, or, what is equivalent, they are told that no petitions they may present will be paid any attention to. This was not only a novelty, but a prodigy, an alarming appearance in the constitution, and which seemed to portend the greatest danger. This general interdiction appeared more like some divine chastisement to a people than like any measure which human policy could have adopted. What must have been the effect of those transactions which have recently taken place? The Catholics of Ireland would be given to understand that the royal ears were hermetically sealed against them; that the ministers of the crown were bound by some pledge, expressed or implied, never to propose any redress for them, but always to resist their claims. This consideration filled him with the most serious apprehensions; and when he said so, he must take notice of an expression that had fallen from an honourable baronet (Sir T. Turton), that those who prophesied those dangers intended to act in such a manner as to bring their prophecies to their accomplishment. Nothing could be more unparliamentary or indecent than this observation. He should not, however, be prevented by it from expressing fully those apprehensions which he felt. He had in Ireland so many dear pledges that no man could suspect him of lightly wishing to offer any observations which could tend to disturb its tranquillity or endanger its security; he knew, however, that there were many fiends and demons waiting to seize on every opportunity to effect a separation of the two countries, and he conceived that they would take every advantage of the discontent which the Catholics might feel. He felt that we were walking *per ignes suppositos cinere doloso:* he did not mean to say that the danger was immediate; it might be smoothed over for a year or two, but it would continue to keep Ireland the most vulnerable part of the empire. If a measure of such unnecessary outrage as this was persevered in, he thought it might shake to the centre the connection between the two countries, and the prosperity, if not the existence, of the empire.

CATHOLIC CLAIMS.[1]

They were told that there was a bar—that the principles of the constitution were opposed to the admission of the Roman Catholics. He had read with eagerness—he had carried on his researches with deep anxiety—he had endeavoured hard to find out where that principle could be discovered, and he solemnly declared that he could not discover it. Referring to the distinction which had been taken between civil and political rights, was the fact so that the constitution did not admit any to political power, however completely in the possession of their civil rights, unless they subscribed the doctrines of the Established Church? Did not every day's experience disprove that assumption? Was not the honourable member for Norwich (Mr. W. Smith), whom they listened to day after day with satisfaction, an example of the contrary? Where was the alarm for the disjunction of the interests of church and state? Had there not been a Lord-chancellor of England who was a Dissenter? A man who refused to subscribe the doctrines of the Church of England had, in his official capacity, issued writs of summons to the peers of Great Britain, and appended the great seal to them. He alluded to the late Lord Rosslyn. Were honourable members who contend for this ignorant of what had been doing in Ireland? The test laws had been there repealed for fifty years, and the Dissenting influence had been on the decline ever since. When that repeal was talked of there was great alarm. Dean Swift, with all his wit and talents, felt and spoke of it with horror and desperation, and prognosticated from it the immediate downfall of the state. For forty years past it had not been heard of, and was almost forgotten by the house; the Dissenters had ever since declined. Had the Roman Catholic influence declined in the same period? The former had been ever since withering under the hand of liberty; the latter had been fostered and cherished by severity.

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[1] From speech in parliament, February 28th, 1825.

But, it was said, the Roman Catholics might have their civil rights, they must not, however, expect political power; that the constitution prohibited. Was there nothing of political power in what they possessed? They had the right of electing members to serve in parliament. Was that no exercise of political power? They acted as magistrates. Was that no exercise of political power? They served as jurors. Was not that exercising political power? This country had liberally imparted education to them. Did not that put the means of political power within their reach? Where was this line of distinction between civil and political power marked in the constitution? The warmth of discussion apart, he denounced the doctrine as inconsistent with the principles of our free constitution, and only fitted for the meridian of a despotic government. He had once endeavoured to define civil liberty to the house; he had used the description which he found in the books—"Civil liberty consists in doing all that which the law allows a man to do." But he went beyond that. There is a civil liberty, the enjoyment of which is given by the laws themselves. Once admit men to enjoy property, personal rights, and their usual consequences, and on what pretence could they be excluded from the institutions by which the whole of those possessions must be guarded?

It was asked, What have the Roman Catholics to complain of? they are only excluded from the parliament, the bench, and the high offices of state; which meant that they were only excluded from the making and administering of the laws, from all posts of honour and dignity in the state. These were bagatelles, for which, according to the argument, it was not worth while for the Catholics to contend—and, therefore, it was scarcely worth the while of the parliament to refuse. How would the honourable and learned gentlemen who used this argument like to be excluded from their chance of obtaining these trifles? He begged to ask if these were not the very nothings for which Englishmen would cheerfully lay down their lives?

Did they still talk of the danger of admitting the Catholics? He put it to the house to consider whether they would willingly see such a body represented anywhere but within the walls of parliament. To shut them out from parliament, after giving them everything which rendered them consequential short of it, was to teach them to array themselves elsewhere. Somewhere else they must go, if the house could not make room for them. God forbid the recurrence of bad times! but it might happen that a bad prince might mount the throne, and then, perhaps, being refused admission where they had a right to it, they would range themselves behind the throne, and assist in the sacrifice of the public liberties. His honourable and learned friend the solicitor-general was satisfied as to the laity, whom he considered as sufficiently good subjects. The danger which his honourable and learned friend apprehended was from the Roman Catholic priests. He dreaded, in a country where the majority of the people differed from the religion of the state, the uncontrollable and all-controlling influence of the priests, who were themselves detached from the state. France, it had been said, had of late shown herself particularly tenacious on the subject of religion; and, looking at what might be her views with regard to Ireland, it was said that there might be great danger. He supposed that the bill was intended to diminish so much of the influence of the Roman Catholic clergy over their flocks as arose out of their present grievances. Here was a danger admitted on both sides to be actually existing, and here was a measure proposed by the honourable baronet to meet that danger. Let the measure for bringing those priests within the pale of the constitution be proved to be calculated to increase their influence, and he would say something to it.

Before I go further, I would ask those honourable members who admit the dangers which exist, whether they are prepared with a remedy? Some may, perhaps, tell me that I am to trust to time and to proselytism. I admit that much may be expected from proselytism, and that it is likely to be increased by the pious and exemplary lives, the kind and charitable behaviour, and the religious example of the Protestant clergy; and I am of opinion that the time will come when the religious differences between Protestants and Catholics will be much lessened, and, though we may not see it, that our children's children may be witnesses of it. But, sir, this prospect is distant and uncertain; the dangers which surround us are pressing and imminent. So long as you continue a line of demarcation between Protestants and Catholics, so long do you hold up the latter as aliens to the state. And, while you do this, let it be considered that your proselytism will be at a stand. For any man who should become a Protestant under such restrictions would be considered an apostate, a wretch who changed his religion only for purposes of gain. Before I conclude I must take the liberty of stating shortly to the house a few of the measures which I consider calculated to remedy the existing evils. First, I would take away all grounds of grievance, by placing the Roman Catholic on an equal footing with the Protestant. I would do this in order to prevent their union in one body against one common oppression. Next, I would, as has been recommended by an honourable friend of mine, make a suitable provision for the Roman Catholic priesthood. I have been told that the Roman Catholic priest would not consent to such an arrangement. Let me assure my honourable friend that he is deceived in his statement. The Roman Catholic clergy would not, it is true, purchase a permanent provision by the disgrace of having abandoned their flocks. But if Catholic emancipation were granted—if the laity were once relieved from the disabilities under which they laboured—the Catholic priesthood would anxiously and gratefully receive a permanent provision. Honourable members are much mistaken, and know but little of Ireland, if they imagine that the Irish people or the Irish priesthood wish to usurp the property of the Established Church. The Church of Ireland may be in danger of being pulled down from other causes; but if it were pulled down to-morrow, and the livings offered to the Roman Catholic priests, the laity would not allow them to accept them. I speak this in the hearing of many who are acquainted with Ireland, and who must know that it is not the wish of the laity to have their priests raised to influence and authority by such means. The gentry of Ireland respect their priesthood, but I can assure the house they are not priest-ridden.

Before I sit down, sir, I must say one word more as to the danger which I conceive to exist at the present period. If the priesthood were to express a desire to get possession of the church property, the laity would at once cry out against them. But, I would ask, Are the Protestant clergy right in saying that they are determined to resist the claims of the Roman Catholics so long as they themselves existed? What was this but giving a form and substance to that which was before but a wild chimera? What was it but compelling the Catholics to say, We must now oppose the Protestant clergy in self-defence, for, until they shall be deprived of their property, we have no chance of obtaining our political rights? All who know me know that I am, and ever have been, a zealous supporter of the Established Church; but never, even when I have been most zealous in its support, do I conceive myself to have rendered it better service than in giving it this warning, and placing its ministers on their guard. Sir, I feel convinced, that if a foreign enemy were landing on our coast to-morrow, this house would not grant to the Roman Catholics anything which it could not concede with honour and with safety to the Established Church. I trust to God no such period may arrive. I feel that if it ever does, it must be far, very far distant. But I know that, were it to come, such would be your firm and irrevocable determination. And, sir, it is because I know there exists no such danger—it is because I feel that we are in a time of perfect safety and security, that I call upon you to do that now, which a sense of justice ought to compel you to do even in a time of the greatest danger. Let me not be told, sir, that the people or the priesthood of Ireland will refuse to accept any concession which we may make to them. I say, in the language of my honourable friend the member for the county of York, that it is for us to legislate; that it is for us to do what is right; and if the Catholics of Ireland should refuse to accept what we offer them, they will be deprived of all power to do injury, because they will be deprived of all power to make just complaint. One word more, and I have done. The alarm which exists with respect to the Roman Catholics of Ireland is, I can assure the house, unfounded. The Roman Catholics of Ireland are not only tranquil but loyal. Nay, more, they are determined to continue loyal, no matter what may be the result of their application to parliament, because they feel satisfied that the growing feeling of liberality towards them, and the enlightened policy of England, will not allow them to labour long under their present disqualifications. For myself, I feel perfectly convinced of the loyalty of the Roman Catholics; and if the government of France were speculating upon their disloyalty, be assured of it, they will find themselves much mistaken; for, should the day ever come when that loyalty would be put to the test, they would be found to a man rallying round the standard of the British constitution. And why is it that such conduct is to be expected from them? It is because they have under that constitution enjoyed thirty-five years of conciliation and progressive improvement. It is because they trust to the kindness and the wisdom of the British legislature. But, sir, we want something more from the Irish people than mere loyalty; we want their affection; we want their confidence; we want their cordiality; we want to induce them to deal with us as friends and brothers, in order to put an end to those anxieties which disturb us, and free us from that feverish state in which we have so long been placed. I beg pardon, sir, for having trespassed at such length upon the attention of the house, and conclude by giving my most cordial support to the motion of the honourable baronet.

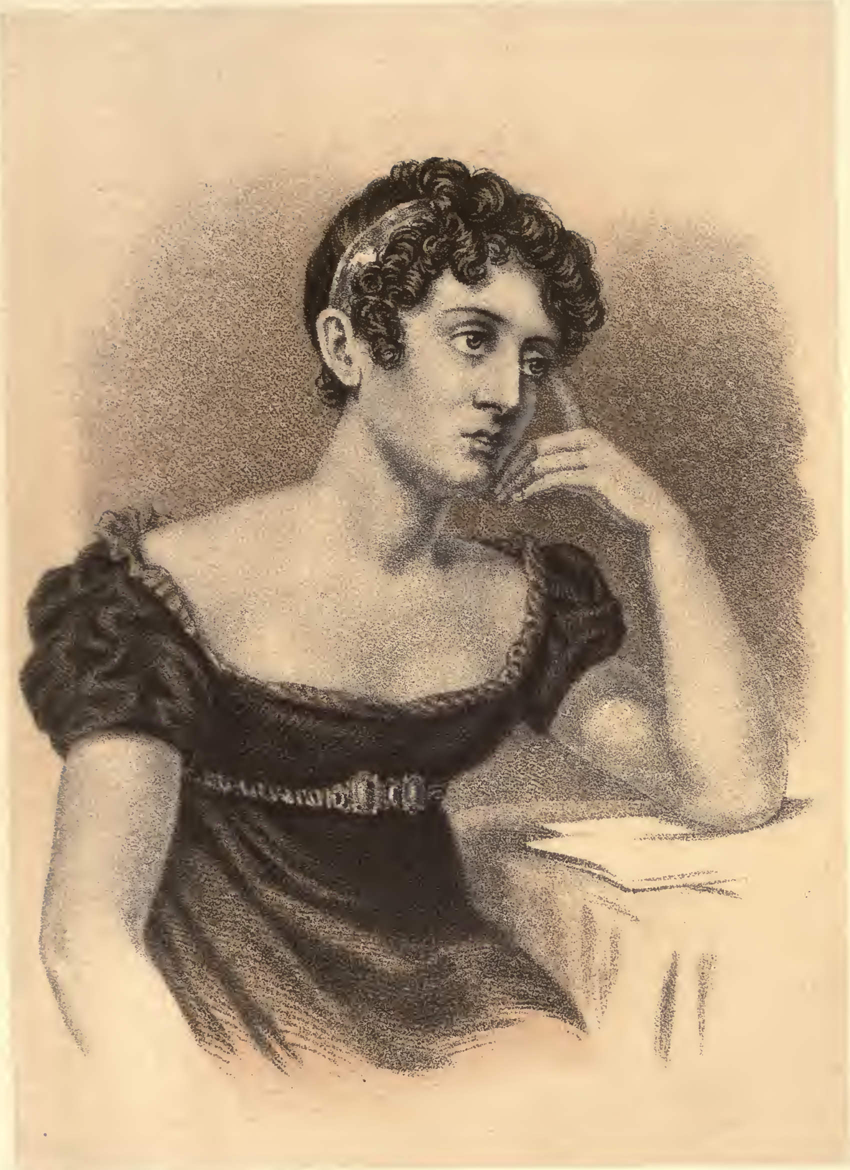
LADY MORGAN.

Born 1783 — Died 1859.

[Miss Sydney Owenson, afterwards Lady Morgan, was born in Dublin probably in the year 1783, or perhaps a few years earlier, for throughout her whole life our authoress professed a more than usual feminine horror of dates, and no subtlety of inquiry could entrap her into any admission about her age. Her father's name was originally Mac Owen, but was afterwards changed to Owenson as more euphonious to English ears. He was an actor, manager, and at times a musical composer in the Theatre Royal, Dublin. When on a professional tour in England, he met at Shrewsbury the daughter of a wealthy gentleman named Hill, and the lady's affections were won by the talents and handsome figure of the young Irish player. The correspondence was disapproved of by her father, and a runaway match was the result, for which the daughter was never forgiven. Two children were born of the marriage—Sydney the subject of our present notice, and Olivia who became the wife of Sir Arthur Clarke, and died in 1845.

The early years of the girls appear to have been passed amid much family trial and difficulty. Their father managed to keep them at a boarding-school; and after their mother's death they were greatly indebted to the care of an old faithful servant named Molly. Sydney soon became remarkable for her precocious genius, and at the age of fourteen she presented to the world a book of poems which were pronounced "wonderful," considering the tender age of the authoress. When about eighteen she commenced life as a governess, and in 1804 published her first novel, *St. Clair or the Heiress of Desmond.* This attempt was sufficiently successful to encourage her to further effort, and in 1805 appeared *The Novice of St. Dominic*, and a little later *The Wild Irish Girl.* This last novel immediately became popular, and was the means of gaining her admission to the best society, where her wit and talent were fully appreciated. Within two years of its first publication seven editions appeared in Great Britain and two or three in America. In 1807 was published *The Lay of an Irish Harp*, a selection of twelve popular Irish melodies to which Miss Owenson wrote the words. Only one of these songs, however, that entitled "Kate Kearney," is noteworthy. In the same year she wrote a comic opera called *The First Attempt or The Whim of a Moment*, which was produced at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, and proved successful, although this first attempt as a dramatic author was also her last so far as we can discover. Her next novel was *Woman or Ida of Athens*, which was very severely handled by Gifford in *The Quarterly Review*, where he says of the authoress, "If we were happy enough to be in her confidence we should advise the immediate purchase of a spelling-book, of which she stands in great need; to this in due process of time might be added a pocket-dictionary." At the time Miss Owenson took no notice of this savage attack; but afterwards, when Lady Morgan, she showed that the insult had not been forgotten, and in the preface to her work *France* defended herself with much spirit against her critic.

In 1812, while visiting at the house of two of her friends the Marquis and Marchioness of Abercorn, she was introduced to their phy-



LADY MORGAN.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY BERTHON.

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF IRELAND.

BLACKIE & SON, LONDON, GLASGOW, EDINBURGH & DUBLIN.

sician Sir Thomas Charles Morgan, a man eminent in his profession and of cultivated taste. Later in the same year they were married. Miss Owenson was no portionless bride, for at the time of her marriage it is stated that she had saved £5000, the fruit of her literary labours. The pair settled down and lived for some years very happily in Kildare Street, Dublin, Lady Morgan becoming the centre and life of a brilliant and talented circle which gathered round them.

In 1816 Sir Charles and his lady made the first of those lengthened visits to the Continent, which, from the opportunities afforded to her ladyship of moving in the best society, and seeing the workings of different political systems, enabled her afterwards in the books *France* and *Italy* to lay bare what her keen penetration discovered beneath the surface. She wrote fearlessly and honestly, and her openly avowed liberal opinions made her many enemies. In 1817 her *France* appeared, and the defence which, as we have said, was appended to it, only served to rouse the critic in *The Quarterly Review* to a fresh and more savage attack, which Talfourd called "one of the coarsest insults ever offered in print by man to woman." Notwithstanding this, however, the book had an immense success, and the popularity of the writer was assured. That she managed to sail very near the truth in some of her criticisms, may be gathered from the fact that she was forbidden by the court to return to France. But she attached little importance to this exercise of arbitrary authority; for, when on her route to Italy about a year afterwards, she remained in Paris for some time unmolested. The opinion of the *Journal de Paris*, in a notice upon *France*, is an authority worth quoting: "Lady Morgan has been run after, entertained, and almost worshipped in all our fashionable circles. She has studied us from head to foot, from the court to the village, from the boudoir to the kitchen. She has seen, analysed, observed, and described everything, men and things, speeches and characters."

The appearance of her *Italy*, a kind of journal of a rather lengthened residence in that country, was the occasion of another attack upon her by the "sanguinary" Gifford. But as an agreeable set-off, most of the leading journals gave favourable notices of the book. Lord Byron, in a letter to Moore, speaks of it as "fearless and excellent on the subject of Italy." This drew upon his lordship a severe retort from *Blackwood's Magazine*, which characterizes the statement as dishonest, and says that although the work is a piece of flimsy Irish slip-slop, yet "Lord Byron has the impudence to puff it." The authoress bore these attacks with becoming patience, and, assisted by her friend Serjeant Talfourd, replied to them with wit and good temper.

Although anything but a warm admirer of O'Connell, yet Lady Morgan as a declared Liberal strongly advocated the cause of emancipation; and her Irish novels, full of sympathy for the ancient race and their sufferings, attracted attention and raised inquiry in quarters where an eloquent speech or political pamphlet would have had no success. In 1837 she and her husband removed to London; and here, in the society of the greatest intellects of the country, they spent six years of uninterrupted happiness. In 1843 she suffered her first heavy affliction in the death of her husband. He had assisted her in her literary work by his advice, and in many cases also by his pen; for example, in *France*, where the extensive appendices on the state of law, finance, medicine, and political opinion in that country were written by him. *The Book without a Name* was also a joint production.

After her husband's death Lady Morgan began to write a diary or story of her life, which she completed before her death. Although her works are said to have brought her a sum of £25,000, yet her style of living was expensive and she was by no means rich. In acknowledgment of her long-continued literary work, and her constant support given to the Liberal party, a pension of £300 a year from the civil list was settled upon her by Lord Grey. In 1855, in a notice of the first volume of a collected edition of her works, the *Athenæum* says, "In the fulness of years and literary honours, ere the brightness of the fancy dims, or the strength of her execution fails, it is well that Lady Morgan should collect her works." After a long and busy life she died at her house in William Street, London, on the 13th of April, 1859, aged about seventy-six years. Her remains were laid in Brompton Cemetery, where a handsome tomb executed by Mr. S. Westmacott has been erected to her memory.

Lady Morgan's first work was published in Dublin in 1801, and during her long literary career of more than half a century she is said to have published more than seventy volumes. Some of these have been already noticed, among the others are—*Patriotic Sketches in Ireland*, *The Missionary*, *O'Donnel* (a novel highly spoken of by Sir Walter Scott), *Florence Macarthy*, *The Life and Times of Salvator Rosa*, *Absenteeism*, *The O'Briens and O'Flahertys*, *The Book of the Boudoir*, *Dramatic Scenes from Real Life*, *The Princess or the Beguine*, *Woman and her Master*, *An Odd Volume*, &c.

We quote the following on the character and personal appearance of Lady Morgan from a "memory" in the *Art Journal* by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, who knew her ladyship: "She had that cordiality of manner which 'took' at once, and did not permit you time to inquire if it were sincere. She was, however, entirely free from literary jealousy; she would aid and not depress young authorship: she was often generous with her purse as well as her pen and tongue; there was nothing mean about her, and flattered as she had been from her youth upwards, is it wonderful that her large organ of self-esteem occasionally assumed a character of arrogance? that when she called herself Glorvina it was her weakness to persuade herself how closely she resembled that brilliant creation of her fancy? that she was, in a word, *vain*, although her vanity may have been but the skeleton of pride?—She was essentially *matérielle.* In no one of her letters, in no part of her journal, can there be found the remotest reference to that High Power from which her genius was derived, which protected her wayward and perilous youth, her prosperous womanhood, and her popular (if not honoured) old age. There is no word of prayer or of thanksgiving in any of her written thoughts. . . . Lady Morgan was small and slightly deformed; her head was large, round, and well formed; her features full of expression, particularly the expression that accompanies 'humour,' dimpling, as it does, round the mouth, and sparkling in the eyes. The natural intonations of her voice in conversation were singularly pleasing—so pleasing as to render her 'nothings' pleasant; and, whatever affectation hovered about her large green fan, or was seen in the 'way she had' of folding her draperies round her, and looking out of them with true Irish *espieglerie*, the tones of that voice were to the last full of feeling."]

EXTREMES MEET.

(FROM "THE PRINCESS, OR THE BEGUINE.")

A sultry summer's day, which had called forth the brilliant butterflies of fashion to swarm over the glittering waters of the Thames, had been followed by a heavy breathless evening, which had not prevented the same showy insects from swarming to the heated circles of the opera-house. A deluge of rain, the usual concomitant of this state of the London atmosphere, had commenced towards the close of the performance, and incommoded the beau monde at their departure, by falling between the carriages "and their nobility;" while it detained the more plebeian portion of the audience under the arcades, in long and patient observance of the large, frequent, and pattering drops. The deep rolling thunder, mingling with the shrill calls of link-boys, for numbered vehicles, and "coach to the city!" outroared the most aristocratic demands for carriages decorated with half the ancient names of English history, and wholly overpowered the distant responses of drenched lackeys and sulky coachmen.

"Lady Frances Mottram's carriage stops the way!" had been several times repeated in impatient and remonstrating vociferation before a faded dowager of rank had descended the stairs, supported by a muffled member of an old régime of fashion, which had once made such duties imperative. She was followed by Lady Frances Mottram, who dashed forward upon the arm of an elegant boy (her *vis-à-vis* in the box). A "by-by" and an "*a rivederla*" hastily exchanged, the young cavalier returned to the Round-room, and the footman gave the word to "Lady Di Campbell's, Berkeley Square."

As the carriage drove off a person capped and cloaked beyond the reach of recognition, burst through the crowd, and rushing over the gutters, and dodging through the maze of hurrying carriages (in utter neglect of *bas-à-jour*, and shoes almost as thin), strided along Pall Mall, and rang at the fashionably unknockered door of one of the most magnificent mansions of Carlton Terrace.

The architectural vestibule of the patrician edifice, though wrapped in silence, was brilliantly illuminated. The master, Sir Frederick Mottram, passed rapidly through it, to a room equally silent, which was lighted by a Grecian lamp of purest alabaster suspended from its gilt and sculptured ceiling. A pair of dim wax-candles had evidently shed their "pale and ineffectual lights" for some time over a marble table covered with piles of parliamentary papers, books and manuscripts—the lumber of public business and of private study.

This room was the working cabinet of the legislator; the sole domestic retreat of the private man; the *sanctum* of the man of letters and of art. Books, busts, pictures, the relics of the two great epochs of human history (the antique and middle ages), were here collected in unsparing profusion; and, with the more serviceable details of luxury and magnificence dedicated to the ease and comfort of the body, presented to the imagination a strange contrast with the homely wainscoted parlour, in which Swift sought the premier of the Augustan age of England, and (as he wrote to Stella) hung up his hat on a peg in the wall on entering: the contrast between the minds of the men was still more striking.

The perturbation of spirit and petulance of step of the lord of this beautiful apartment as he entered were strangely at odds with the tranquil genius of the spot. He flung his drenched cloak on a divan of purple velvet worthy of a Turkish seraglio; and his cap on a bronze tripod that might have stood in the villa of Cicero. He slipped his feet into silken slippers worked in the looms of Persia; and flinging himself into an arm-chair devised by luxury and executed by taste, he opened a book, which he had marked on the night before, for some interest in its pages, and some desire to return to them.

But he brought no mind to its perusal, no power of attention to its subject. Laying down again the volume, he listened as if in impatient expectation; all however was silent, and he again resumed his reading. The buhl *pendule* on the chimney-piece struck one, chiming forth the quaint old air of "*Charmante Gabrielle*," the melody of times when men made love to psalm-tunes. Sir Frederick cast a glance at the time-piece, and flinging down for a second time the book, walked to the window of the verandah, which opened on the park.

The rain had called forth the thousand odours of the exotics which filled it. The refreshed but genial air acting on his fevered brow like the soft warmth of a tepid bath on the wearied limbs of the traveller, he stepped forth and threw his arms over the balustrade upon the terrace. It occupied the precise site where the Duchess of Cleveland had flirted from her balcony with Charles the Second, while De Grammont and St. Evremond paired off, as men who knew the world—the one to feed his subjects in the ponds, the other to read his last madrigal to Mademoiselle Temple. The moon shining forth on the retreat of the heavy and massive clouds which had obscured the night, illuminated the towers of Westminster Abbey, the architectural miracles of the fifteenth century, as they rose over the dense masses of foliage which mimicked the broad outline of forest scenery. In front, and partially seen through the trees, the broken waters of the rippling lake reflected the moonbeams in a thousand scattered and sparkling rays. The whole was an illusion, recalling distant times and distant regions; but what an illusion! in the heart of a great city, and at that hour and season,—the carnival of English fashion, the vigil of English pleasures and dissipation!

The scene was one to have charmed the coldest imagination; but it now failed to touch the warmest. Sir Frederick dragged forward the curtains with an impetuous hand and shut it out, as he uttered an audible expression of disgust. There is a certain irritability of feeling, a disease of humour, that renders the calm of nature and the tranquillity of externals a personal insult.

He again took up his book—read—strided across his room—listened,—but heard only the distant roll of carriages, and the ticking of the pendule. *Le bon Roi Dagobert* chimed the second hour after midnight; and he now sat down to his writing-desk, and threw off the following hot proof-impression of his agitated mind:—

TO THE LADY FRANCES MOTTRAM.

"Two o'clock A.M.

"You left me at the opera this evening under the impression that, after you had set down your aunt in Berkeley Square, you were to return immediately to your own house,—observe, for the first time, for many weeks, before daylight. Your promise was an evasion; and you have added deception to disobedience. I take it for granted you counted on my indifference to your movements, founded on your own carelessness to my feelings and wishes; but that indifference must stop short of dishonour. You are now sharing in the orgies of a woman who has been characterized in her political career as an '*intrigante par goût, par métier, et par besoin;*' and who is as notorious for her vices as distinguished by the misuse of talents, which render her a female Mephistopheles.

"But why should I write this to you? In a word, and to the point (for I am too ill and too weary to wait up any longer; and I set off by appointment at seven to my poor sister Lady John's cottage, and shall not return till Monday): I command you to break off this absurd and disgraceful alliance without further equivocation or delay. I know the Princess dines here to-day; for I see her name, accompanied by others whom I despise and detest, on the list left on my table by Wilson. I will not outrage the usage, nor even the abuses of hospitality by forcing you to put her off; but, remember, she enters my house for the last time, or I never enter it again as long as you remain its mistress.

"FREDERICK MOTTRAM."

"P.S.—I insist on Emilius being sent back early to-morrow morning to Dr. Morrison's. The injury done to that unfortunate boy by bringing him home is incalculable, both to his mind and to his health. He shall not be the victim of an indulgence which has more of folly in it than of fondness. I shall write to Dr. M. to forbid his sending him here any more without my express and written permission.

"Once more, with respect to this Madame Schaffenhausen, I am utterly free from all personal prejudice; for I have never met her, and should scarcely know her, were it not for the affectation of her dress and gesture: but that suffices.

"F. M."

The writing of this angry and indignant letter removed a weight of bitter and choking sensation: but it alluded only to one among many causes of deep-seated irritation; and he folded, directed, and sealed it, with the same petulance with which it was written. He then rang the bell to send it to his wife's dressing-room, but rang in vain. He rang a second time with increasing violence; and no one answered. The third time the silken rope remained in his hand. The door then opened, and he was on the point of bursting forth in a fit of angry inquiry, when the figure that appeared in the opening checked his utterance and gave a change to the whole course of his humour.

In all the range of possibilities no form less appropriate could have presented itself, at such an hour, in such a place, and to such a person. It was that of a man tall and gaunt, ragged and grotesque in his dress. A purple jacket, once splendid (the Mottram livery), was dragged upon shoulders of such disproportionate dimensions, that the tight and torn sleeves terminated but a little below the elbow. The nether dress, of buckskin, left a space between the old Wellington boot and the brawny knee, which a worsted stocking scarcely covered. A black stock, dandily put on, gave a military cast to a broad, florid face, as expressive of self-conceit as a passing emotion of timidity would allow. A rough shock head was drawn up to serve as an attempt at an attitude, and while one hand held firmly by the lock of the door, the other less firmly grasped a postilion's cap, which presently fell with weight upon the floor, and lay without an attempt being made to pick it up. A deprecating smile played upon the uncouth, laughable face, and the whole man stood an epitome of self-possession, dashed with an agitating desire to produce an effect, which, to one acquainted with the true physiognomic indications of the unadulterated Milesian race, would have led at once to the conviction that the personage was an Irishman.

After the stare, the silence, and the amazement of a fully elapsed minute, Sir Frederick, in a sharp and startling voice, asked—

"Who are you, pray?"

He was answered in a subdued brogue, and Anglo-Irish mincing tone—

"Is it me, plaze your honor? It's what I bees, the boy about the pleece, Sir Frederick —of coorse, sir—"

"What place?"

"The coort-yard, Sir Frederick; that is, the steebles, and your honor's offices. You know yourself, sir."

"Oh! a helper in the stables?"

"Not at all, axing your honor's pardon," he replied conceitedly, and drawing up his stock; "but does a turn by way of interteenment till I gets into pleece, and to oblige your honor; and hopes you're well, Sir Frederick—long life to you, and to Colonel Vere, and the Couldstrames!"

"What brings you here?" said Sir Frederick, with some amazement and a little suspicion.

"What brings me here, plaze your honor? Why, what but to obligate Mr. Watkins, the porther, and sleep in his aisy chair; and minds the dure, till it's what he comes in, which soon he will, plaze God—of course, Sir Frederick—"

"Ho! the porter is out, then, and has left you in care of the house?"

"He has; and I'd do more nor that for Mr. Watkins without fee or reward, and for yourself too, Sir Frederick: can I do anything for your honor now, sir?" And he advanced with an easy and gradually disengaged air towards the divan, shaking out and folding up the cloak, which he threw over his arm; and then drew up, as if for further orders.

"Send the house-steward to me, and lay down that cloak!"

"He is gone to bed, your honor. And in respect of the cloak—" (laying it down).

"Then send me the groom of the chambers," said Sir Frederick, impatiently.

"Mr. Ellison is out at a party, with her ladyship's lady's-maid, Sir Frederick—but of coorse will be soon in."

"Humph! So. Then send me the footmen,—Lady Frances's page—the butler—any one."

"The two footmen, sir, bees out with her leedyship's carridge; and the butler's at his country-house; and th' under butler is gone with a coach for Ma'm'selle; and Master Francis is in bed, with a could in his hid, poor little cratur!"

Sir Frederick thus learned that his house was abandoned by all his numerous train of servants, and actually left, at that advanced hour of the night, in the keeping of a ragged varlet, to all appearance the helper of the helper in the stables. After a minute's silence he nodded off the whimsical intruder, whose countenance and gesticulations during the ill-assorted dialogue would have amused any other than one so little within the range of amusability.

The "boy about the place," who seemed to have fully reached his majority, after some farther fidgeting, closed the door, with a fantastical bow, and a solemn—"I shawl, Sir Frederick—of coorse."

"This is the sum-up of all," said the master of the deserted mansion, hastily recalling the man he had dismissed.

"Stay! come back. What is your name?"

"Lawrence Fegan, Sir Frederick; and I wonders, axing your honor's pardon, but you remimbers me."

"Remember you!"

"Ay, in troth! Sure I'm Larry Fegan, your ould little tiger, that was give you with the brown cab and cob by Colonel Vere, long ago, Sir Frederick, when he left the Could-strames and came over from Dublin, with th' other baste."

"Are you the boy that fell from behind my carriage in the park, and broke his arm?"

"Why, then, sorrow one else, plaze your honor, but just my own self. It's what I've but little use of it iver since, to this blessed time."

"I ordered you to be taken care of."

"Long life to your honor!" was the vague reply, uttered with downcast eyes, and a sigh peculiarly Irish.

"I will see you again," said Sir Frederick; "you may go now.'

Sir Frederick endeavoured to stifle some compunctious feelings for his own neglect of the sufferer by apostrophizing the profligacy of his servants. "So much for the high life below stairs of London! Good heavens! what disorder! But is it wonderful, with such examples before them? or can one be surprised if the English aristocracy should hurry forward revolution by the heartless dissipation of their time and fortunes, or undermine the very foundations of society by their wanton profligacy?"

He paused, sighed deeply, and then lighted his taper to go to bed: but in doing the office of his absent lamp-man, and extinguishing the lamp and candles, a glare of red light crimsoned the whole room. It was the morning sun, shining through the scarlet drapery of the windows. Sir Frederick drew the curtains for a moment aside, then turned away, with a feeling which the most wretched might compassionate.

Having deposited his letter on his wife's toilet in her dressing-room, he was hurrying to his own apartment on the other side of the house when he recollected that he had left his watch on the study table. On returning he perceived that the porter's chair was still occupied by Lawrence Fegan, who was already fast asleep. On the desk beside him lay a letter with a black seal. Sir Frederick took it. It was addressed to himself. The seal was sufficiently large to attract his attention, and its device caused a revulsion of his whole frame. He hurried back to his study, and read—

"TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR F. MOTTRAM, BART.

"The writer of these lines takes the liberty of making the following inquiries:—Has Sir F. M. any recollection of a young female having been received into the family of the late Sir Walter and Lady M., about fourteen years ago, under circumstances singular, if not romantic? Was this person, at the expiration of a year, driven from Mottram Hall in a way not altogether creditable? Was it afterwards understood, that being reduced to a destitute condition, she fell into sickness; and that she was conveyed in a state of delirium to a parish workhouse by the miserable and sordid wretches with whom she lodged, in the neighbourhood of Holborn, and that she died there?

"If all this statement be true, would the humanity of Sir Frederick lead him to visit that workhouse on receipt of this letter, and perform an act of charity, which may reflect with a blessed influence on his after life?—*videlicet*, to see that person, whose former wretchedness may have caused him some remorse; but who did not, as was supposed, then die. In her delirium she escaped from the spot—to which, after many years of strange vicissitude, she has again been brought by misery and the fatality of circumstances.

"The writer is commissioned to express this poor woman's desire to see Sir Frederick once more; and has yielded to the weakness of a creature still, perhaps, but too devoted to earthly ties, in forwarding her request, and inclosing the accompanying packet. The subjoined order will admit Sir F., without delay, to ward C of the parish workhouse of ——."

The letter dropped from Sir Frederick's hands, and with it the inclosure, which remained for a moment on the ground, where it had fallen; at length he took it up, opened and found within it a ring, bearing on its enamel the flower called in French "*la marguerite*," and a motto in ancient and quaint language,

"FORTUNE INFORTUNE FORT UNE."

It was wrapped in a paper, which contained a memorandum in these words:—

> "I, Frederick Mottram, do of my free and uninfluenced will declare, that I will never marry any other woman than —— ——, as long as she remains single, and deems me worthy of her choice.
>
> (Copy.) "Mottram Hall, Jan. —, 18—."

With the paper was another, thus inscribed:

> "I release Frederick Mottram from his engagement—an idle form, if the feeling that dictated it continue;—an useless one if it do not. M."

The emotions produced by the perusal of these documents, acting upon a mind already shaken by strong passion, had all the wildness and confusion of insanity. A rush of recollections awakened a long-subdued compunction, exciting a struggle between pride and feeling—between all that is worst and all that is best in humanity. Sir Frederick, however, felt what ought to be done, and he resolved on doing it. Putting up the papers, therefore, in his pocket, he resumed his shoes and cloak, took his hat and gloves, and went forth.

Larry Fegan was still sleeping in the porter's chair: neither Lady Frances nor the servants had yet returned; the lamps in the hall burned dimly before the morning's light. Sir Frederick shook the sleeper, who started from his slumber with a ludicrous attempt at self-possession.

"This letter with a black seal that I found here; did *you* receive it?"

"The letter, sir?" said Larry, roughing up his hair and winking his eyes; "of coorse, sir! What letter, plaze your honor?"

"This letter; it was on the desk. Did you take it in? when did it come? who brought it?"

"It was myself took it in, and nobody else knows a screed of it," said Fegan, with an expression of countenance inimitable in its humour, intelligence, and arch significance.

"Who brought it?" reiterated Sir Frederick, raising his voice angrily.

"Why, thin, Sir Frederick, it was a faymale—a leedy in a hackney-coach."

"A lady! What sort of a lady?"

"Axing your pardon, Sir Frederick, did iver you see one of the leedies of the House of Mercy in Baggot Street, Dublin? Well, sorrow a bit but it was just that same sort, sir—a kind of a blessed and holy woman. The like I niver saw in London before or since, and wishes myself back in Dublin oncet more."

After a moment's pause Sir Frederick looked around him, and lowering his voice, asked, "Is there a possibility of getting a hackney-coach at this hour?"

"Of coorse there is—every possibility in life, your honor. A crony of mine, one Darby Doolan, from Dublin, bees keeping one up all night in St. James's Street. I'll just run and bring Darby round in a moment to the door, sir."

He had put on his black cap and was darting forward, when his master, laying his hand on his arm, exclaimed—

"Not here—not at this door—stop in Pall Mall, near the Travellers' Club."

The contrast between his white-gloved hand and the ragged dirty sleeve of the *locum tenens* of the porter of Mottram House, was not more strange than that of the two persons thus accidentally brought into conference, each at the extreme degree of social separation.

"Is it near the Thravellers'?—Oh! very well, sir—I see—I'll be there and back in a jiffy."

Fegan flew forth, and Sir Frederick, drawing his hat over his eyes and his cloak round his shoulders, looked for a moment cautiously around, and, with an almost unconscious self-congratulation that neither his wife nor servants had yet returned, he went forth.

As he crossed the plank which formed a temporary passage from Carlton Terrace into Pall Mall he encountered his own hall-porter, who, being too drunk to recognize his master, disputed the pass with him. He was hurrying home from a public-house near St. James's Square (where he had been carousing), to resume his post before his lady's arrival.

The carriages were still rolling from clubs, *soirées*, *thés*, opera-suppers, and gambling-houses of various descriptions, public and private; many of them filled by the orthodox and consistent voters for the permanence of tithes, and for Sir Andrew Agnew's bills for the due observance of the Sabbath. One among the splendid equipages bore the Mottram arms. The two sleepy footmen, in Sir Frederick's rich livery, swung behind; and the pale faded face of Lady Frances (white as the pearl that glistened in her fair, uncurled tresses) was visible within. A broken exclamation rose upon her husband's lips; but he felt that, at that moment, he had no right to accuse.

He hurried on. The bottom of St. James's Square was still choked with the carriages of the company at the Princess Schaffenhausen's. Apprehensive of being seen, and impatient for the arrival of Fegan's coach, he continued to walk backward and forward near the Palace, until, seeing a carriage approaching half-way down St. James's Street, he crossed to meet it. The next moment he found himself surrounded by a group of men issuing from King Street, among whom were the Marquis of Montressor, Lord Alfred, Lord Allington, Captain Levison, and two young noblemen, the husbands of two of the handsomest women in England. His *incognito* air had drawn the attention of the revellers; but they soon made him out, and found a resistless source of fun in detecting the great commoner, the most moral man in Europe, in apparent *bonne fortune*—for in such set phrases was he saluted by each alternately, with many profligate inuendos, and loud shouts of laughter-loving frolic.

"Pray let me pass!" he exclaimed in uncontrollable annoyance; "I have been called upon to visit a dying friend."

"Male or female?" said Lord Montressor.

"How delighted I am," said Lord Alfred, "to see some touch of humanity about the frozen man dug out of the glaciers of St. Bernard, as the princess calls you!"

"Nay, nay, we must not discourage a young beginner: let him pass," said the marquis, laughing.

"Lady Frances is still at the princess's," cried Captain Levison; "so you may as well turn into Crocky's, as you are out for a lark."

With a look and manner not to be mistaken, Sir Frederick shook the young guardsman off.

"Gentlemen, you *must* allow me to pass," he said, and striding off, he left the party, to proceed up the street.

"He is growing serious," said Lord Alfred, "and is going to early prayers."

"I don't think that," said Lord Allington, "for he voted against Sir Andrew Agnew's Sunday Bill."

"A man may do that and be very serious too; as, for instance,"—said Lord Alfred, and he nodded at the marquis.

The party laughed loudly, and turned in to finish their Saturday night, or Sunday morning, with "the Fishmonger."

Sir Frederick had reached the top of St. James's Street when he was met by a hackney-coach, with Larry Fegan's ragged elbow and important face thrust through the open window. The carriage drew up; Fegan popped out, and, with the readiness of an accomplished footman, let down the step, closed the door, and touching his postilion's cap, asked,

"Where to, Sir Frederick?"

"To Holborn," was the reply.

Fegan looked amazed, repeated the order, sprung up behind the carriage, and, swinging his tall figure by two dirty straps, assumed an air which a royal lackey might be proud to imitate on a drawing-room day.

The coach stopped at the foot of Holborn Hill, and Larry presented himself at the carriage side.

"I did not want you," said Sir Frederick, somewhat surprised; "you may return."

Fegan looked mortified; Sir Frederick took out his purse and gave him a sovereign, adding, "I do not wish what has passed to-night to be talked over in my stables."

"Oh! of coorse—intirely not," said Fegan archly.

Desiring the coachman to wait his return Sir Frederick proceeded with a hurried step, and his glass to his eye, on his devious and uncertain way, through many obscure lanes and dirty alleys, and occasionally directed by a loiterer—when he happened to find one. Misery and degradation met him at every step. He paused in disgust and horror, uncertain how to proceed, and almost inclined to turn back.

"If you want Mr. Johnson's, you must turn to the left," said a suspicious-looking man, pointing towards a low house, or "finish," the last resort of subaltern debauchees, and the nocturnal haunt of those profligates of both sexes who dare not encounter "the garish eye of day." "Stay, sir," he continued, "I'll call a comrade;" and he turned into one of those frightfully splendid gin-palaces, to which philosophy assigns the ruin of the infatuated and miserable classes who support them. The blaze of light emitted from its highly ornamented gas-burners, as the opening door disclosed the scene within, triumphed over the brightness of the rising sun. The "comrade" came forth, smoking a cigar. He was all skin and bone, rags, filth, and stench. He approached Sir Frederick with familiarity, in the supposed community of vice, saying,

"Mr. Johnson's house! — this way, sir, please."

"No! I want to go to the workhouse of —— parish."

"Oh! very well, you are quite close to it. I'll show you,—to the right, sir,—take care of that loose stone. You're come to look for a 'prentice among the younkers, I suppose? Plenty to be had there, warranted sound, wind and limb."

He pointed to a placard over the gates in the centre of a high wall, on which was written, "Strong, healthy boys and girls, with the usual fee. Apply within."

"You'll be paid for taking them, you see," hiccuped the wretched creature.

Sir Frederick pulled violently the bell; the gate opened, and he passed in. The cicerone, receiving triple what he expected for his brief services, winked, as he withdrew, at the sulky porter—sulky from being called from his lair at so early an hour. Sir Frederick followed across the yard. A few wretched children, a fragment of the hundred and fifty thousand houseless orphans who prowl about the streets of London, to beg or steal, were already assembled. Vice lowered on their young brows, and want sat on their ghastly cheeks. An idiot woman seized his arm.

"You sha'n't beat me!" she said, with a loud laugh; and, jerking him from her with violence, she reeled and fell.

"Never mind her, sir," said the porter, who had taken the order of admittance, and was reading it. "Never mind her; she will recover of herself."

Sir Frederick sickened. He raised the maniac from the ground, and placing her on a seat, he followed his conductor into the house. At the entrance stood a plain dark chariot, apparently that of a physician. Its appearance was a relief to the unnerved, unmanned visitor.

"The hospital ward, letter C," muttered the man, as he gave the order to an old nurse whom he met at the door.

"Oh! the gentleman as was to see the poor governess, mayhap. It's all over with her now! Howsomdever, this way, sir."

They proceeded along a dark passage, which admitted them into a long narrow room, dimly lighted by a few dusky windows on one side. A fireplace at either end was surrounded by a few withered old women engaged in some culinary process, and pushing each other away, in the true unaccommodating selfishness of solitary misery. Each had her little tin vessel, preparing some supplemental *friandise* furnished by the charitable to eke out the insipid, if not scanty, nutriment provided by the institution. They were all marked by mutilation, infirmity, or that "great disease" old age. The narrow and uncurtained beds on either side were tenanted by the sick and the dying. One only showed a young and a blooming countenance. It was a girl of about eighteen, who had occupied that bed for twelve years, as the nurse who accompanied the visitor declared.

"She has lost the use of her limbs, sir, and having no friend on earth to move her, she remains constantly bedridden; and has seen many a neighbour conveyed to her last home, poor thing! There, sir, is the bed you inquire for, No. 14."

She then hurried off to obey the pressing call of some impatient patient at the farther end of the room. The bed No. 14 was covered from head to foot with a clean white sheet, on which shone a ray of sunlight from the opposite window. Under this simple covering appeared the outline of a human figure. Beside it, knelt a female in a black mantle and hood. An ejaculation of horror burst from the lips of the visitor, wholly unused to such scenes, and now so agitated and shaken. He stood for a moment at the foot of the bed, covering his face with his handkerchief, and articulated with difficulty, "I am come, then, too late!"

"Too late!" muttered emphatically the woman, rising slowly from her knees, and remaining motionless beside the bed of death. There was a silence of more than a minute.

"Is there anything to be done which may testify. . . ." The scarcely articulate voice of the speaker could not, or did not, proceed.

"Nothing," was the low but stern reply.

"Money may be deposited for . . ."

"The parish finds a coffin," interrupted one who seemed to belong as little to this world as the inanimate remains which she hung over.

A cold shudder crept through Sir Frederick's veins at the abrupt answer. There was another pause, awkwardly protracted.

"Were you her friend?" at length inquired Sir Frederick.

"Charity and duty brought me to this asylum of misery two days back. The poor have no friends, save Heaven," she added, lowering her eyes and crossing herself. "The story of this wretched person, her sufferings, and her wrongs (for she was of a class of sufferers and used to wrongs) moved me much. They are now over in this world!" And she clasped her hands and bent her head.

"And for ever, be it hoped!" said Sir Frederick, with a burst of uncontrollable and solemn emotion.

"Her sins be forgiven her! for she loved, as she suffered, much," slowly murmured the pious woman, who was evidently one of a peculiar religious order, which, though not recognized by the laws of England, exists there, as throughout the rest of the Christian world, doing good by stealth, and fearing, probably, as much as "blushing to find it fame."

The infected atmosphere, the images of misery, sickness, and death were becoming too much for the heart and the imagination of a visitant so unpractised in haunts like this. He had felt and suffered more, perhaps, in the petty space of time he had passed in this chamber of woe, than he had ever done in his life. His breathing, too, was becoming oppressed, and his strength was failing him; but aware of his situation, he made an effort to rouse himself, and said, "I trust, madam, you will not allow an acquaintance, begun under such affecting circumstances, to drop here. You have probably been put into the confidence of my late unfortunate friend, and ——."

"Was she *your* friend?" asked the woman, in a tone of almost contempt.

"Will you allow me to call on you?" was the evasive answer. "You were, of course, the writer of the letter which . . ."

"Yes, I wrote, and brought it, when this poor woman was at her agony."

"Will you allow me, then, an opportunity of thanking you for your humanity? Where shall I call on you?"

"I have no home! I was once like her" (pointing to the corpse), "homeless from necessity: I am now so from choice. But *you* have a splendid and a happy home. I will call on *you*."

Sir Frederick started, unconscious alike why he had made his own proposition, or why he was disturbed by hers. "I am leaving town," he said faintly.

"I will wait your return," said the female; and she knelt down and buried her face in her hands, as if to cut short the interview.

Sir Frederick, after a short pause, retired. The old nurse, with sordid hopes and watchful eyes, accompanied him to the door. In passing by the bed of the youthful invalid, he involuntarily paused, and asked if there was anything she wished for. She replied, with a hectic flush and sparkling eye—"Tea."

He threw a sovereign on the bed, gave another to the nurse, and hurried, almost without knowing how, to the street where he had left the carriage. Larry Fegan was still there, standing with the door in one hand and his cap in the other.

"I desired you to go away!" said Sir Frederick, in a tone of displeasure.

"Sure, your honor, would I lave you to be murthered in that thieving-place, axing your honor's pardon?"

"Shut the door, and stop in Charing Cross," said Sir Frederick, in a subdued voice.

He threw himself back in the carriage, and it drove on.

KATE KEARNEY.

O, did you not hear of Kate Kearney?
She lives on the banks of Killarney,
From the glance of her eye shun danger and fly,
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney!
For that eye is so modestly beaming,
You'd ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming,
Yet oh, I can tell how fatal's the spell
That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney!

O, should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
Who lives on the banks of Killarney,
Beware of her smile, for many a wile
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.
Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,
There's mischief in every dimple;
Who dares inhale her mouth's spicy gale
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

LADY SINGLETON TRAVELLING.

(FROM "O'DONNEL.")

As far as the romantic and beautifully situated little town of Larne the travellers had proceeded without impediment, and with some degree of pleasure and amusement. Air and exercise promoted health and spirits; and the fineness of the weather, and the excellence of the accommodation, hitherto kept all in good temper, and got the start of expectation. Lady Singleton had, however, something to blame or to rectify every step she took. At Belfast, where they remained a day, she proved, as she stood on the bridge, that it should have been erected upon twenty arches instead of twenty-one; and endeavoured to convince a civil engineer, whom she accidentally met, that the canal which connects the harbour with Lough Neagh was formed against every principle and system of inland navigation.

At Carrickfergus, where they were shown the spot on which King William landed, she discovered he had chosen the very worst place on the coast; and returned to lecture the innkeeper severely for the state of decay in which she found the fortifications.

"It is not the fault of the town-folks, your ladyship," returned the man: "they have nothing to do with it. There is a governor appointed by government, and with a good salary, I warrant, my lady."

"And with a good salary!" repeated Mr. Dexter, knitting his brows.

"Then," said Lady Singleton, "I shall have the thing inquired into. This is the way government is always duped."

"Unquestionably," added Mr. Dexter. "I dare say it is a pretty lucrative post, Lady Singleton—Governor of Carrickfergus. And if a man has interest ——"

"The fact is," interrupted Lady Singleton, "this wretched country *is* wretched merely because nobody thinks it worth his while to interfere and make things better."

"Critically," echoed Mr. Dexter.

In their approach to the town of Larne the beauty of its situation attracted universal admiration. Its little bay, penetrating through a rocky entrance, and taking, in its sweep, the village of Glynn, the limestone quarries which skirt its coast, and the ruins of Olderfleet Castle, mouldering on the little peninsula of Curran, presented objects of great picturesque beauty. Miss O'Halloran, for the first time venturing at an observation, remarked to Lady Singleton, that the peninsula of Curran resembled the Sicilian Dripanon; which produced a decided dissent from her ladyship. This Mr. Dexter followed up by—

"Undoubtedly, ma'am. It is totally impossible that an Irish scene could resemble anything in Italy: the comparison is really quite comical."

"Were you ever in Italy, sir?" drawled out Miss O'Halloran.

"No, Miss O'Halloran, not absolutely in Italy, though I have been abroad; but I think I know it as well from her ladyship's description as if I had lived there all my life."

The town of Larne once passed, a new region seemed to present itself. The roads became less practicable, the scene more wild. The great and stupendous features which characterize the coast of Antrim now gradually developed themselves in all their rudest grandeur. Promontories, bold and grotesque; bays deeply insulating the mountainous shores; rocks fantastically grouped, were the objects forming the picturesque. Lady Singleton held her *carte du voyage* in her hand. Glenarm was the next stage she had laid down after Larne, and there, she had decreed, they were to dine and sleep. An *avant-courier* was therefore despatched to make necessary preparations; the improbabilities of accommodation for so large a party not being taken into the account of her ladyship's calculations. The steepness and impracticability of the roads already began to undermine her patience, if they did not decrease her confidence in her own infallibility: but the surrounding scenery, though indescribably wild, was not wanting in attraction to fix attention on itself. The bold promontory of Ballygelly, abruptly exhibiting its enormous but well-defined pillars, presented the first specimen of the basaltic region into which they were about to penetrate. The ruins of Cairne Castle, mouldering under the shadow of its cliffs, were partially tinged with the mid-day sun, that poured its cloudless radiance on the wild heights of the Salagh Braes, which form the segment of a circle to the west of the coast, running from north to south.

The sun had not reached his meridian when the romantic and lovely village of Glenarm, with the broken outline of its hills, its limestone shores, its castle, and plantations, appeared to the eyes of the travellers, smiling amidst the surrounding wildness. At the entrance of the village the *avant-courier*, his horse smoking, rode up to the barouche to say he had lost his way among the hills, and that he had but just entered the town, and discovered the inn: to this he pointed, and the carriages drove up to a neat, pretty-looking cottage, while Lady Singleton continued to lecture, without mercy, the intimidated courier.

MADAME DE GENLIS.

(FROM "FRANCE.")

Madame de Genlis was at Paris when I arrived there; but I was told on every side that she had retired from the world; that she was invisible alike to friends and strangers.—

That, "*elle s'était jetée dans la religion!*" or that "*elle s'était mise en retraite dans une société de Capucines.*"—I had despaired, therefore, of seeing a person, out of whose works I had been educated, and whose name and writings were intimately connected with all my earliest associations of books and literature; when an invitation from this distinguished writer herself brought me at once to her retreat, in her convent of the Carmelites—an order recently restored with more than its original severity, and within whose walls Madame de Genlis has retired. As I drove "*aux Carmes,*" it is difficult to say whether Madame de Genlis or Madame de La Vallière was uppermost in my imagination.

Adjoining to the gloomy and monastic structure, which incloses the Carmelite sisterhood (in barriers which even royalty is no longer permitted to pass), stands a small edifice appropriated to the lay-guest of this silent and solitary retreat. The pretty garden belonging exclusively to this wing of the convent is only divided from its great garden by a low wall, and it admits at its extremity the melancholy view of a small chapel or oratory, fatally distinguished by the murder of the bishops and priests imprisoned there during the reign of Robespierre. Madame de Genlis received me with a kindness, a cordiality, that had all the *naïveté* and freshness of youthful feeling and youthful vivacity. There was nothing of age in her address or conversation; and vigour, animation, a tone of decision, a rapidity of utterance, spoke the full possession of every feeling and every faculty: and I found her in the midst of occupations and pursuits which might startle the industry of youth to undertake or to accomplish.

When I entered her apartment she was painting flowers in a book, which she called her "*herbier sacré,*" in which she was copying all the plants mentioned in the Bible. She showed me another volume, which she had just finished, full of trophies and tasteful devices, which she called *l'herbier de reconnaissance.* "But I have but little time for such idle amusements," said Madame de Genlis. She was, in fact, then engaged in abridging some ponderous tomes of French Mémoires, in writing her "*Journal de la Jeunesse,*" and in preparing for the press her new novel, "*Les Battuécas,*" which she has since given to the world.

Her harp was nevertheless well strung and tuned, her pianoforte covered with new music; and when I gave her her lute to play for me, it did not require the drawing up a single string. All was energy and occupation.—It was impossible not to make some observation on such versatility of talent and variety of pursuits.—"Oh! this is nothing" (said Madame de Genlis), "what I pride myself on is knowing *twenty trades, by all of which I could earn my bread.*"

She conversed with great earnestness, but with great simplicity, without effort, as without pretension, and laughed heartily at some anecdotes I repeated to her, which were then in circulation in Paris.—When I mentioned the story of her receiving a mysterious pupil, who came veiled to her apartments, whose face had never been seen even by her attendants, she replied—that there was no mystery in the case; that she received two or three unfortunate young people, who had no means of supporting themselves; and to whom she taught the harp as a mode of subsistence, as she had done to Casemir, now one of the finest harpistes in the world.—I could not help telling her, I believed she had a *passion for educating;* she replied, "*au contraire, cela m'a toujours ennuyé,*" and added, it was the only means now left her of doing good.

I had been told in Paris that Madame de Genlis had carried on a *secret correspondence* with the late emperor; which is another term for the higher walks of *espionnage.* I ventured one day to talk to her on the subject; and she entered on it with great promptitude and frankness. "Buonaparte," she said, "was extremely liberal to literary people—a pension of four thousand francs per annum was assigned to all authors and *gens-de-lettres,* whose circumstances admitted of their acceptance of such a gratuity. He gave me, however, six thousand, and a suite of apartments at the *Arsenal.* As I had never spoken to him, never had any intercourse with him whatever, I was struck with this liberality, and asked him, What he expected I should do to merit it? When the question was put to Napoleon he replied carelessly, "Let Madame de Genlis write me a letter once a month." As no subject was dictated, I chose literature, but I always abstained from politics. Madame de Genlis added, that though she never had any interview with him, yet on her recommendation, he had pensioned five indigent persons of literary talent. . . .

It was said to me in Paris that Madame de Genlis had retired to the Carmelites, "*désabusée des vanités de ce monde, et des chimères de la célébrité.*" I know not how far this may be true, but it is certain, that if she has done with *the vanities* of the world, she has by no means relinquished its refinements and tastes even amidst the coldness and austerity of a convent. Her apartment might have answered equally for the *oratory of a saint* or the *boudoir of a coquette.* Her blue silk draperies, her alabaster vases, her fresh-gathered flowers, and elegant Grecian couch, breathed still of this world: but the large crucifix (that image of suffering and humility), which hung at the foot of that couch; the devotional books that lay mingled with lay works, and the chaplets and rosaries which hung suspended from a wall, where her lute vibrated, and which her paintings adorned, indicated a vocation before which genius lay subdued and the graces forgotten. On showing me the pious relics which enriched this pretty cell, Madame de Genlis pointed out to my admiration a *Christ on the Cross,* which hung at the foot of her bed. It was so celebrated for the beauty of its execution, that the pope had sent for it, when he was in Paris, and blessed it, ere he returned the sad and holy representation to its distinguished owner. And she naturally placed great value on a beautiful rosary which had belonged to Fenelon, and which that elegant saint had worn and prayed over till a few days before his death.

If years could be taken into the account of a lady's age, Madame de Genlis must be far advanced in life; for it is some time back since the Baron de Grimm speaks of her as a "*demoiselle de qualité, qui n'était connue alors, que par sa jolie voix, et son talent pour la harpe.*" Infirmity, however, seems to have spared her slight and emaciated figure; her dark eye is still full of life and expression; and though her features are thin, worn and sharply marked, and her complexion wan and pale, the traces of age are neither deep nor multiplied. If her person is infinitely less fresh and vigorous than her mind, still it exhibits few of those sad impressions, which time slowly and imperceptibly prints, with his withering and silent touch, on the firmest muscle and the brightest bloom.

My visits to the cloisters of the *Carmelites* were as frequent as the duties of Madame de Genlis and my own engagements in the world would admit; and if I met this distinguished and highly endowed person with the high-beating throb of expectation, I parted from her with admiration and regret.

GEORGE DARLEY.

BORN 1785 — DIED 1846.

[This author, a combination of poet and mathematician, was born in Dublin in 1785. Very little is known of his youth or private life, and it is only from his works that we can gather something of the character of the man. The study of mathematics appears to have been his ordinary occupation, varied by learned criticisms and articles in the *Athenæum* and other publications; whilst poetical composition afforded an outlet for his luxuriant fancy and a pleasant relief from his graver studies. *Sylvia or the May Queen*—a poem about a beautiful maiden, an evil enchanter, good fairies, a young lover, and ending as a matter of course with the triumph of right and a happy marriage—appeared in 1827. It met with a favourable reception, and is said by Allan Cunningham to contain much compact and graceful poetry. His works, *Familiar Astronomy,* first published in 1830, followed by *Popular Algebra, Geometrical Companion, Geometry,* and *Trigonometry,* all ran through several editions. *Thomas à Becket,* a tragedy, and *Ethelstan,* a dramatic chronicle, appeared in 1841. The latter is founded on the incident recorded in English history of a treacherous favourite of King Ethelstan representing to him that his brother Edwin, the really legitimate prince, had a design to supplant him. Ethelstan, aware of the defect in his title to the throne, ordered his brother to be placed in a vessel without sail or rudder, and sent adrift on the sea. The prince in despair cast himself into the waves and was drowned. Ethelstan was afterwards filled with remorse. The coming of the Danes is dramatically portrayed; and the chronicle winds up with the battle of Brunnaburgh, in which Ethelstan, with whom the reader's sympathy is carried all through notwithstanding his crime, is victorious.

Mr. Darley's last production was *Errors of Extasie and other Poems.* He died in 1846.

Griswold, in his *Poets and Poetry of England*, compares him to Browning and Horne, but finds fault with his affected quaintness, novel epithets, and occasional obscurities. "His ruggedness of manner, interrupted by a frequent melody of expression, reminds us of the old poets, whom he has carefully studied and well described in his critical essay prefixed to Moxon's edition of *Beaumont and Fletcher*." A critic in *Arcturus* says, "Nowhere can we find rhythmical cadences of greater beauty than in some occasional passages of Darley."]

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

(FROM "ETHELSTAN.")

The nave of St. John's Church, night-time. King ETHELSTAN *comes to visit his brother's tomb.*

Ethelstan. (*In soliloquy.*) Look up, faint king!—tho' like the shuddering wretch
That glares upon the corse of him he slew!—
I must go on—yea, did these hollow vaults
Groan sensitive at each step, as if I trod
Over the bosoms of expiring men
Who cursed me and so died!—Where is his tomb?
Mine eyes seem loose, and wander, yet see nought—
Or fall—fall—still to earth! Can I remember?—
What were the marks? which is it?—Pale fear clutches me
By each wild lock, and tears me from myself!—
Oh, I am all distract!—Patience!—'Twas thus,
Was it not?—Ay! thus said the Prior, thus—
Now comes back memory, like a scarce wished friend!
"Fast by the column, next but two the tower,
Where at first bell the morning moon will shine,
Prince Edwin sleeps"—Would I could sleep his sleep!—
"Of beach-worn stone his bed, and as thou badest,
Scoop'd like a billowy sea"—Of stone! hard stone!
Thrice comfortable couch to what I, nightly,
Take my unrest on! guilt turns to a rack
My bed of smoothest rushes! gives them thorns
To pierce and harrow me as I writhe!—Well—well:
"His pillow of marble, wrought with fringelike foam;
His eyes turned blindly up to Heaven, as if
Closed on all hope of succour"—I sent none!
Edwin, I sent thee none!—I was more deaf
Than the stunn'd sea-rock; frothier and more frenzied
Than the white rage around it; crueller still
Than ocean that in wrath precipitate, on thee
Burst—whelming thy sad cries with careless roar!—
O tyrant! tyrant king! fiend-hearted brother!—
How deep is hell? My brain whirls as I think on't;
Darkness will swallow me ever! O that it could!
But to look up thence, and behold him pleading
With angel face wash'd silver pale by tears,
Sea-worn,—his locks yet heavy from the brine,—
Pleading my pardon—Let me not look there!
Kindness cuts deeper, undeserved, than hate
Plunge at thee as she will!—What else?—"His eyes
Closed on all hope of succour; so he lay
When he was found dead—floating to the shore,
And so, as thou ordainest, lies he here."
Yon length-laid statue facing heaven so calm,
Must e'en be his. Dare I approach it nigher?
O God! how pale he looks, while on his cheek
The ghastly moonbeams glisten!—Yet he's calm;
His bosom heaves not with a sigh,—sure proof
At once of grief and life!—Here stand I, miserable!
Drenched in the cold sweat of mine agony,
Who, but for such sad breathings-out, might seem
As much a stone as he!—Dead at the heart,
A mere, mere gloss of life upon my surface,
Where all shows smooth,—but I am dead within!
Let me rush forward, and kneel down and beg
[*Approaching.*
Forgiveness of him who was ever kind!
Nought stays me— (*The bell tolls one.*)
Ha! that dread bell sounds like thunder,
Shaking the huge tower o'er me as 'twould fall
Did I proceed!—'Twas but that bronze recorder
Toll'd, and the vasty silence and surprise
Made it so loud. O bright, pure eye of Heaven,
Wilt thou still search me out and blazon me
Thus, wheresoe'er in darkness I would hide?
Blest moon, why smile upon a murderer?
He hates thy glitter on him, like a leprosy!
It mads me, wolf-like, and I feel bedript
With a cold, scalding mildew!—Why, that's well,
Thou starest at me no more!—Alas, shine forth!
Leave me not thus to night's dark angels swaying
Their gleamless swords about me!—
(*Kneels at the tomb.*) I will kneel!—
O thou whose spirit hovering o'er this tomb
Look'st down upon thy prostrate brother here,
And see'st his penitence, and his soul's pain,
Say with thy heart-heard voice, shall he, for ever
Shall he be unforgiven?

SONG FROM "ETHELSTAN."

O'er the wild gannet's bath
Come the Norse coursers!
O'er the whale's heritance
Gloriously steering!
With beaked heads peering,
Deep-plunging, high rearing,
Tossing their foam abroad,
Shaking white manes aloft,
Creamy-necked, pitchy-ribbed,
Steeds of the ocean!

O'er the sun's mirror green
Come the Norse coursers!
Trampling its glassy breadth
Into bright fragments!
Hollow-backed, huge bosomed,
Fraught with mail'd riders,
Clanging with hauberks,
Shield, spear, and battle-axe,
Canvas-winged, cable-rein'd
Steeds of the ocean!

O'er the wind's ploughing-field
Come the Norse coursers!
By a hundred each ridden,
To the bloody feast bidden,
They rush in their fierceness
And ravine all round them!
Their shoulders enriching
With fleecy light plunder,
Fire-spreading, foe-spurning,
Steeds of the ocean!

THE FAIRY COURT.

(FROM "SYLVIA.")

Gently!—gently!—down!—down
From the starry courts on high,
Gently step adown, down
The ladder of the sky.

Sunbeam steps are strong enough
For such airy feet!—
Spirits blow your trumpets rough,
So as they be sweet!

Breathe them loud the queen descending,
Yet a lowly welcome breathe
Like so many flowerets bending
Zephyr's breezy foot beneath!

MORGANA, *the fairy queen, descends amid sweet and solemn music.*

Morgana. No more, my spirits!—I have come from whence
Peace with white sceptre wafting to and fro,
Smoothes the wide bosom of the Elysian world.
Would 'twere as calm on earth! But there are
Who mar the sweet intent. Even in these bounds,
ARARACH, wizard vile! who sold himself
To Eblis for a brief sway o'er the fiends,
Would set up his dark canopy and make
Our half o' the vale, by force or fraud, his own.
We must take care he do not.—Where's that Ouphe?
That feather-footed, light-heeled, little Mercury?
That fairy-messenger? whom we saw now
Horsed on a dragon-fly wing round the fields?
Come out, sir!—Where is Nephon?

Nephon. Here am I! here am I!
Softer than a lover's sigh,
Swifter than the moonbeam I
Dance before thee duteously.

Morg. Light gentleman, say whither hast thou been?

Neph. Over the dales and mossy meadows green.

Morg. Doing the deed I told thee?

Neph. Else would I fear thou'dst scold me.

Morg. Led'st thou the rover downward to the glen?

Neph. Down, down to the glen,
Through forest and fen;
O'er rock and o'er rill,
I flattered him still;
With chirp, and with song,
To lure him along;
Like a bird hopping onward from bramble to briar,
I led the young wanderer nigher and nigher!

Morg. None of your idle songs. Speak to me plain.

Neph. I laid a knotted riband in his path,
Which he took up; kiss'd—'t was so fine! and put it
Into his breast: *Ting, ting!* said I, from out
A bush half down the dale: he gazed. *Ting, ting!*
Said I again. On came he, wondering wide,
And stumbling oft, ha! ha!—but ne'er the less
He followed sweet *ting! ting!* down the hill-side,
E'en to the bottom: where I mocked and left him.

Morg. I'll bring thee a sweet cup of dew for this,
Cold from the moon.

Neph. Meantime I'll drain a flower
Fill'd with bright tears from young Aurora's eye.

. . . . . .

Away! away! away!
Away will I skip it!
Away will I trip it!
Flowers, take care of your heads as I go!
Who has a bright bonnet
I'll surely step on it,
And leave a light print of my minikin toe!
Away! away! away!

Morg. I've seen a man made out of elder pith
More steady than that puppet!—Yet he's careful,
Even where he seems most toyish.—Virgin spirit!
Come hither, fair Floretta!

Floretta. As the murmuring bird-bee comes,
Circling with his joyous hums
Red-lipt rose, or lily sweet,—
Thus play I about thy feet!

Morg. Thou art the queen of flowers, and lovest to tend
Thy beauteous subjects. Thou dost spread thy wing
Between the driving rain-drop and the rose,
Shelt'ring it at thy cost. I've seen thee stand
Drowning amid the fields to save a daisy,
And with warm kisses keep its sweet life in.
The shrinking violet thou dost cheer; and raise

The cowslip's drooping head: and once didst cherish
In thy fond breast a snowdrop, dead with cold,
Even till thy cheek grew paler than its own.
Flor. Ay, but it never smiled again! Ah, me!
Morg. Go now, since beauty is so much thy care,
Sweetness and innocence;—go now, I say,
And guard the human lily of this vale.
Follow thy madcap brother, and restrain
His ardour with thy gentleness.
Flor. Ere thou say *begone!* I'm gone:
'Tis more slowly said than done!
[*Vanishes.*
Morg. Osme, thou fragrant spirit. Where art thou?
Osme. Rocking upon a restless marigold,
And in its saffron, leafy feathers roll'd;
But with a bound I'm with you here—behold!
Morg. Hast thou been sipping what the wild bee hides
Deep in his waxen cave,—thou smell'st so sweet?
Osme. No: I would never rob the minstrel-thing
That lulls me oft to sleep with murmuring,
And as I slumber fans me with his wing.
Morg. My gentle elve!—Come thou, come thou with me:
I've an apt business for thy strength. Sit here,
On my light car, and be the charioteer;
Guide thou my trembling birds of paradise,
That prune themselves from this dull earth to rise,
And cry with painful joy to float amid the skies.—
Ascend, ye other spirits, all with me!

Chorus. See the radiant quire ascending,
Leaving misty earth below,
With their varied colours blending
Hues to shame the water-bow.

Softly, slowly, still ascending
Many an upward airy mile!
To the realms of glory wending,
Fare thee well, dim earth, awhile!

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

BORN 1769 — DIED 1852.

[It is a curious fact that not only the exact day but also the exact place of birth of the great Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, Field-marshal and Commander-in-chief of the British army, are matters of uncertainty. He was born, most probably in the town mansion of the family in Upper Merrion Street, Dublin, in the early part of the year 1769. The parish register of St. Peter's, Dublin, gives April 30 as the date of the baptism, but the duke himself was in the habit of observing the 1st of May as his birthday. He was the fourth son of the first Earl of Mornington, still known in musical circles as the composer of a number of excellent glees, madrigals, &c. The original name of the family, which had been settled in Ireland since the time of Henry VIII., was Colley or Cowley. A female ancestor of Lord Mornington's had married into the ancient family of Wesley or Wellesley, and leaving no heirs, the property passed to her nephew Richard Cowley, grandfather of the Duke of Wellington, on condition that the family should adopt the name of Wesley. Arthur's education was obtained first at Eton, afterwards under a private tutor at Brighton, and finally at the military academy of Angers in France. In 1787 he received his first commission as ensign in the 73d Foot; before the end of the year he was lieutenant in the 76th. After several changes and promotions he was in 1793 appointed major in the 33d Foot. For a short time after this he sat in the Irish parliament for the borough of Trim, and made a few speeches, which Sir Jonah Barrington says were unpolished and unsuccessful, and gave no promise of that celebrity which he afterwards reached. He supported the Catholic relief bill, but opposed the admission of Catholics to parliament.

In 1794 he went upon active service as lieutenant-colonel of the 33d Regiment, with which he joined the forces of the Duke of York in the Netherlands. After the disasters of the British army he returned home with his regiment, which was soon after ordered to the West Indies, but the fleet carrying the troops was driven back by stress of weather, and the 33d was disembarked and wintered at Poole in Dorset. In spring his regiment was ordered to India, where it arrived in 1797, Wellesley having now obtained the rank of colonel. In 1798 his brother Richard arrived in Calcutta as Governor-general of India. Soon after this, owing to the intrigues and bad faith of Tippoo Saib, an army was formed to invade Mysore. The Nizam of the Deccan supplied the English with a contingent, and the command of this force was given to Colonel Wellesley. The campaign ended successfully, and in 1779 Wellesley was appointed governor of Seringapatam and Mysore, in which position he distinguished himself both as commander and administrator. His *Despatches* for this period, which fill four volumes, bear evidence of his ability as a statesman and his devotion to the public service. In 1803, with 8000 men, he won the brilliant victory of Assaye against the forces of Scindia, amounting to 30,000. His next feat was to force the Rajah of Berar to sue for peace. In the following year he visited Bombay, where he was presented with a flattering address; the city of Calcutta presented him with a sabre worth £1000, and the army of the Deccan with plate worth £2000. He also received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and was made a Knight Companion of the Bath.

In 1805 Sir Arthur returned to England, and the following year he married Lady Catherine Pakenham, daughter of Lord Longford. This lady died in 1831, leaving two sons—Arthur Richard the present duke, and Charles who died in 1858. In 1807 he became secretary for Ireland and member of the House of Commons; and in 1808 he was made lieutenant-general and appointed to the command of the army destined for the Peninsula. In July of that year he landed at Corunna, but sailed from thence to Mondego in Portugal. After receiving reinforcements, bringing his command up to 13,000 men, he resolved to attack the French, who numbered rather more. He marched towards Lisbon, but was superseded in command by Sir Hew Dalrymple, who in turn gave place to Sir Harry Burrard. Wellesley advised them to attack the French at once, but Burrard especially was so timid that he would not move until Sir John Moore appeared. As Wellesley had predicted, the French attacked the British at Vimeira, but were repulsed, and it seems that but for the blundering tactics of Sir H. Burrard they would have certainly been cut off from Lisbon. The Convention of Cintra followed, by which the French agreed to evacuate all Portugal, the troops and baggage being carried in British transports to the nearest French port. In disgust Wellesley threw up his command and returned to England. A court of inquiry followed, which after a considerable time returned an open decision on the conduct of the generals, and he again received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament.

In 1809, after Napoleon had overrun Spain, Sir Arthur was appointed to the chief command of a new Peninsular expeditionary force, which on landing numbered 25,000 men. He immediately commenced operations against Soult, whom he routed and drove in panic-stricken retreat through the mountains of Gallicia. After this he turned towards Spain, won the furious battle of Talavera, but not being able to depend on his Spanish allies returned into Portugal, where he constructed the famous lines of Torres Vedras, from which he repelled every attack with ease. On Massena entering Portugal with 70,000 men, and finding Lisbon so wonderfully defended, he fell back again in disappointment. Taking advantage of the movement Wellington sallied forth from his lines and pursued closely. The French attempted a stand at Almeida, but were rapidly and skilfully defeated, and Portugal was again clear of her invaders. Wellington still pressed on with his army into Spain, and after tremendous fighting won the battle of Fuentes d'Onor, captured Ciudad Rodrigo, and stormed Badajoz with a heavy loss. A month later he entered Madrid in triumph.

Wellington spent the winter of 1812 in Portugal, and early next year he re-entered Spain. By rapid marching and manœuvring he drove the French before him, till Napoleon in dismay sent Soult hastily into Spain to oppose him. But even for Soult the task of driving back the British and their allies was too much, and after the series of deadly conflicts known as the Battles of the Pyrenees, he was forced to retreat into France. Thither Wellington followed like a fate as far as Toulouse, at which place both sides became aware of the fall of Napoleon before his deportation to Elba.

In 1814 Wellington returned to England, where he was received with enthusiasm, again received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and had the title of Duke conferred upon him, in addition to those of Baron, Viscount, Earl, and Marquis which he already bore. For a time after this he acted as ambassador at Paris, and was attending the general congress of European powers at Vienna when the news arrived that Napoleon had escaped from Elba, and that the army in France had gone over to his standard. Wellington was at once appointed to the command of an army to be gathered in the Netherlands, and in April, 1815, he was busy at Brussels preparing for the mighty conflict which, on the 18th of June, decided the fate of Europe for many years afterwards. Of the battle of Waterloo it is needless here to speak. It was, as the Duke himself once said, "a battle of giants," and was fought with skill and heroism on both sides. After his return to England the nation seemed as if unable to know how to reward her hero sufficiently. A sum of £200,000 was voted to purchase Strathfieldsaye, and honours of all kinds were showered upon him.

In 1822 the Duke of Wellington may be said to have began his career as a statesman, in which he displayed in a high degree the qualities of sagacity and straightforwardness. In 1828 he became prime minister, and with his cabinet was firmly opposed to Catholic emancipation; but at length public opinion led by O'Connell proved too strong for even the "Iron Duke," and upon the "grounds of policy and expediency" he announced that the measure would be taken into consideration. He believed that "agitation really meant something just short of rebellion," and he declared in a debate on the emancipation bill in the House of Lords, "I must say this, that if I could avoid, by any sacrifice whatever, even one month of civil war in the country to which I was attached, I would sacrifice my life in order to do it." This seems inconsistent with the averment so frequently made that he had no sympathy with Ireland, for in the same speech he goes on to say, "It is mainly to the Irish Catholics that we all owe our proud pre-eminence in our military career, and that I personally am indebted for the laurels with which you have been pleased to decorate my brow." He opposed the reform bill, the abolition of the corn-laws, and free-trade. He denied to the Jews civil equality, and during his premiership he rendered himself so obnoxious by his opposition to all Liberal measures, that he was pelted with stones, and the windows of his residence (Apsley House) were broken by a mob. In 1830 he resigned the office of prime minister, which he again held for a short time in 1834. He was twice secretary of state, and when his death took place at Walmer Castle on the 14th September, 1852, he may be said to have died in harness. His remains were honoured by a public funeral and laid in St. Paul's Cathedral, where a magnificent monument has been erected by the nation over his last resting-place.

Duty to his sovereign and the preservation of the constitution unchanged appear to have been the moving springs of Wellington's political conduct. For the opinion of the masses he had a supreme contempt, and only allowed it to influence his actions when likely to affect the state. It has been truly said that although he was unequalled as a general, he was deficient as a statesman. His ideas of government excluded all free thought and all free action; to have the laws framed by the hereditary rulers, and obeyed by the people with military precision, and their breach punished with military exactitude, seemed to him a perfect constitution. These opinions were the natural outcome of a military career, in which all his commands strictly obeyed had led to success.

Alfred Webb, in his *Compendium of Irish Biography*, thus draws the personal appearance of the great general: "Wellington was five feet nine inches high when in his prime. His shoulders were broad, his chest well developed, his arms long, and his hands and feet in excellent proportion. His eyes were of a dark violet-blue or gray, and his sight was so penetrating that even to the last he could distinguish objects at an immense distance. A forehead not very high, but broad and square, eyebrows straight and prominent, a long face, a Roman nose, a broad under-jaw, with a chin strongly marked, gave him somewhat a resemblance to more than one hero of antiquity, especially to Julius Cæsar. His hair, originally coal-black, became as white as silver before he died; but to the last there was no sign of baldness. He was scrupulously neat in his costume, latterly spending two hours and a half in dressing. In battle he wore a short white cloak, so that he could be recognized afar by his officers. The Duke was but an indifferent judge of horseflesh, and he became so attached to the animals he rode that he could not bear to part with them when worn out; consequently he was somewhat noted for the disreputable appearance of his horses."

The biographies and other notices of Wellington are, as might be expected, very numerous. Among others we may notice the Life by Captain Brialmont, with emendations and additions by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A., four vols. 1859, which *The Athenæum* pronounces "of extraordinary interest and solid historical value." Referring to his published Despatches, the Duke styled himself "one of the most voluminous of authors;" and Lord Brougham says of them, "For his character as a statesman let every one read his wonderful Despatches, which found a fame far loftier even than the triumphs of the warrior." These Despatches fill thirty-three bulky volumes, and have appeared in three series—the first two compiled and edited by Lieut.-colonel Gurwood, and the last by his son the present duke. His *Civil Correspondence and Me-*

moranda while Chief Secretary for Ireland from 1807 to 1809, edited by his son, was published in 1859; and his *Speeches in Parliament* appeared in two vols. in 1854.]

THE NATIONAL DEFENCES.[1]

Strathfieldsaye, Jan. 9, 1847.

My dear General,— . . . The measure upon which I have earnestly entreated different administrations to decide, which is constitutional, and has been invariably adopted in time of peace for the last eighty years, is to raise, embody, organize, and discipline the militia of the same numbers for each of the three kingdoms united as during the late war. This would give a mass of organized force amounting to about 150,000 men, which we might immediately set to work to discipline. This alone would enable us to establish the strength of our army. This with an augmentation of the force of the regular army, which would not cost £400,000, would put the country on its legs in respect to personal force; and I would engage for its defence, old as I am.

But as we stand now, and if it be true that the exertions of the fleet alone are not sufficient to provide for our defence, we are not safe for a week after the declaration of war.

I am accustomed to the consideration of these questions, and have examined and reconnoitred, over and over again, the whole coast from the North Foreland, by Dover, Folkestone, Beachy Head, Brighton, Arundel, to Selsey Bill, near Portsmouth, and I say that excepting immediately under the fire of Dover Castle, there is not a spot on the coast on which infantry might not be thrown on shore at any time of tide, with any wind and in any weather, and from which such body of infantry, so thrown on shore, would not find within the distance of five miles a road into the interior of the country, through the cliffs, practicable for the march of a body of troops. That in that space of coast (that is, between the North Foreland and Selsey Bill) there are not less than seven small harbours or mouths of rivers, each without defence, of which an enemy, having landed his infantry on the coast, might take possession, and therein land his cavalry and artillery of all calibres, and establish himself and his communications with France.

The nearest part of the coast to the metropolis is undoubtedly the coast of Sussex, from the east and west side of Beachy Head and to Selsey Bill. There are not less than twelve great roads leading from Brighton upon London, and the French army must be much altered indeed since the time at which I was better acquainted with it if there are not now belonging to it forty *chefs d'état*, majors-general, capable of sitting down and ordering the march to the coast of 40,000 men, their embarkation with their horses and artillery at the several French ports on the coast, their disembarkation at named points on the English coast, that of the artillery and cavalry in named ports or mouths of rivers, and the assembly at named points of the several columns; and the march of each of these from stage to stage to London. Let any man examine our maps and road-books, consider the matter, and judge for himself. I know of no mode of resistance, much less of protection from this danger, excepting by an army in the field capable of meeting and contending with its formidable enemy, aided by all the means of fortification which experience in war can suggest. . . .

I quite concur in all your views of the danger of our position and of the magnitude of the stake at issue. I am especially sensible of the certainty of failure if we do not at an early moment attend to the measures necessary for our defence, and of the disgrace, the indelible disgrace, of such failure,—putting out of view all the other unfortunate consequences, such as the loss of the political and social position of this country among the nations of Europe, of all its allies, in concert with and in aid of whom it has in our own times contended successfully in arms for its own honour and safety, and the independence and freedom of the world.

When did any man hear of the allies of a country unable to defend itself?

Views of economy of some, and I admit that the high views of national finance of others, induce them to postpone those measures absolutely necessary for mere defence and safety under existing circumstances, forgetting altogether the common practice of successful armies in modern times, imposing upon the conquered enormous pecuniary contributions, as well as demanding other valuable and ornamental property.

Look at the course pursued by France in Italy and Russia; at Vienna repeatedly, at Berlin, at Moscow; the contributions levied, besides the subsistence, maintenance, clothing, and equipment of the army which made the conquest! Look at the conduct of the allied army which invaded France, and had possession of Paris in 1815! Look at the account of the pecuniary sacrifices made upon that occasion under the different heads of contributions, payments for subsistence and maintenance of the invading armies, including clothing and other equipments, payments of old repudiated state debts due to individuals in the different countries of Europe, repayment for the contributions levied, and movable and immovable property sold in the course of the revolutionary war.

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[1] From a letter to Sir John Burgoyne, K.C.B., on the national defences and the possible result of a war with France.

But such an account cannot be made out against this country. No; but I believe that the means of some demands would not be wanting. Are there no claims for a fleet at Toulon in 1793? None for debts left unpaid by British subjects in France, who escaped from confinement under cover of the invasion in 1814 by the allied armies? Can any man pretend to limit the amount of the demand on account of the *contributions de guerre?*

Then look at the conditions of the treaties of Paris, 1814–15.

France having been in possession of nearly every capital in Europe, and having levied contributions in each, and having had in its possession or under its influence the whole of Italy, Germany, and Poland, is reduced to its territorial limits as they stood in 1792. Do we suppose that we should be allowed to keep—could we advance a pretension to keep—more than the islands composing the United Kingdom, ceding disgracefully the Channel Islands, on which an invader had never established himself since the period of the Norman conquest?

I am bordering upon seventy-seven years of age passed in honour. I hope the Almighty may protect me from being the witness of the tragedy which I cannot persuade my contemporaries to take measures to avert.—Believe me, ever yours sincerely, WELLINGTON.

ABOLITION OF THE LORD-LIEUTENANCY OF IRELAND.[1]

I will not trouble your lordships with details; but I will advert to one or two circumstances which will show clearly to your lordships what may be the consequences of putting down this great office of the lord-lieutenant. Among the first operations I had to contemplate after being appointed to the office which I have the honour to hold, were the measures necessary to be adopted to put an end to what were called by the individual who promoted them the "monster meetings" in Ireland. There were several important legal as well as political questions involved in the consideration of those measures. Upon every one of these it was essential to refer to my noble friend Earl de Grey, then the Lord-lieutenant of Ireland; and it was also necessary that he should be in close communication with the military authorities. Those measures could not have been adopted, proceeded with, or carried into execution, without the constant communication and conference of the two authorities—the civil and political authority—the lord-lieutenant and the military officer commanding the troops; and it was likewise necessary that there should be communications with the government in this country. I say, then, that no part of these proceedings could have been adopted if you had not had an officer in Ireland with the constitutional power and authority of the lord-lieutenant. Since that time there has been a constant series of military operations in the course of being carried on in Ireland. The persons who rendered those operations necessary adopted the usual course of modern revolutionists, of publishing their designs, so that they were known to those who were to oppose them as well as to themselves; and though these designs were not so formidable as others that have been seen, yet it was very necessary to attend to them, to oppose the barricading of the streets, the interruption of the communications, and other proceedings, which, if they had succeeded, would have occasioned very great inconvenience, if not disastrous consequences. The requisite measures of precaution were necessarily to be discussed by the military authorities with the lord-lieutenant and the civil authorities of the government, no part of which could have been carried into execution without the knowledge, consideration, and full concurrence of the lord-lieutenant. Withdraw the lord-lieutenant from Ireland, and who becomes the chief civil authority in different parts of the country? In Dublin the chief civil authority would be the lord-mayor. Now I think that, in less than three months after the adoption of the measure to put down the monster meetings in Ireland, I had the honour of attending her majesty at court, and there I saw Mr. O'Connell as Lord-mayor of Dublin, followed by some of his suite, presenting an address to her majesty on the throne. Now, will any one say that the military authorities would have ventured to concert any military operations with the then lord-mayor of Dublin, elected by the democratic corporation created by a recent act of parliament? I will take another case. I had afterwards to provide against barricades in the streets of Dublin, to take measures for attacking them if they should be formed, and to secure the free passage of the streets. For this purpose it was necessary to have confidential communications with the secretary of state here and with the Lord-lieutenant of Ireland. Could I have ventured to do this with the Lord-mayor of Dublin? Could I have written a line on the subject without ordering the commander-in-chief on the spot in Dublin to take care that the lord-mayor and the gentlemen of the Dublin corporation should know nothing about the matter? I will give you another instance. The Corporation Act passed some years ago enabled the corporations in the country parts of Ireland to elect their mayors, and some very nice mayors they have elected. It was necessary some time ago to carry on military operations in the very neighbourhood of Kilkenny. Who was the elected mayor there at that time? Dr. Cane. And what became of Dr. Cane? Why, before the operations of Kilkenny were over, he was in prison under the provisions of the act for the suspension of the *habeas corpus.* And yet such was the gentleman with whom the general officer, carrying on his operations with his troops, must have consulted in the absence of the Lord-lieutenant of Ireland. . . . I entreat noble lords opposite to consider well this proposition for abolishing the office of lord-lieutenant, and let them reflect whether it would be expedient, with the view of saving some £20,000 a year, or any paltry sum of that kind, to remove from a country in such a state of constant disturbance as Ireland is in, has been in, and possibly may continue to be in for some time, the authority which is required to put down this state of disturbance by taking advantage of every favourable opportunity to secure tranquillity. I entreat noble lords to consider well the difficulty of carrying on the government under such circumstances.

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[1] From a speech in the House of Lords, June 27, 1850.

JAMES ROCHE.

BORN 1771 — DIED 1853.

[James Roche, a miscellaneous writer of some note, often referred to in the *Prout Papers* as "the Roscoe of Cork," was born in Limerick in 1771, and, like many Irish youths of the period, was sent to France to receive his education. On its completion he returned for a short time to Ireland, and then settled in Bordeaux, where he carried on business for several years. During this time he became familiar with the history, literature, and political constitution of France, and had many friends among the Girondist leaders of the period, with whose republican views he sympathized so deeply, that he was arrested and imprisoned in Paris during the Revolution of 1793, and had a narrow escape from the guillotine. On the death of Robespierre he was released, and returned to Ireland. He now, in partnership with his brother, opened a banking house in Cork, which was conducted successfully for several years, until a monetary crisis in 1819 brought ruin upon his and many other firms. He afterwards acted for a time as a parliamentary agent in London, and ultimately again settled in Cork, where he became a director of the National Bank and a magistrate.

Roche's wonderful memory had stores of valuable information at command, and his talent as a linguist was remarkable. It was therefore natural that he should turn his attention to literature, and his valuable critical and miscellaneous essays on various subjects, which appeared in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, *The Dublin Review*, and other periodicals, under the signature of "J. R., of Cork," attracted considerable attention on account of their erudition and clearness of view. He was the founder and president of many literary and art institutions in the city of Cork, and to the student and literary inquirer his stores of knowledge and generous assistance were at all times available. In 1851 he published his collected essays in two volumes, of which he says, "They comprise my various contributions to *The Gentleman's Magazine*, *The Dublin Review*, and other periodicals, all composed from the seventieth to the eightieth years of my life on a great diversity of subjects. Only one hundred copies were printed, and all distributed to my private friends and a few public institutions." This work was appropriately named *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays by an Octogenarian.* Roche was a frequent and valued contributor to *Notes and Queries* until his death, which took place in Cork, April 1, 1853, at the advanced age of eighty-two.]

GIBBON AND HIS GREAT WORK.[1]

Born on the 8th of May, 1737 (N.S.), he, Gibbon, was delicately constituted, and until he had reached his fifteenth year was more or less afflicted with recurring sickness. Never, he says, did he possess or enjoy the insolence of health; no very correct phrase, by the way; for how could he enjoy what he never possessed? After some irregular tuition at home he was sent to Oxford before he had completed his fifteenth year, and arrived there "with a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy would have been ashamed." His description of England's first university is anything but creditable to the institution, in a moral or instructive sense; and in this unfavourable representation he is confirmed by Adam Smith, after a residence there of some years. To the University of Oxford he emphatically denies all obligation. . . .

Gibbon, in one of the college vacations, while resident with his father at Buriton, in Hampshire, undertook to write a book, which he entitled *The Age of Sesostris*, in imitation of Voltaire's *Age of Louis XIV.*, then a recent publication; but the boyish project was soon abandoned. Lord Brougham, by a strange oversight, has transformed the title into the *Age of Socrates*, which can hardly be imputed to the press, nor is it in the "Corrigenda." But an event that occurred while Gibbon was still at Oxford produced and justified considerable sensation. This was his conversion to the Catholic faith—an act then legally fatal both to the neophyte and proselytizer, under the unrepealed statute, which, at page 48, he quotes from Blackstone's fourth book and chapter. It is there stated, "that when a person is reconciled to the Church of Rome, or procures others to be reconciled, the offence amounts to high treason," with its consequent barbarous penalties, on which we cannot too often or too impressively insist, in flagrant demonstration of Anglican intolerance. Dr. Conyers Middleton's *Inquiry into the Miracles of the Early Ages of the Church*, published in 1749, created doubts in Gibbon's mind, which he felt could receive no satisfactory solution, except in the belief of an indefectible doctrine. . . . He told Lord Sheffield, however, that the arguments of Robert Persons had the chief influence on his mind; and England then scarcely possessed a nobler work than that Jesuit's *Three Conversions*, associated especially with Cardinal Allen's various labours in the same field of controversy.

Resolved to profess the religion he had embraced, Gibbon was received into the Church by a Jesuit father named Baker, one of the Sardinian ambassador's chaplains; for no member of a monastic order could, without fatal consequences, then reside in England unless under foreign protection. He had been introduced to this gentleman by a Mr. Lewis, a bookseller, who was summoned on the occasion before the privy-council, but it would appear without any penal result. Chillingworth and Bayle, temporary proselytes like Gibbon, are here noticed by him. The former yielded to the arguments, as we learn from himself, of the Jesuit Fisher (or rather Perse, his true name according to Southwell's *Scriptores Societatis Jesu*, p. 429), but he quickly retracted, and, though promoted to rich benefices, the seductive bait, we may believe, of his relapse, he is supposed, and so Gibbon gives to understand also, to have subsided in Pyrrhonism, or general doubt and indifference; but Bayle's example is in clearer analogy with Gibbon's eventual and continued infidelity. . . .

For the purpose of counteracting this change Gibbon was hurried to Lausanne, and committed to the charge of a Calvinist minister, a Mr. Pavillard (not Pavilliard, as, from unacquaintance with French pronunciation, the name is written by Mr. Milman and Lord Brougham), and with whom he remained from July, 1753, to April, 1758. His newly adopted creed, after some struggle, gradually gave way, to end, as his history unhappily shows, in the malignant aspersion of Christianity; but he diligently pursued a comprehensive sphere of study, which laid the foundation of his extensive acquirements, and then, too, insured the lasting friendship of George Deyverdun, a native of the place, and not more than two years the senior of Gibbon, whose associate he became in various literary enterprises. He also engaged in correspondence with some learned men, and proposed to Crévier, the editor of Livy, a new reading for a passage in the Roman historian (lib. xxx. 44), which elucidates what was obscure in Hannibal's speech to his fellow-citizens after the disaster of Zama, but which, though approved of by Crévier, has not been introduced into his subsequent editions. Gibbon had a transient view of Voltaire, "*Virgilium vidi tantum,*" he states; as Pope, in his letter to Wycherly, says he had of Dryden, and as Scott had of Burns; a trite quotation, we may passingly observe, seldom traced to its origin in Ovid (De Tristibus, lib. iv. eleg. x.), or correctly given. There, too, he became enamoured of Mademoiselle Curchod, the future distinguished wife of Necker, whose personal attractions, virtues, and accomplishments were alike the objects of his admiration. . . . Lord Brougham, probably misled by George Colman, represents Gibbon, during the courtship, as falling on his knees before the young lady, but, from the weakness of his limbs, unable to rise. The story, however, is here wholly misapplied in time and person; for he was then light of frame, and perfectly capable of ordinary movement. It was not thus, therefore, in his youth, but full thirty years after, that the occurrence took place; nor with Susan Curchod, but with Lady Elizabeth Forster, daughter of the episcopal Earl of Bristol, and subsequently Duchess of Devonshire. The relator of the anecdote is the Chevalier Artaud de Montor, most advantageously known by his lives of the pontiffs Pius VII. and Pius VIII., who derived it from Lady Elizabeth's personal communication. "C'est de sa bouche même que l'a entendue l'auteur," is his assertion. While her first husband still lived she accompanied her predecessor in the ducal title, the present Duke of Devonshire's mother, on a continental tour, and stopped some time in June, 1787, at Lausanne, where Gibbon formed a frequent and welcome addition to their society. Attractive in person, yet under thirty years of age, and fascinating in manner, while utterly unsuspicious of all amorous pretensions in a person of his mature years, ungainly form, and love-repelling aspect, she checked not the exuberance of her admiration of his genius. But she had deeply impressed his imagination; and one morning, just as he had terminated his elaborate enterprise, and felt elated with the achievement, as he so glowingly describes the sensation in his *Life*, page 289, he invited the seductive lady to breakfast, when, in a bower fragrant with encircling acacias, he selected for her perusal various striking passages from the concluding sheets. Enchanted with the masterly performance, her ladyship complimented him on the successful completion of his mighty task with a warmth of language which his prurient fancy, much too licentiously indulged, as his writings prove, construed into effusions of tenderer inspiration. Falling on his knees, he gave utterance to an impassioned profession of love, greatly to the surprise of its object, who, recoiling from his contact, entreated him to rise from this unseemly posture; but prostrate in the attempt, he vainly sought to regain his feet, until, with the aid of two robust peasant-women, he was replaced in his arm-chair, from which it was pretexted he had slipped. An irrepressible laugh ("solventur risu tabulae") escaped the lady, who could hardly view with displeasure this demonstration of the Promethean-puissance of her charms, in quickening into vivid emotion such a mass of seemingly inert physical matter; and the circumstance consequently in no degree disturbed their friendly intercourse. . . .

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[1] From a notice of Dean Milman's edition of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* in *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays by an Octogenarian.*

Considered as a whole, the *Decline and Fall* presents, we must admit, with the reservation of occasional antichristian misrepresentations, fewer historical errors than almost any extant composition of equal compass; insomuch that on the Continent, we are assured by M. Guizot, the work is constantly cited as authority, similar to that, we may say, assigned by Gibbon to Le Nain de Tillemont's *Ecclesiastical and Imperial Annals* of the first six centuries of the Christian era. We are therefore the more surprised at the glaring anachronism in his fifty-ninth chapter, where he makes Pope Gregory the First (in full letters) implore the aid of Charles Martel, in 740, against the Lombards, whereas that pontiff had ceased to live nearly ninety years before the French hero's birth, in 604. An inadvertence, too, relating to the classical history of Rome, has been overlooked by all reviewers. In the thirty-first chapter it is asserted that the Anician family was unknown during the five first ages[1] of Rome, and that its earliest date, found in the *Annals* of Pighius, was that of Anicius Gallus, a tribune of the people in the year of the city 506. But we are surprised that Gibbon, in the vast extent of his reading, should have passed unobserved the explicit mention in Pliny (*Hist. Natur.* xxxiii. 6) of Quintus Anicius as Curulus Œdilis, colleague in that office of Cneius Flavius, in the year 449 of the usual Roman chronology, or 442 of Niebuhr's more accurate reckoning, that is, full sixty years anterior to Gibbon's statement. That edileship, besides, was one of marked celebrity, for Flavius divulged the secrets of the civil law held in mysterious reserve by the pontiffs as an instrument of popular control, by compelling a recurrence to themselves on every contention which arose. "Civile jus repositum in penetralibus pontificum evulgavit Flavius," says Livy (ix. 46). Aulus Gellius (vi. 9), Cicero de Oratore (cap. 41) and de Republica (lib. i.), with Pighius himself, at page 377 of his *Annals* (Antwerpiæ, 1613), dwell on what was deemed a memorable event, as occurring during the office of Anicius and Flavius; but the languid health of the former made him so little conspicuous, that, like Cæsar's colleague in the consulship, M. Calpurnius Bibulus, his name was eclipsed by that of Flavius. It continued, however, an authentic record, and holds a prominent place in one of the noblest monuments of Roman genius. Pliny's great work, "opus non minus varium quam ipsa natura," is the emphatic eulogy of his adopted nephew (*Epist.* lib. iii. 5). The reader may likewise see in the Rev. Mr. Maitland's *Essays on the Dark Ages*, at page 230, the fallacious grounds on which Gibbon rests his sarcastic note in vol. x. p. 193, on the imputed superstition of the dignitaries of the Church relative to Gog and Magog. Still, notwithstanding these, or any other indicated drawbacks on his accuracy, the work, as he anticipated, has taken root, and with the unhappy exception of his antichristian sentiments, few are entitled, with a firmer tone of confidence, to say, "What care I what curious eye doth quote deformities?" (*Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 4), or adopt Ovid's peroration to his *Metamorphoses*—

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[1] This is a faulty order of words, and should be *the first five ages of Rome.*

> "Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignes,
> Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas."
> *Metamor.* lib. xv. 871–2.

The reverend editor, we must observe, in conclusion, cannot be presumed to have revised the biography, teeming as it does with errors, of which not less than a hundred disgrace the impression. For his information, too, we may state that the name at page 262 of that volume, and note, left in blank, is the Prince of "*Beauveau*," the personal friend of Louis XVI., whom he accompanied from Versailles to Paris, on the 6th of October, 1789, a day of which the terrors have been so vividly depicted by Burke.

SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE.

BORN 1769 — DIED 1850.

[Sir Martin A. Shee, the eminent portrait-painter, and a writer of considerable merit, was born in Dublin on the 20th of December, 1769. He early showed a taste for the fine arts, and became a scholar of the Dublin Royal Society. On the death of his father, a reduced Dublin merchant, young Shee, although only sixteen years of age, had made so much progress in his profession that he was able to start as a portrait-painter in his native city. He soon obtained extensive patronage, but wishing to acquire a wider reputation he left Dublin in 1788 and went to London. Here he was introduced to Sir Joshua Reynolds, procured admission to the school of the Royal Academy, and in 1789 contributed his first picture to the Academy exhibition. In 1798 he was elected an associate, and in 1800 a member of the Academy. He continued to rise rapidly in the estimation of his brother artists, and also with the art-loving public, who patronized him extensively. After the death of Lawrence, in 1830, Shee was elected president of the Academy, receiving at the same time the honour of knighthood.

In the midst of his career as a successful portrait-painter Shee constantly turned to another loved art—that of poetry, and in 1809 astonished those who thought him only a painter by the production of *Rhymes on Art*, a poem in six cantos. In 1814 he published *Commemoration of Sir Joshua Reynolds*, and in 1825 *Alasco*, a tragedy of very considerable power, but which was never acted. In 1829 he published *Old Court* and *Harry Calverley*, both novels, and in 1837 *Outlines of a Plan for the Natural Encouragement of Historical Painting in the United Kingdom*. He died at Brighton on the 29th of August, 1850. His memoirs were published by his son in 1860.

Ottley, in his *Dictionary of Painters*, says, "It would be a mistake to attribute Sir Martin Shee's success in his profession, and above all the high official position to which he was elected, to his merit as an artist. The latter, at least, may be more truly assigned as a tribute to his literary attainments . . . and to his courteous manners, combined with certain gifts in diplomacy, which qualified him in an eminent degree to act as the champion [of the Royal Academy]. If he did not achieve anything great as a painter, he was always ready, to use his own words, 'to break a lance with the vandalism of the day.'"]

EXTRACT FROM "ALASCO."

[A meeting of Poles resolved to strike for freedom. Alasco, their leader, reproaches the chiefs for harbouring projects of private revenge.]

Alasco. Sacred powers!
I thought I had joined me to a noble band.
Rienski. And such, we dare assert our deeds will prove us.
Alasco. Away you'll crouch like slaves or kill like cowards:
What! you have swords! by Heaven, you dare not use them;
A sword's the brave man's weapon—you mistake
Your instruments—knives—daggers best become you;
Heavens! am I leagued with cut-throats and assasins,
With wretches who at midnight lurk in caves
To mark their prey, and meditate their murders!
Well then! to your office! if you must stab
Begin with me;—here—here, plant all your daggers.
Much rather would I as your victim die,
Than live as your accomplice.
Rienski. Spare us, my lord!
Nor press this past endurance; your reproof
Has sunk into our hearts and shamed away
All passions but for freedom and our country.
Alasco. Your country's freedom! say your own discharge
From wholesome rule and honest industry!—
You mean immunity for blood and spoil,
The privilege of wild riot and revenge,
The liberty of lawless depredation.
Conrad. O! brave friends,
Or let me close the breach or perish in it,
For 'tis a gap that's wide enough for ruin.
Come! let us clear our honour and our cause
At once from this foul taint; let each man here
Who bears a patriot's heart draw forth his sword,
And on that hallow'd cross the soldier holds
An emblem of his faith, defence, and service
Swear to repress all promptings of revenge,
All private interests, ends, and enmities,
And as he hopes for honour, fame, or safety,
Seek alone his country's weal and freedom.
(*The chiefs all draw their swords, kneel down and kiss the hilt.*)
Rienski. We swear—and as our hearts are in the oath
So may our wishes prosper.
Alasco. (*Kneels also.*) Record it, Heaven!
And in a cause so just vouchsafe thy guidance.
This solemn sanction, Conrad, reassures me.
Now once again I pledge me to your fortunes.
My friends, your hands.
Whate'er of comment harsh in heat has passed
To chafe or wound one generous spirit here,
Your candour, sirs, will in its cause excuse.
Rienski. The fault is ours—we own it, and our swords
To-morrow shall redeem it on the foe.
Alasco. Then to our work like men who are fit for liberty,
Fierce in the field as tigers for our rights;
But when the sword is sheathed, the friends of peace,
And firm for law and justice.

NAPOLEON AND DAVID THE PAINTER.[1]

October, 1802.

Proceeded with Messrs. Vincent and Meranee to the Consular Palace. Introduced into the presence chamber, where I saw the medals distributed to the different candidates, and had the pleasure of standing for an hour and twenty minutes within six feet of Bonaparte, and without any other person intervening to obstruct my view, being one of the front line in a circle composed of the three consuls, the generals, senators, and councillors of state, with the members of the Institute, forming the jury which decided the distribution of the prizes. This long and complete view of Bonaparte is a favour which no other strangers, no matter how high their rank, have been able to obtain. A regular introduction to him would have only given the opportunity of a short observation or a slight bow; but to stand for more than an hour face to face with him, to examine him from head to foot with perfect convenience and leisure, to hear him talk, and study his character through all its pacific changes, was an advantage for which many curious strangers here would have given five hundred pounds. Bonaparte is scarcely taller than I am, and much thinner. His figure is not very good. His face is in my eyes handsome, sedate, steady, and determined. The prints of him do him no sort of justice. When you see him you are satisfied that such a man may be Bonaparte, the conqueror of Italy, the grand monarch of France, and the pacificator of Europe. In short nothing could be more impressive and interesting than the whole scene.

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[1] This and the following extract are from the Paris journal in *Life of Sir Martin Archer Shee*, by his son. London, 2 vols. 1860.

Saturday.—In the museum at eight. Met L—— at one to go and see David's pictures of the "Horatii," his "Brutus," and portrait of Bonaparte. David has no feeling of the higher art, no eye for colour, and no power of execution. He draws well, however, and has, I think, a good knowledge of composition. His merit as an artist is, I think, always overrated or underrated; I find him neither so good nor so bad a painter as I have heard him described. As a portrait-painter he is almost contemptible.

IMPRESSIONS OF PARIS.

13th October, 1802.

My dear Aunt,—I dare say you were somewhat surprised to learn that I had set off for Paris, and indeed I have often been surprised at it myself. Mary and George were my instigators, and allowed me no peace till they persuaded me to a step which they thought was essential to my consequence as an artist, and my character as a man of taste. Indeed, the emigration of the whole Academy, with the president at their head, and particularly the visits to Paris made about this time by my competitors in portrait-painting, made it a sort of necessity on my part, as not to have visited the treasures of art in Paris will be a sort of stigma on the character of a painter or a connoisseur. I therefore set out in company with a Mr. Rogers, a banker and celebrated poet here, and after a pleasant journey of five days (two hours and three-quarters of which were spent in the passage from Dover to Calais), arrived safe in Paris. . . . Paris, as to its houses, its habits, and its inhabitants, is a kind of new world to a stranger from our islands, more splendid, more magnificent than London, but by no means so neat, so comfortable, or so large,—more populous for its size, more crowded in its streets, more numerous and gorgeous in its palaces and public buildings, and more liberal and extensive in all its public establishments. The whole city built of stone or stuccoed to resemble it; the people exhibiting the ludicrous in all its varieties, at once elegant and *outré*, carrying fashion to its extreme, and setting caricature at defiance. An inconsistent mixture of meanness and magnificence runs through the whole nation that alternately excites our ridicule and our admiration. The rage of ornament is the passion of the place. It pervades all ranks, and spreads over the whole country in a torrent of false taste and frippery profusion. Hotels splendid as palaces; palaces filthy as pigsties; every man with earrings, and whiskers meeting under his chin; every woman, from Madame Bonaparte at St. Cloud to the oyster-wench who attends the tables of an eating-house, with pendants reaching to her shoulders, a sparkling cross or locket on her breast, and her hair turned up *à la grecque.* The plunder of the world has enriched Paris with treasures of art beyond number and above praise. In short Italy is now in Paris. Politically speaking, there is about as much freedom in France as in Algiers. The word of the little great man is law and gospel.

> "His smile is fortune, and his frown is fate."

All ranks execrate the revolution without ceremony or concealment. The trees of liberty are everywhere either torn up or decayed. The term "citizen," though still retained in their public addresses, is considered almost an affront in private life, as expressive of everything degrading and reminding them of everything disagreeable. The manners, the appearance, the dress of the French—everything, in short, is fast returning to the character of old times; and I am much mistaken if the word liberty will not shortly be as much laughed at in France as the thing itself has been abused there.

THE DILETTANTI OF THE DAY.

(FROM "RHYMES ON ART.")

Painting dejected views a vulgar band,
From every haunt of dulness in the land,
In heathen homage to her shrine repair,
And immolate all living merit there!

From each cold clime of pride that glimmering lies,
Brain-bound and bleak, 'neath Affectation's skies,
In critic crowds new Vandal nations come,
And—worse than Goths—again disfigure Rome;
With rebel zeal, each graphic realm invade,
And crush their country's arts by foreign aid.
Dolts, from the ranks of useful service chased,
Pass muster in the lumber-room of Taste,
Soon learn to load with critic shot, and play
Their pop-guns on the genius of the day.
No awkward heir that o'er Campania's plain
Has scampered like a monkey in his chain,—
No ambushed ass that, hid in learning's maze,
Kicks at desert, and crops wit's budding bays,—
No baby grown that still his coral keeps
And sucks the thumb of science till he sleeps,—
No mawkish son of sentiment who strains
Soft sonnet drops from barley-water brains,—
No pointer of a paragraph,—no peer
That hangs a picture-pander at his ear,—
No smatterer of the Ciceroni crew,—
No pauper of the parish of Virtù,—
But starts an Aristarchus on the town,
To hunt, full cry, dejected merit down,
With sapient shrug assumes the critic's part,
And loud deplores the sad decline of art.

The dunce, no common calling will endure,
May thrive in taste and ape the connoisseur,
No duties there of sense or science paid:—
Taste's a free port where every fool may trade,
A mart where quacks of every kind resort,
The bankrupt's refuge and the blockhead's forte.
Hear him, ye gods! harangue of schools and styles,
In pilfered scraps from Walpole and De Piles;
Direct the vain spectator's vacant gaze,
Drill his dull sense, and teach him where to praise:
Of every toy some tale of wonder frame,
How this from heaven or Ottoboni[2] came,
How that long pendant on plebeian wall,
Or lumbered in some filthy broker's stall,
Lay lost to fame till by his taste restored,
Behold the gem-shrined, curtained, and adored.
Hear him, ye powers of ridicule! deplore
The Arts extinguished and the Muse no more;
With shrug superior now in feeling phrase
Commiserate the darkness of our days;
Now loud against all living merit rage,
And in one sweeping censure—damn the age.
The patron is a name disown'd—disgraced,
A part exploded from the stage of Taste;
While fierce from every broken craft supplied
Pretenders armed in panoply of pride
'Gainst modern merit take the field with scorn
And bear down all in our dull era born;
With bigot eyes adore, and beating hearts
The time-worn relics of departed arts,—
Gem, picture, coin, camēo, statue, bust,
The furbished fragments of defrauded rust,
All worship all, with superstitious care,
But leave the living genius to despair.

Dug from the tomb of taste-refining time,
Each form is exquisite, each block sublime,
Or good, or bad,—disfigured, or depraved,—
All art is at its resurrection saved,
All crown'd with glory in the critic's heaven,
Each merit magnified, each fault forgiven.

MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.

BORN 1778—DIED 1854.

[Charles William Vane, Baron Stewart and third Marquis of Londonderry, was the only son of the first marquis by his second marriage, and half-brother of the celebrated Lord Castlereagh, already noticed in this work.[1] He was born on the 18th of May, 1778, in Mary Street, Dublin. When fourteen years old he entered the 108th Foot as ensign, and accompanied the Earl of Moira to the relief of the Duke of York in Flanders. He afterwards served on the Continent, and was severely wounded at the battle of Donauwörth. During the Irish rebellion he acted as lieutenant-colonel of the 5th Dragoons, and on that regiment being disbanded for insubordination he was changed to the 18th Light Dragoons. With this regiment in 1799 he accompanied Sir Ralph Abercromby's expedition to Holland. In 1803 he held for a short time the post of under-secretary of state in the war department. In 1804 he married a daughter of the Earl of Darnley, who died in 1812, leaving an only child. He had the command of a brigade of hussars under Sir John Moore in Portugal, and his gallant conduct repeatedly called forth the commendation of his general. In 1809 he was sent home to report the progress of events, but a few months afterwards he returned to the Peninsula as adjutant-general under Sir Arthur Wellesley. For his services, and especially his exertions at Talavera, he received the thanks of the House of Commons on the 5th February, 1810.

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[1] Vol. ii. p. 169.

[2] Ottoboni, a celebrated cardinal collector and connoisseur. Such was the reputation of his taste that for many years after his death no picture was esteemed in the market of Virtù that could not be traced to have been in his collection.

During the time of his service abroad he had been a member of the House of Commons, having been returned for the county of Londonderry at the elections of 1801, 1802, 1806, 1807, and 1812. In 1813 he was appointed minister plenipotentiary to the court of Berlin, and in the following year he was one of the plenipotentiaries, along with Lord Castlereagh, to the Congress of Vienna. In 1819 he married the only daughter and heiress of Sir Harry Vane Tempest, and the management of the immense possessions inherited with this lady opened a new field for the exercise of energies which the cessation of war had thrown into temporary inaction. On the melancholy death of his half-brother in 1822, Lord Stewart succeeded to the marquisate of Londonderry, and the following year he was created Earl Vane and Viscount Seaham in the peerage of the United Kingdom. He died in March, 1854, aged seventy-six years.

The Marquis of Londonderry appeared on several occasions as an author. In 1805 he published his *Suggestions for the Improvement of the Force of the British Empire*, and in 1828 his *Narrative of the Peninsular War*, 1808–1813, a work which has enjoyed a most extensive popularity. In 1836 he published *Recollections of a Tour in the North of Europe*, and *Steam Voyage to Constantinople* in 1840. Some years later he edited the valuable *Memoirs and Correspondence of Lord Castlereagh*.]

THE RETREAT UPON CORUNNA.[1]

On the 27th of December the column reached Benevente. Benevente is remarkable for an old baronial castle, which for many generations had been the property of the dukes of Ossuna. Near it runs the little river Eslar, across which, at some distance from the town, a bridge was thrown, commanded by some hills rising abruptly from the opposite bank of the stream. Our people had scarcely entered the place when an alarm was raised that the enemy were approaching; and troops were seen forming on the heights beyond. Preparations were instantly made to receive them. The regiments assembled at their alarm-posts, and the cavalry, rushing through the gates, descended to the level country, where they could act most conveniently; but neither the one nor the other were called into play. The enemy, satisfied with thus disturbing our repose, melted away, and we returned again to former quarters and original occupations. The best precautions were, however, taken to provide against surprise; the bridge over the Eslar was broken down; and pickets of cavalry were extended all along the bank to watch the fords, and give timely notice of any movement.

The night of the 27th passed in quiet, and at daylight the retreat was renewed. The cavalry, however, had not been withdrawn, when movements on the part of the enemy indicated that we should not be permitted to escape thus easily. About nine o'clock a body of 500 or 600 horse were observed to try a ford not far from the ruins of the bridge, and shortly afterwards they crossed and formed on our side of the river. Instantly the rear-guard made ready to oppose them; and though they mustered little more than 200 men, they boldly advanced, under the command of Colonel Otway, against the mass, repeatedly charging its leading squadrons, and keeping it fairly in check till Lord Paget and the writer of these pages arrived; when the former hurried up the 10th Hussars, and the latter put himself at the head of the detachments already in the field. Many charges were now made on both sides, and the squadrons repeatedly intermingled, whilst the pickets still continued to give ground, as it was intended that they should. But the 10th were now in hand; the pickets saw that they had support, and they required no encouragement to dash against the enemy. One cheer was given, and the horses being pressed to their speed, the enemy's line was broken in an instant. They fled in great disorder to the river, and repassed more rapidly than they had passed it, leaving in our hands General Le Fevre, their colonel, with seventy officers and men. This was, however, the most serious affair in which we had as yet been engaged: the cavalry opposed to us formed part of the Imperial Guard; they were tried soldiers, and fought in a manner not unworthy of the reputation which they had earned in the north of Europe. They lost in killed and wounded, independently of prisoners, about sixty men, while our casualties fell somewhat short of fifty.

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[1] This and the following extract are from *The Narrative* republished as *The Story of the Peninsular War*, with continuation by Rev. G. R. Gleig, author of *The Story of the Battle of Waterloo.*

It was said that Napoleon himself was an eye-witness of this rencontre from the opposite heights. Whether there be any truth in the report I know not; but one thing is certain, that the enemy did not venture for some days after to oppose themselves hand to hand to our cavalry. The column, accordingly, reached Astorga on the 30th, having been little harassed by its pursuers, and yet seriously disorganized. Another difficulty occurred; Romana, in spite of General Moore's entreaty to the contrary, had fallen back in the same direction with ourselves. The consequence was, that all the houses were filled with his people, among whom typhus fever was raging, and the roads literally choked with men, horses, cars, and all the other accompaniments of an army which had foundered or broken down on the march.

It is hardly possible to conceive men bearing less resemblance to soldiers, or having a stronger claim upon compassion, than these wretched creatures. They were almost all in a state bordering upon nudity—they had no provisions; their arms were, for the most part, useless; and of ammunition, either for musketry or cannon, they were entirely destitute. Nor, to say the truth, were our own people in a plight by many degrees superior. With us, as with them, provisions had long been scanty; and our shoes, the most essential article in a soldier's appointments, were, in most instances, worn out. Many officers had, indeed, brought with them from England considerable quantities of apparel; and depots of stores had been formed at various points, one of which chanced to be Astorga; but the mules which carried the baggage of individuals were all knocked up, and of the stores deposited in the town little use could be made. It is true that the Spaniards were supplied with muskets—for of muskets a large quantity had been collected here—and they received as much ammunition as they could carry; but in clothing and provisions they were lamentably deficient, and we could not, therefore, supply their wants. They departed, accordingly, on the following morning by Fonubadon into Galicia, having derived from us none of the refreshments of which they stood in need, and to obtain which they had deserted their post at Mansilla many days earlier than was necessary.

The army had hitherto fallen back under the belief Astorga would be its resting-place, and that here, or hereabouts, battle would have been accepted—and this prospect had hitherto kept the men in something like a state of subordination. True, they had committed various excesses; they had robbed, plundered, got drunk by the way, and many had fallen into the hands of the enemy, or perished from the inclemency of the weather; yet the army was perfectly efficient, and required nothing but provisions and a few hours' rest to restore it to the state of order in which it was at Salamanca. From the moment that preparations were made for a continued retreat from Astorga this state of things terminated. In Astorga the blowing up of ammunition-waggons, the destruction of intrenching tools, and the committal of field equipments to the flames for a whole division, gave signal for all the bad passions of those who witnessed them to let loose; and, mortifying as it is to confess it, the fact cannot be denied, that from that hour we no longer resembled a British army. There was still the same bravery in our ranks; but it was only at moments when the enemy were expected to come on that our order and regularity returned; and, except in that single point, we resembled rather a crowd of insubordinate rebels in full flight before victorious soldiers, than a corps of British troops moving in the presence of an enemy.

When he began his retreat it was Sir John Moore's intention to fall back upon Vigo, and there embark his army in the transports which had been ordered round to receive him. With this view, when at Benevente he had despatched General Craufurd, with 3000 men, along the nearer but steeper road by Orense, to prevent any attempt of the enemy to gain ground upon him with a light column—he taking the more circuitous but better route by Astorga and Villa Franca. At the former place he was joined by Baird's division. Here, everything, whether private or public property, for the removal of which means were wanting, was destroyed; and the army began its march on the following morning, under circumstances more disheartening than ever.

The road from Astorga to Villa Franca leads through the villages of Torre, Benivedre, Pinferrade, and over a country as diversified and striking as will be seen perhaps in Europe. The season was remarkably inclement; the ridges were covered with deep snow, and the fields and roads almost impassable—and it was impossible to pass it by without feelings of the liveliest admiration, with a strong regret that it had not been our fortune to wander here when forests were leafy and hills were green. But other causes of regret than scenic dreariness oppressed us. The condition of the army was melancholy; the rain came down in torrents; men and horses foundered at every step, the former worn out through fatigue and want of nutriment, the latter sinking under their loads and dying upon the march. Nor was it the baggage-animals alone that suffered—the shoes of the cavalry horses dropped off, and consequently they soon became useless. It was a sad spectacle to behold these fine creatures goaded on till their strength utterly failed them, and then shot to death by their riders to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy. Then, again, the few waggons which had hitherto kept up, fell, one by one, to the rear; and the ammunition was destroyed and the carriages abandoned. Thus were misfortunes accumulated upon us as we proceeded; and it appeared improbable, should our present system of forced marches be continued, that one-half the army would ever reach the coast.

Insubordination only requires a beginning, and under one pretext or another whole regiments strayed from their colours; and, as often as a wine-house came in their way, scenes of the most shocking description ensued. The army moved, as is customary in such cases, by divisions—the main body keeping a day's march ahead of the reserve and rear-guard. The former reached Benivedre on the 31st, and at an early hour on the 1st of January was ordered to leave it. But when the rear-guard came up, the place was full of stragglers, all in a state of desperate intoxication. At this time the enemy's cavalry, though they seldom sought an opportunity of coming to blows, pressed closely on our rear. We rode for miles in sight of each other; and from time to time our rearmost dragoons would exchange pistol shots with their leading files. Under such circumstances no pause whatever could be made, and hence every one who proved unable, either from intoxication or weariness, to push on, was of necessity left behind. But the multitudes who lingered in Benivedre were so great, that it was not till every effort to rouse them had been made in vain that they were left to their fate. Even after the rear-guard had marched, a small detachment of cavalry endeavoured to cover them; nor was it till the enemy were seen approaching in force that the picket retired. Then followed a scene frequently described, but imperfectly understood, excepting by an eye-witness. The French dragoons, pursuing our patrol, galloped through the midst of a crowd of men, women, and children, wantonly slashing to the right and left, without regard to the age or sex of the object of their fury. Of the number who thus fell a sacrifice to their own intemperance I cannot pretend to speak with certainty; but I know it to have been considerable; and I am sure that British troops never looked upon a spectacle more appalling than those few presented, who, having come up with the column, bleeding and mangled by sabre cuts, were, by order of the general, paraded through the ranks as a warning to their comrades.

We reached Villa Franca on the 2d, having performed a distance of sixty miles in two days. Here the greater part of the cavalry took up its quarters—a small detachment only remaining with the reserve at Cacabelos. Like Benivedre, this town was filled with drunken and disorderly men, by whom the most violent outrages had been committed, not only upon the natives, but upon our own magazines. A store of wine had been broken open, and the wine either drunk or wantonly spilt; and a considerable quantity of forage, of which we stood so much in need, was wantonly destroyed. One man was executed here, being detected in the act of marauding; but the discipline of the army was by this time too much impaired to be very seriously affected by example. Similar offences were committed whenever opportunities occurred, and with the recklessness of men who fancied that their case was desperate.

THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA.

At length the coast appeared, and Corunna, with its citadel and towers, rose upon our view. But the harbour, in which we had expected to find a large fleet at anchor, was occupied only by the coasters and fishing-boats which usually shelter there. Though intelligence of the alteration in our plans had been sent off some days previously, and the admiral used every exertion to bring the shipping round, a continuance of adverse winds had rendered the effort abortive; and it was only after an interval of some days that the fleet arrived. Most sincerely did every one now regret that a battle had not been fought; for it was quite manifest that to embark without fighting was out of the question. We had left behind us innumerable positions, on any one of which an army such as ours might have maintained itself against twice its numbers. In the vicinity of Corunna no favourable ground existed. There were, indeed, positions here—several of them very respectable, and one positively commanding—but to occupy these, as they ought to be occupied, would require a force greater than ours; whilst to occupy them imperfectly would be irregular. Still there was no help for it; and our general instantly set about making the best dispositions which circumstances permitted.

The leading brigades arrived in Corunna on the afternoon of the 11th; and the night was passed, one division in the town, another in the suburbs, and the reserve, partly at the villages on the St. Jago road, and partly in El Burgo, near the bridge over the Mero. That bridge was of course destroyed, as well as another some little distance further up the river; and strong pickets were posted beside their ruins to check any attempt on the part of the enemy to repair them. But the ground which, in case of battle, the troops were to occupy, was not marked out till the morning of the 12th, when the following arrangements were made.

There is a range of heights, or rather of swelling knolls, which form an amphitheatre round the village of Elvina, at the distance of perhaps a mile, or rather more, from the town of Corunna. Upon these Sir John Moore resolved to draw up his army; for, though there was a much more formidable range a mile or two further in advance, his numbers were inadequate for its occupation. He accordingly stationed General Hope's division upon the left, posting it along a ridge which commanded the Betanzos road, and which sloped away, with a rearward inclination, towards Elvina. At this place Sir David Baird's division took up the line, covering the hills which still bend in, and extend to a valley which divides this range from another on the opposite side of the Vigo road. Across that valley the rifle corps threw itself in extended order; and it was supported by Frazer's division, which covered the road to Vigo, and protected a principal approach to Corunna. The reserve, under General Paget, took post at a village about half a mile in the rear of General Hope.

These arrangements were not complete when the enemy made their appearance, moving in force along the opposite bank of the Mero; but there was no exchange of shots, nor any design manifested to try the strength of our position. The same state of inaction continued during the 14th, excepting that on that day the artillery which was attached to General Hope's column maintained a short but warm contest with some of the enemy's pieces; and that a magazine, containing four thousand barrels of gunpowder which had been lately brought from England, was blown up. It exploded with a force which shook the ground like an earthquake, and threw the inhabitants of Corunna into the utmost consternation. On the 15th the fleet began to appear in the offing; whilst the enemy moved forward a body of troops for the purpose of occupying the height on which the magazine had been constructed. A little skirmishing was the consequence; but as the height in question was in no degree valuable to us, the riflemen who had held it were withdrawn. About the same time some companies of the 5th Regiment made an attempt, under their commanding officer Colonel Mackenzie, to possess themselves of a couple of field-pieces which the enemy had advanced somewhat too far upon our left. The attempt, though boldly made, failed; and Colonel Mackenzie, who conducted it, was killed. Thus were the two armies in sight of one another during three whole days without any serious disposition being exhibited to bring matters to the issue of a battle.

In the meanwhile Sir John Moore was busily employed embarking the sick, the wounded, the women and children, and all such stores of ammunition as yet remained. This was effected with great regularity during the afternoon and night of the 15th; and on the following day the bulk of the artillery, for which our ground was not adapted, was likewise withdrawn. The cavalry, after destroying the remainder of their horses, had gone on board some time before, so that nothing now remained except the most efficient of the infantry in position. On the 16th, therefore, as all appeared to be quiet in the French lines, orders were issued for the gradual retreat of the different divisions; and the boats of the fleet were collected in the harbour and along the beach to receive the regiments on board as fast as they should arrive at the water's edge. But about noon, just as the general had given his final directions, and had mounted his horse for the purpose of visiting the outposts, an alarm was spread that the enemy were in motion. Sir John flew to the front, expressing his high satisfaction at the intelligence, and arrived just as our pickets were beginning to skirmish with the tirailleurs, which, *en masse*, covered the advance of the French army.

The enemy attacked in four columns, two threatening the right of our position, whilst a third bore down upon the centre, and a fourth manœuvred to occupy the attention of the left. It soon became apparent that Soult's main object was to turn our right, which was decidedly the weakest point of the position. It was defended by Lord William Bentinck's brigade, consisting of the 4th, 42d, and 50th Regiments, having the brigade of Guards in their rear under Major-general Warde. In order to secure these against being turned General Paget was ordered to advance instantly with the reserve, and throwing himself upon the right of Lord William, take post in the former line; whilst General Baird made ready, after he should have checked the force which threatened his own position, to succour both by a flank movement of General Manningham's brigade against the enemy. The left column only had to keep its ground, and resist any effort which might be made to force it.

The first attack of French troops has long been noted for impetuosity; nor was it less impetuous on the present day than on other occasions. Our advanced posts were driven in; and the columns of attack moved forward with every demonstration of courage, covered by a cloud of skirmishers, and supported by a continued and well-directed fire from eleven pieces of artillery. As they drew near these columns partly deployed into line; and it soon became apparent that they extended far beyond the extreme right of the British position. But our troops seemed to despise this advantage; and, instead of waiting upon their own ground to receive the shock, they advanced to meet the enemy, the 4th Regiment, with admirable celerity, wheeling back its left wing and presenting a front in two directions. Nor was the slightest impression made upon them either by the cannonade or the appearance of a whole corps of infantry, which seemed as if determined to make their way between our people and Corunna. Sir John Moore was close to the 4th when it executed this movement. He expressed his approbation, crying, "This is exactly what I wished to be done!"—and feeling that men who could act with so much coolness in the presence of a superior force were not likely to give way because a general quitted them, he rode off to see that in other parts of the field a similar spirit was in operation.

The French and English armies were separated from each other by a number of inclosures, to pass which both parties seemed equally anxious—and a few moments sufficed to bring them into contact. The village of Elvina, which had been occupied by a few light troops, was indeed carried, and the enemy pressed on with high courage and in great force; but their advance was checked by the 50th Regiment, which not only drove them down the slope, but pursued them through the village of Elvina, and to a considerable distance beyond it. It was on this occasion that both Majors Napier and Stanhope were lost to the service; the former being severely wounded and made prisoner, whilst the latter was killed.

The action had now become extremely warm along the whole line. The 42d, after receiving and returning several volleys, crossed its bayonets, and, supported by a battalion of Guards, repulsed a strong body of the enemy which had endeavoured to possess itself of the heights on the left. The charge was an exceedingly brilliant one; and Sir John Moore was in the act of watching it when a cannon-shot struck him on the left shoulder and beat him to the ground. Previously to this Sir David Baird had been compelled, by a severe wound in the arm, to quit the field; and the regiments were therefore left, in a great measure, to the guidance of their own courage and the management of their respective commanding officers. But to use the words of the gallant soldier who succeeded to the command, "the troops, though not unacquainted with the irreparable loss they had sustained, were not dismayed; but by the most determined bravery not only repelled every attempt of the enemy to gain ground, but actually forced him to retire, although he had brought up fresh troops in support of those he had originally engaged."

His efforts to force our right being foiled, Soult endeavoured to turn it, and advanced a column to the rear unobserved. His design was discovered at once; and General Paget, moving forward with the reserve, met the column in the most gallant style, drove it back with heavy loss upon its original position, and the right of the British army became the assailants. The enemy were broken and dispersed; they desisted from all further attempts, and took ground considerably to their right. Nor were they more successful in the efforts which they made to penetrate the centre and break the left. At these points the ground was greatly favourable to the British, and as the troops showed the same firmness which distinguished their comrades to the right, the issue was never for a moment doubtful. For about half an hour, indeed, the French were in possession of Betanzos, from which their fire fell heavily upon the 14th Regiment; but from that point they were speedily dislodged; and when darkness put an end to the fighting they had been repulsed, with heavy loss, on all points.

Sir John Moore received his mortal wound whilst animating the 42d Regiment to the charge in an early stage of the action. The tale already has been told of his death, nor is it probable that it will soon cease to retain a place in the memory of the people of this country. It is sufficient to observe, that not all the consciousness of victory, cheering and gratifying as that is, was capable of alleviating in the slightest degree the grief of the army for the loss of its chief. Perhaps the British army has produced some abler men than Sir John Moore; it has certainly produced many who, in point of military talent, were and are quite his equals; but it cannot, and perhaps never could, boast of one more beloved, not by his own personal friends alone, but by every individual that served under him. It would be affectation to deny that Sir John Moore, during his disastrous retreat, issued many orders in the highest degree painful to the feelings of honourable men, who felt that their conduct had not merited them. His warmest admirers have acknowledged this, and his best friends have lamented it; but in all probability no one would have lamented it more heartily than himself had he lived to review, in a moment of calmness, the general conduct of this campaign—because there never lived a man possessed of a better heart, nor—in ordinary cases—of a clearer judgment.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

Born 1803 — Died 1840.

[Gerald Griffin, poet and novelist, was born in Limerick on the 12th of December, 1803. His father was a respectable farmer, and his mother, the sister of a celebrated doctor of that city, is described as a woman of extreme piety and of a refined and sensitive nature. This nature her ninth son Gerald largely inherited. When only seven years old his parents removed to Fairy Lawn, on the banks of the Shannon, about twenty-eight miles from Limerick. The unrivalled scenery of the place was thoroughly appreciated by the poet soul of the boy, and ever afterwards his works bore testimony to its influence on his mind. Poetry was his first inspiration. It was while drifting along in his boat on the Shannon that he planned his tragedy of *Aguire*, which, in the simplicity of his heart, he imagined was to "revolutionize the dramatic taste of the time." In early life he endured a bitter trial in being parted from his parents, who were induced by a relative abroad to emigrate to the United States of America. Gerald, who was intended for the medical profession, was with two of his sisters and a brother Daniel left with their elder brother Doctor Griffin, who resided in the little village of Adare, about eight miles from Limerick. Here he applied himself to study, and began to contribute to the Limerick newspapers. He also aided in the formation of a dramatic society in that city. By this means he made the acquaintance of John Banim, who wrote criticisms on the performances. His love of theatricals encouraged him to produce on paper what had long lain in embryo, his tragedy of *Aguire*, a play founded on some Spanish story. Dr. Griffin tells us in his excellent life of his brother that it contained "many passages of exquisitely beautiful poetry, throughout the scenes were well contrived, the passions naturally and forcibly portrayed, the interest intense and well supported." Nevertheless, the doctor tried every means in his power to dissuade his brother from adopting literature as a profession, by representing to him the troubles and calamities of authors, and that all their fame could not repay them for their trials and disappointments.

All was in vain, and Gerald Griffin left the peaceful spot he has made famous in his verses "O sweet Adare," for the elysium of literary aspirants, London. He arrived there in the autumn of 1823, before he had completed his twentieth year; and after some weary searching, found his friend John Banim. He at once set about disposing of the tragedy on which he had built his hopes. The public taste of the time demanded the sensational drama in its fullest sense, and although approved of and corrected by Banim, himself an able dramatist, poor Griffin's play was rejected. Undismayed, he set about the preparation of another tragedy, entitled *Gisippus,* which dealt in Grecian scene and character, and "was written in coffee-houses and on little slips of paper." But although performed in Drury Lane with some success after the author's death, this tragedy during his lifetime met the same fate that befel the unfortunate *Aguire* —complete rejection.

By the advice of Banim he now abandoned dramatic authorship, and began to contribute short poems to the magazines; but the method of payment, we are told, was so unsatisfactory that he gave this up in disgust. He next turned to writing for the newspapers, and spent a considerable time as correspondent and reporter. At length his talent began to be recognized, and his brilliant articles attracted such attention as to procure for him the offer of one pound per page for his contributions to *The Fashion News.* Encouraged by this measure of success, he determined to venture on a work descriptive of the manners and customs of his countrymen, and the result was the production in 1827 of his first novel, *Hollandtide,* which at once brought him into public notice. Anxious to see a sister who was in a precarious state of health, and wearied with the long struggle he had maintained in London, Griffin decided to return for a time to his peaceful home near Limerick. In February, 1827, he arrived there, only to find that his sister had died the previous evening. He felt the stroke severely, and the beautiful lines beginning "Oh! not for ever lost," were written by him in memory of this sister. After a short interval of rest he produced his *Tales of the Munster Festivals,* in the incredibly short space of four months. These consisted of *Card-Drawing*, *The Half-Sir*, and *Suil Dhuv the Coiner*, and were highly praised by the critics. In the latter part of 1827 he returned to London, and soon afterwards wrote the most successful of his works, *The Collegians*, or, as it is otherwise called, *The Colleen Bawn.* It appeared in the winter of 1828, and was pronounced "the most perfect Irish novel published."

Griffin seems at this time to have tired of a literary life; perhaps, as one of his critics says, "It (dramatic authorship) was the passion of his life, checked by circumstances, and thrown back upon his heart, and thus, true to his first love, his soul was never satisfied with his second; and to his disappointment may be traced his disgust of literature, and his retirement to a convent." For a short time he entered himself at the London University as a law student, and attended a course of lectures; but this he soon gave up and turned with all the delight of a true antiquary to the study of Irish history. One outcome of this was the appearance of his novel *The Invasion.* This work was received with commendation by the reviewers, to the students of ancient manners it was acceptable, but with the reading public its success was limited. For a year or two after the publication of *The Invasion* we know little of Griffin, except that he spent his time partly in London and partly with his brother in Ireland. He has given us an amusing account of his visit to Moore at Sloperton in 1832, as one of a deputation who sought unsuccessfully to prevail on the poet to offer himself for the representation of Limerick in parliament. In 1830 he published his *Christian Physiologist, or Tales of the Five Senses;* and in 1835 appeared in succession *The Rivals*, *The Duke of Monmouth,* and *Tales of my Neighbourhood.* Afterwards a tour through the Highlands of Scotland, a country which he loved to visit, furnished material for a series of letters full of buoyant and sportive gaiety blended with admiration for the wild scenery through which he passed.

On his return a great change was visible upon him. For some years a morbid sensibility had been growing up in his mind: he feared his works had not conduced to the benefit of mankind, and that all his dreams of fame, now that they were being realized, were but "vanity of vanities." From his earliest youth, also, the idea had haunted him that his life would be cut short—that he would never live to be an old man. All these thoughts and feelings combined led to the resolution which he now announced, of retiring to a monastery. As a preliminary to this step he collected all his unpublished manuscripts, the tragedy of *Aguire* among the rest, and committed them to the flames. He divided his property among his brothers, and on the 8th of September, 1838, he was enrolled in the monastery of the Christian Brothers in Dublin under the name of Brother Joseph. Here he fulfilled the lowliest offices and practised the severest vigils and fasts of his order. His brother says that "his habits of piety were even then found to be of so fixed a character that he was admitted to the religious habit on the feast of St. Teresa on the 15th of the following October." In the summer of 1839 he removed to the North Monastery, Cork, where, we are told, he soon became a mere skeleton, and in this weak state he caught a fever, of which he died, June 12, 1840, aged thirty-six years. He was interred in the cemetery of the convent, and a stone with the inscription "BROTHER GERALD GRIFFIN" marks the spot.

The *Dublin University Magazine* says of Griffin:—"He died young; yet what of that? so do the great proportion of all our men of genius; so did the brightest spirits it has been our fortune to know during our weird world journey. They had too little clay. He died early, and though his works rather show what he could do than satisfy us with what he has actually effected—rather lead us to expectation than contentment—yet we feel he has given us sufficient for remembrance. The author of the *Collegians* must live—and as an able delineator of our national feelings—as an expounder of that subtlest of problems, the Irish heart—he cannot be forgotten; but with Carleton, and Banim, and Miss Edgeworth, and one or two more, he will take his place in our Irish firmament, and form a portion of that galaxy to which we are wont to look with wonder and pride."

The contents of the collected edition of his works are as follows:—"Life" by his brother; *The Collegians; Card-Drawing; The Half-Sir; Suil Dhuv; The Rivals; Tracy's Ambition; Hollandtide; Duke of Monmouth; Tales of the Jury-room;* and Poetry.]

A HAPPY HOME.

(FROM "THE COLLEEN BAWN.")

It was a favourable moment for any one who might be desirous of sketching a family picture. The windows of the room, which were thrown up for the purpose of admitting the fresh morning air, opened upon a trim and sloping meadow, that looked sunny and cheerful with the bright green after-grass of the season. The broad and sheety river washed the very margin of the little field, and bore upon its quiet bosom (which was only ruffled by the circling eddies that encountered the advancing tide) a variety of craft, such as might be supposed to indicate the approach to a large commercial city. Majestic vessels, floating idly on the basined flood, with sails half furled, in keeping with the languid beauty of the scene—lighters, burdened to the water's edge with bricks or sand—large rafts of timber, borne onward towards the neighbouring quays, under the guidance of a shipman's boat-hook—pleasure-boats, with gaudy pennons hanging at peak and topmast—or turf-boats, with their unpicturesque and ungraceful lading, moving sluggishly forward, while their black sails seemed gasping for a breath to fill them; such were the incidents that gave a gentle animation to the prospect immediately before the eyes of the cottage dwellers. On the farther side of the river arose the Cratloe Hills, shadowed in various places by a broken cloud, and rendered beautiful by the chequered appearance of the ripening tillage, and the variety of hues that were observable along their wooded sides. At intervals the front of a handsome mansion brightened up in a passing gleam of sunshine, while the wreaths of blue smoke, ascending at various distances from amongst the trees, tended to relieve the idea of extreme solitude which it would otherwise have presented.

The interior of the cottage was not less interesting to contemplate than the landscape which lay before it. The principal breakfast-table (for there were two spread in the room) was placed before the window, the neat and snow-white damask cloth covered with fare that spoke satisfactorily for the circumstances of the proprietor, and for the housewifery of his helpmate. The former, a fair, pleasant-faced old gentleman, in a huge buckled cravat and square-toed shoes, somewhat distrustful of the meagre beverage which fumed out of Mrs. Daly's lofty and shining coffee-pot, had taken his position before a cold ham and fowl which decorated the lower end of the table. His lady, a courteous old personage, with a face no less fair and happy than her husband's, and with eyes sparkling with good nature and intelligence, did the honours of the board at the farther end. On the opposite side, leaning over the back of his chair with clasped hands, in an attitude which had a mixture of abstraction and anxiety, sat Mr. Kyrle Daly, the first pledge of connubial affection that was born to this comely pair. He was a young man already initiated in the rudiments of the legal profession; of a handsome figure, and in manner—but something now pressed upon his spirits which rendered this an unfavourable occasion for describing him.

A second table was laid in a more retired portion of the room for the accommodation of the younger part of the family. Several well-burnished goblets or porringers of thick milk flanked the sides of this board, while a large dish of smooth-coated potatoes reeked up in the centre. A number of blooming boys and girls, between the ages of four and twelve, were seated at this simple repast, eating and drinking away with all the happy eagerness of youthful appetite. Not, however, that this employment occupied their exclusive attention, for the prattle which circulated round the table frequently became so boisterous as to drown the conversation of the older people, and to call forth the angry rebuke of the master of the family.

The furniture of the apartment was in accordance with the appearance and manners of its inhabitants. The floor was handsomely carpeted, a lofty green fender fortified the fire-place, and supplied Mr. Daly in his facetious moments with occasions for the frequent repetition of a favourite conundrum—"Why is that fender like Westminster Abbey?"—a problem with which he never failed to try the wit of any stranger who happened to spend a night beneath his roof. The wainscotted walls were ornamented with several of the popular prints of the day, such as Hogarth's Roast Beef, Prince Eugene, Schomberg at the Boyne, Mr. Betterton playing Cato in all the glory of

"Full wig, flower'd gown, and lacker'd chair;"

of the royal Mandane, in the person of Mrs. Mountain, strutting among the arbours of her Persian palace in a lofty tête and hooped petticoat. There were also some family drawings done by Mrs. Daly in her school-days, of which we feel no inclination to say more than that they were prettily framed. In justice to the fair artist, it should also be mentioned that, contrary to the established practice, her sketches were never re-touched by the hand of her master, a fact which Mr. Daly was fond of insinuating, and which no one who saw the pictures was tempted to call in question. A small bookcase, with the edges of the shelves handsomely gilded, was suspended in one corner of the room, and, on examination, might be found to contain a considerable number of works on Irish history, for which study Mr. Daly had a national predilection, a circumstance much deplored by all the impatient listeners in his neighbourhood, and (some people hinted) in his own household; some religious books, and a few volumes on cookery and farming. The space over the lofty chimney-piece was assigned to some ornaments of a more startling description. A gun-rack, on which were suspended a long shore-gun, a brass-barrelled blunderbuss, a cutlass, and a case of horse-pistols, manifested Mr. Daly's determination to maintain, if necessary, by force of arms, his claim to the fair possessions which his honest industry had acquired.

"Kyrle," said Mr. Daly, putting his fork into a breast of cold goose, and looking at his son, "you had better let me put a little goose (with an emphasis) on your plate. You know you are going a wooing to-day."

The young gentleman appeared not to hear him. Mrs. Daly, who understood more intimately the nature of her son's reflections, deprecated, by a significant look at her husband, the continuance of any raillery upon so delicate a subject.

"Kyrle, some coffee?" said the lady of the house, but without being more successful in awakening the attention of the young gentleman.

Mr. Daly winked at his wife.

"Kyrle!" he called aloud, in a tone against which even a lover's absence was not proof, "do you hear what your mother says?"

"I ask pardon, sir—I was absent—I—what were you saying, mother?"

"She was saying," continued Mr. Daly with a smile, "that you were manufacturing a fine speech for Anna Chute, and that you were just meditating whether you should deliver it on your knees, or out of brief, as if you were addressing the bench in the Four Courts."

"For shame, my dear! Never mind him, Kyrle, I said no such thing. I wonder how you can say that, my dear, and the children listening."

"Pooh! the little angels are too busy and too innocent to pay us any attention," said Mr. Daly, lowering his voice, however. "But speaking seriously, my boy, you take this affair too deeply to heart; and whether it be in our pursuit of wealth, or fame, or even in love itself, an extreme solicitude to be successful is the surest means of defeating its own object. Besides it argues an unquiet and unresigned condition. I have had a little experience, you know, in affairs of this kind," he added, smiling and glancing at his fair helpmate, who blushed with the simplicity of a young girl.

"Ah! sir," said Kyrle, as he drew nearer to the breakfast-table with a magnanimous affectation of cheerfulness, "I fear I have not so good a ground for hope as you may have had. It is very easy, sir, for one to be resigned to disappointment when he is certain of success."

"Why, I was not bidden to despair, indeed," said Mr. Daly, extending his hand to his wife, while they exchanged a quiet smile, which had in it an expression of tenderness and of melancholy remembrance. "I have, I believe, been more fortunate than more deserving persons. I have never been vexed with useless fears in my wooing days, nor with vain regrets when those days were ended. I do not know, my dear lad, what hopes you have formed, or what prospects you may have shaped out of the future; but I will not wish you a better fortune than that you may as nearly approach to their accomplishment as I have done, and that time may deal as fairly with you as he has done with your father." After saying this, Mr. Daly leaned forward on the table, with his temple supported by one finger, and glanced alternately from his children to his wife, while he sang in a low tone the following verse of a popular song:—

"How should I love the pretty creatures,
  While round my knees they fondly clung,
To see them look their mother's features,
  To hear them lisp their mother's tongue.
And when with envy Time transported,
  Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
  And I——"

with a glance at Kyrle—

"And I go wooing with the boys."

"And this," thought young Kyrle, in the affectionate pause that ensued, "this is the question which I go to decide upon this morning—whether my old age shall resemble the picture which I see before me; or whether I shall be doomed to creep into the winter of my life a lonely, selfish, cheerless, money-hunting old bachelor. Is not this enough to make a little solicitude excusable, or pardonable at least?"

. . . . . .

While Mrs. Daly, who was the empress of all housekeepers, superintended the removal of the breakfast table, not disdaining, with her own fair hands, to restore the plate and china to their former neatness, the old gentleman called all his children around him, to undergo a customary examination. They came flocking to his knees, the boys with their satchels thrown over their shoulders, and the girls with their gloves and bonnets on, ready for school. Occasionally, as they stood before the patriarchal sire, their eyes wandered from his face towards a lofty pile of sliced bread and butter, and a bowl of white sugar, which stood near his elbow.

"North-east!" Mr. Daly began, addressing the eldest.

It should be premised that this singular name was given to the child in compliance with a popular superstition; for, sensible as the Dalys were accounted in their daily affairs, they were not wholly exempt from the prevailing weakness of their countrymen. Three of Mrs. Daly's children died at nurse, and it was suggested to the unhappy parents that if the next little stranger were baptized by the name of North-east, the curse would be removed from their household. Mrs. Daly acceded to the proposition, adding to it at the same time the slight precaution of changing her nurses. With what success this ingenious remedy was attended, the flourishing state of Mr. Daly's nursery thenceforward sufficiently testified.

"North-east," said the old gentleman, "when was Ireland first peopled?"

"By Bartholanus, sir, in anno mundi 1956, the great-great-great-great-great-great-grandson of Noah."

"Six greats. Right, my boy. Although the Cluan-Mac-Nois makes it 1969. But a difference of a few years, at a distance of nearly four thousand, is not a matter to be quarrelled with. Stay, I have not done with you yet. Mr. Tickleback tells me you are a great Latinist. What part of Ovid are you reading now?"

"The Metamorphoses, sir, book the thirteenth."

"Ah, poor Ajax! he's an example and a warning for all Irishmen. Well, North-east, Ulysses ought to supply you with Latin enough to answer me one question. Give me the construction of this: *Mater mea sus est mala.*"

The boy hesitated a moment, laughed, reddened a little, and looked at his mother. "That's a queer thing, sir," he said at last.

"Come, construe, construe."

"*My mother is a bad sow,*" said North-east, laughing: "that's the only English I can find for it."

"Ah, North-east! Do you call me names, my lad?" said Mrs. Daly, while she laid aside the china in a cupboard.

"'Tis dadda you should blame, ma'am; 'twas he said it. I only told him the English of it."

This affair produced much more laughter and merriment than it was worth. At length Mr. Daly condescended to explain.

"You gave me one construction of it," said he, "but not the right one. However, these things cannot be learned all in a day, and your translation was correct, North-east, in point of grammar, at all events. But (he continued, with a look of learned wisdom) the true meaning of the sentence is this: *Mater*, mother, *mea*, hasten, *sus*, the sow, *est*, eats up (*edere*, my boy, not *esse*), *mala*, the apples."

"O, it's a *cran*, I see," said the boy, with some indignation of tone. "One isn't obliged to know *crans*. I'd soon puzzle you if I was to put you all the *crans* I know."

"Not so easily as you suppose, perhaps," said his father in dignified alarm, lest his reputation should suffer in the eyes of his wife, who really thought him a profound linguist. "But you are a good boy. Go to school, North-east. Here, open your satchel."

The satchel was opened, a huge slice of bread from the top of the pile above-mentioned was dropt into it, and North-east set off south-south-west out of the house.

"Charles, who is the finest fellow in Ireland?"

"Henry Grattan, sir."

"Why so, sir?"

"Because he says we must have a free trade, sir."

"You shall have a lump of sugar with your bread for that. Open your satchel. There; run away now to school. Patcy!"

"Sir?"

"Patcy, tell me who was the first Lord-lieutenant of Ireland in the present reign?"

Patcy, an idle young rogue, stood glancing alternately at the pile of bread and at his father's face, and shifting from one foot to another like a foundered nag. At last he said stoutly—

"Julius Cæsar, sir."

"That's a good boy. Ah! you young villain, if I had asked you who won the last boat-race, or how many hookers went by this morning, you'd give me a better answer than that. Was it Julius Cæsar sailed round the revenue cutter, near Tarbert, the other day?"

"No, sir, it was Larry Kett."

"I'll engage you know that. Well, tell me this, and I'll forgive you! Who was the bravest seaman you ever heard of? always excepting Hardress Cregan."

"Brown, sir, the man that brought the Bilboa ship into Youghal after making prisoners of nine Frenchmen—the fellows, dadda"—the boy continued, warming with his subject—"were sent to take the vessel into France, and Brown had only three men and a boy with him, and they retook the ship, and brought her into Youghal. But sure one Irishman was more than a match for two Frenchmen."

"Well, I perceive you have some knowledge in physics, and comparative physiology. There's some hope of you. Go to school." And the pile of bread appeared a few inches lower.

The remainder was distributed amongst the girls, to whom the happy father put questions in history, geography, catechism, &c., proportioned to the capacity of each. At length he descended to the youngest, a little cherub, with roses of three years' growth in her cheeks.

"Well, Sally, my pet, what stands for sugar?"

"I, dadda."

"Ah! Sally's a wag, I see. You do stand for it, indeed, and you shall get it. We must not expect to force nature," he added, looking at his wife, and tossing his head. "Every beginning is weak, and Sam Johnson himself was as indifferent a philologist once in his day. And now, to school at once, darlings, and bring home good judgments. Nelly will go for you at three o'clock."

The little flock of innocents, who were matched in size like the reeds of a pandean pipe, each under each, having left the scene, Mr. Daly proceeded to despatch his own affairs, and possessed himself of his hat and cane.

"I'll step over to the meadow, my dear, and see how the hay gets on. And give me that pamphlet of Hutchinson's—Commercial Restraints—I promised to lend it to Father Malachy. And let the stranger's room be got ready, my love, and the sheets aired, for I expect Mr. Windfall, the tax-gatherer, to sleep here to-night. And, Sally, if Ready should come about his pigs that I put in pound last night, let him have them free of cost, but not without giving the fellow a fright about them; and, above all, insist upon having rings in their noses before night. My little lawn is like a fallow-field with them. I'll be back at five."

Saying this, and often turning his head as some new commission arose to his memory, the Munster "Middleman" sallied out of his house, and walked along the gravelled avenue, humming, as he went, a verse of the popular old song:—

"And when I at last must throw off this frail covering,
Which I have worn for threescore years and ten,
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again.
My face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow,
For this old worn-out stuff that is threadbare to-day,
May become everlasting to-morrow!

To-morrow! To-morrow!
May become everlasting to-morrow!"

Such, in happier days than ours, was the life of a Munster farmer. Indeed, the word is ill adapted to convey to an English reader an idea of the class of persons whom it is intended to designate, for they were and are, in mind and education, far superior to the persons who occupy that rank in most other countries. Opprobrious as the term "middleman" has been rendered in our own time, it is certain that the original formation of the sept was both natural and beneficial. When the country was deserted by its gentry, a general promotion of one grade took place among those who remained at home. The farmers became gentlemen, and the labourers became farmers, the former assuming, together with the station and influence, the quick and honourable spirit, the love of pleasure, and the feudal authority which distinguished their aristocratic archetypes; while the humbler classes looked up to them for advice and assistance, with the same feeling of respect and of dependence which they had once entertained for the actual proprietors of the soil. The covetousness of landlords themselves, in selling leases to the highest bidder, without any inquiry into his character or fortune, first tended to throw imputations on this respectable and useful body of men, which in progress of time swelled into a popular outcry, and ended in an act of the legislature for their gradual extirpation. There are few now in that class as prosperous, many as intelligent and high principled, as Mr. Daly.

THE TEMPTATION OF HARDRESS.

(FROM "THE COLLEEN BAWN.")

During the few weeks that followed the conversation just detailed, Eily perceived a rapid and fearful change in the temper and appearance of her husband. His visits were fewer and shorter than before, and when he did come, his manner was restrained and cautious in an extraordinary degree. His eye looked troubled, his voice was deep and broken, his cheek grew pale and fleshless, and a gloomy air, which might be supposed the mingled result of discontent and dissipation, appeared in all his person. He no longer conversed with that noisy frankness and gaiety in which he was accustomed to indulge in all societies where he felt perfectly at ease. To Eily he spoke sometimes with coldness and impatience, and very often with a wild affection that had in it as much of grief as of tenderness. To the other inmates of the cottage he was altogether reserved and haughty, and even his own boatman seldom cared to tempt him into a conversation. Sometimes Eily was inclined to think that he had escaped from some unpleasing scenes at home, his demeanour during the evening was so abstracted and so full of care. On other occasions, when he came to her cottage late at night, she was shocked to discover about him the appearance of a riotous indulgence. Born and educated as she was in the Ireland of the eighteenth century, this circumstance would not have much disturbed the mind of our heroine, but that it became gradually more frequent of occurrence, and seemed rather to indicate a voluntary habit, than that necessity to which even sober people were often subjected, when they mingled in the society of Irish country gentlemen of that period. Eily thus experienced for the first time, and with an aching spirit, one of the keenest anxieties of married life.

"Hardress," she said to him one morning when he was preparing to depart, after an interval of gloomy silence, long unbroken, "I won't let you go among those fine ladies any more, if you be thinking of them always when you come to me again."

Her husband started like one conscience-struck, and looked sharply round upon her.

"What do you mean?" he said, with a slight contraction of the brows.

"Just what I say, then," said Eily, smiling and nodding her head with a pretty affectation of authority. "Those fine ladies mustn't take you from Eily. And I'll tell you another thing, Hardress. Whisper." She laid her hand on his shoulder, raised herself on tiptoe, and murmured in his ear: "I'll not let you among the fine gentlemen either, if that's the teaching they give you."

"What teaching?"

"Oh, you know yourself," Eily continued, nodding and smiling; "it is a teaching that you would never learn from Eily, if you spent the evenings with her as you used to do in the beginning. Do you know is there e'er a priest living in this neighbourhood?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I have something to tell him that lies upon my conscience."

"And would you not confess your failings to an affectionate friend, Eily, as well as to a holier director?"

"I would," said Eily, bending on him a look of piercing sweetness, "if I thought he would forgive me afterwards as readily."

"Provided always that you are a true penitent," returned Hardress, reaching her his hand.

"There is little fear of that," said Eily. "It would be well for me, Hardress, if I could as easily be penitent for heavier sins."

After a moment's deep thought Eily resumed her playful manner, and placing both her hands in the still expanded one of her husband, she continued: "Well, then, sir, I'll tell you what's troubling me: I'm afraid I'm going wrong entirely this time back. I got married, sir, a couple o' months ago, to one Mr. Hardress Cregan, a very nice gentleman, that I'm very fond of."

"Too fond, perhaps."

"I'm afraid so, rightly speaking, although I hope *he* doesn't think so. But he told me when he brought me down to Killarney, that he was going to speak to his friends [the brow of the listener darkened], and to ask their forgiveness for himself and Eily. And there's nearly two months now since I came, and what I have to charge myself with, sir, is, that I am too fond of my husband, and that I don't like to vex him by speaking about it, as maybe it would be my duty to do. And, besides, I don't keep my husband to proper order at all. I let him stop out sometimes for many days together, and then I'm very angry with him; but when he comes, I'm so foolish and so glad to see him that I can't look cross, or speak a hard word, if I was to get all Ireland for it. And more than that, again; I'm not at all sure how he spends his time while he is out, and I don't ever question him properly about it. I know there are a great many handsome young ladies where he goes to, and a deal of gentlemen that are very pleasant company after dinner; for, indeed, my husband is often more merry than wise, when he comes home to me late at night, and still Eily says nothing. And, besides all this, I think my husband has something weighing upon his mind, and I don't make him tell it to me, as a good wife ought to do; and I like to have a friend's advice, as you're good enough to offer it, sir, to know what I'd do. What do you think about him, sir? Do you think any of the ladies has taken his fancy? Or do you think he's growing tired of Eily? Or that he doesn't think so much of her now that he knows her better? What would you advise me to do?"

"I am rather at a loss," said Hardress, with some bitterness in his accent; "it is so difficult to advise a *jealous* person."

"Jealous!" exclaimed Eily with a slight blush. "Ah! now I'm sorry I came to you at all, for I see you know nothing about me, since you think that's the way. I see now that you don't know how to advise me at all, and I'll leave you there. What would I be jealous of?"

"Why, of those handsome young ladies that your husband visits."

"Ah! if I was jealous that way," said Eily, with a keen and serious smile, "that isn't the way I'd show it."

"How, then, Eily?"

"Why, first of all, I wouldn't as much as think of such a thing, without the greatest reason in the world, without being downright sure of it; and if I got that reason nobody would ever know it, for I wouldn't say a word, only walk into that room there, and stretch upon the bed, and die."

"Why, that's what many a brutal husband in such a case would exactly desire."

"So itself," said Eily, with a flushed and kindling cheek—"so itself. I wouldn't be long in his way, I'll engage."

"Well, then," Hardress said, rising and addressing her with a severe solemnity of manner, "my advice to you is this. As long as you live, never presume to inquire into your husband's secrets, nor affect an influence which he never will admit. And if you wish to avoid that great reason for jealousy, of which you stand in fear, avoid suffering the slightest suspicions to appear; for men are stubborn beings, and when such suspicions are wantonly set afloat, they find the temptation to furnish them with a cause almost irresistible."

"Well, Hardress," said Eily, "you are angry with me, after all. Didn't you say you would forgive me? Oh, then, I'll engage I'd be very sorry to say anything, if I thought you'd be this way."

"I am not angry," said Hardress, in a tone of vexation. "I *do* forgive you," he added in an accent of sharp reproof, "I spoke entirely for your own sake."

"And wouldn't Hardress allow his own Eily her little joke?"

"Joke!" exclaimed Hardress, bursting into a sudden fit of passion which made his eyes water, and his limbs shake as if they would have sunk beneath him. "Am I become the subject of your mirth? Day after day my brain is verging nearer and nearer to utter madness, and do you jest on that? Do you see this cheek? You count more hollows there than when I met you first, and does that make you merry? Give me your hand! Do you feel how that heart beats? Is that a subject, Eily, for joke or jest? Do you think this face turns thin and yellow for nothing? There are a thousand and a thousand horrid thoughts and temptations burning within me daily, and eating my flesh away by inches. The devil is laughing at me, and Eily joins him."

"Oh, Hardress—Hardress!—"

"Yes!—you have the best right to laugh, for you are the gainer. Curse on you! Curse on your beauty—curse on my own folly—for I have been undone by both! Let go my knees! Let go my arm! I hate you! Take the truth, I'll not be poisoned with it. I am sick of you, you have disgusted me! I will ease my heart by telling you the whole. If I seek the society of other women it is because I find not among them your meanness and vulgarity. If I get drunk and make myself the beast you say, it is in the hope to forget the iron chain that binds me to you."

"Oh, Hardress!" shrieked the affrighted girl, "you are not in earnest now?"

"I am; *I do not* joke!" her husband exclaimed with a hoarse vehemence. "Let go my knees! you are sure enough of me. I am bound to you too firmly."

"Oh, my dear Hardress! Oh, my own husband, listen to me!—hear your own Eily for one moment! Oh, my poor father!"

"Ha!"

"It slipped from me! Forgive me! I know I am to blame, I am greatly to blame, dear Hardress, but forgive me! I left my home and all for you—oh, do not cast me off! I will do anything to please you—I never will open my lips again—only say you did not mean all that! Oh, heaven!" she continued, throwing her head back, and looking upward with expanded mouth and eyes, while she maintained her kneeling posture and clasped her husband's feet. "Merciful heaven, direct him! Oh, Hardress, think how far I am from home. Think of all you promised me, and how I believed you. Stay with me for a while at any rate. Do not——"

On a sudden, while Hardress was still struggling to free himself from her arms without doing her a violence, Eily felt a swimming in her head, and a cloud upon her sight. The next instant she was motionless.

The first face which she beheld, on recovering from her insensibility, was that of Poll Naughten, who was seated in a low chair, and supporting Eily's head against her knees, while she was striking her in the open palm with a prodigious violence.

"Ah! there she dhraws the breath," said Fighting Poll. "Oh, wirra, missiz, what brought you out on your face and hands on the middle of the floore, that way?"

Eily muttered some unmeaning answer, and remained for some minutes struggling with the consciousness of some undefined horror. Looking around at length, and missing the figure of Hardress, she lay back once more, and burst into a fit of hysterical weeping. Phil Naughten, who was smoking a short pipe by the fireside, said something in Irish to his wife, to which the latter replied in the same language, and then turning to Eily, said, "Will you take a dhrop of anything, a-chree?"

Eily raised her hand in dissent.

"Will you come in and take a stretch on the bed, then?"

To this Eily answered in the affirmative, and walked, with the assistance of her hostess, into her sleeping-chamber. Here she lay during the remainder of the day, the curtain suffered to fall so as to keep the broad sunshine from her aching eyes and head. Her reflections, however, on the frightful and sudden alteration which had taken place in her condition were cut short ere long by a sleep, of that sound and dreamless nature which usually supervenes after an excess of passionate excitement or anxiety.

In the meantime Hardress hurried along the Gap-road with the speed of one who desires to counteract, by extreme bodily exertion, the turbulence of an uneasy spirit. As he passed the lonely little bridge, which crosses the stream above the Black Lake, his attention was suddenly arrested by the sound of a familiar voice which appeared to reach him from the clouds. Looking over his shoulder to the summit of the Purple Mountain, he beheld Danny Mann, nearly a thousand feet above him, moving towards the immense pile of loose stones (from the hue of which the mountain has derived its name), and driving before him a small herd of goats, the property of his brother-in-law. Turning off the road, Hardress commenced the ascent of this toilsome eminence—partly because the difficulty afforded a relief to his spirits, and partly because he wished to converse with his dependant. . . .

His attendant now met and greeted him as usual. "It's well for you, Masther Hardress, dat hasn't a flock o' goats to be huntin' after dis mornin'; my heart is broke from 'em, dat's what it is. We turn 'em out in de mornin', an' dough dey have plenty to ait below dere, dey never stop till dey go to de top o' de mountain, nothin' less would do for 'em; like many o' de Christains demselves, dey'll be mountin' always, even when 'tis no good for 'em."

"I have no remedy," said Hardress, musing, "and yet the thought of enduring such a fate is intolerable."

"What a fine day dis would be for de water, master?" continued his servant. "You don't ever care to take a sail now, sir?"

"Oh, Kyrle, Kyrle Daly, what a prophetic truth was in your words! Giddy, headlong wretch that I have been! I wish that my feet had grown to my mother's hearth when I first thought of evading her control, and marrying without her sanction." He paused in a mood of bitter retrospection. "I'll not endure it," he again exclaimed, starting from his reverie; "it shall not be without recall. I will not, because I cannot. Monster! monster that I am! Wed one, and woo another! Both now are cheated! Which shall be the victim?"

The devil was at his ear, and whispered, "Be not uneasy; hundreds have done the same before you."

"Firm as dat mountain stands, an' as it stood dis hundred, aye, dis tousand year, maybe," continued Danny Mann, "still an' all, to look up dat way at dem great loose stones, dat look as if dey were shovelled up above us by some joyants or great people of ould, a body would tink it hardly safe to stand here onder 'em, in dread dey'd come tumblin' down, maybe, an' make *smidereens* of him, bless de mark! Wouldn't he now, Master Hardress?"

The person so addressed turned his eyes mechanically in the same direction. A kind of desperate satisfaction was visible on his features, as the idea of insecurity which his servant suggested became impressed upon his mind. The latter perceived and understood its expression on the instant.

"Dere's something troublin' you, Master Hardress; dat I see plain enough. An' 'tisn't now, nor to-day, nor 'isterday, I seen it, aider. Is dere anyting Danny Mann can do to sarve you? If dere be, say de word dis moment, an' I'll be bail he'll do it before long."

"Danny," said Hardress, after a pause, "I *am* troubled. I was a fool, Danny, when I refused to listen to your advice upon one occasion."

"An' dat was de time when I tould you not to go again de missiz, an' to have no call to Eily O'Connor."

"It was."

"I tought it would be dis way. I tought, all long, dat Eily was no wife for you, Master Hardress. It was not in nature she could be; a poor man's daughter, widout money, or manners, or book-larnen', or one ha'p'ort'. I told you dat, Master Hardress, but you wouldn't hear me, by any means, an' dis is de way of it now."

"Well, well, 'tis done," said Hardress, with sullen impatience; "I was to blame, Danny, and I am suffering for it."

"Does she know herself de trouble she is to you?"

"I could not keep it from her. I did not know myself how utterly my dislike had prevailed within me, until the occasion arose for giving it utterance, and then it came forth at once like a torrent. I told her what I felt; that I hated, that I was sick of her. I could not stop my tongue. My heart struck me for the base unkindness, the ungrateful ruffianism of my speech, and yet I could not stop my tongue. I have made her miserable, and I am myself accursed. What is there to be done? Have you only skill to prevent mischief? Have you none to remedy?"

Danny took thought for a moment. "Sorrow trouble would I ever give myself about her," he said at last, "only send her home packin' to her fader, an' give her no tanks."

"And with what face should I appear before my honourable friends, when that old ropemaker should come to demand redress for his insulted child, and to claim her husband's promise? Should I send Eily home to earn for myself the reputation of a faithless villain?"

"I never tought o' dat," said Danny, nodding his head. "Dat's a horse of anoder colour. Why, then, I'll tell you what I'd do. Pay her passage out to Quebec, and put her aboord of a three-master, widout ever sayin' a word to anybody. I'll tell you what it is, Master Hardress. Do by her as you'd do by dat glove you have on your hand. Make it come off as it come on, and if it fits too tight, take de knife to it."

"What do you mean?"

"Only gi' me the word, as I said before, an' I'll engage Eily O'Connor will never trouble you any more. Don't ax me any questions at all, only, if you're agreeable, take off dat glove an' give it to me for a token. Dat'll be enough; lave de rest to Danny."

A doubtful, horrible sensation of fear and anxiety gathered upon the heart of the listener, and held him for a minute fixed in breathless agitation. He gazed upon the face of his servant with an expression of gaping terror as if he stood in the presence of the Arch Tempter himself. At length, walking up to him, he laid his open hand upon his neck, and then drawing his fingers close, until the fellow's face was purple with blood, he shook him as if he would have shaken his joints out of their sockets.

"Villain!" he exclaimed, with a hoarseness and vehemence of tone which gave an appalling depth to his expressions. "Dangerous villain and tempter! If you ever dare again to utter a word, or meditate a thought of violence towards that unhappy creature, I will tear you limb from limb between my hands."

"Oh, murder, Master Hardress! Dat de hands may stick to me, sir, if I tought a ha'p'ort' o' harm!"

"Do you mark me well, now? I am quite in earnest. Respect her as you would the highest lady in the land. Do as she commands you without murmuring. If I hear her say (and I will question her upon it) that you have leered one glance of those blood-longing eyes upon her, it shall be their last look in this world."

"Oh, vo! Dat I may never die in sin, Master Hardress, if——"

"Begone! I am glad you have opened my eyes. I tread more safely now. My heart is lighter. Yet that I should have endured to be so tempted! Fellow, I doubt you for worse than you appear. We are here alone; the world, the busy world, is hid beneath us, and we stand here alone in the eye of the open heaven, and without roof or wall to screen us, even in fancy, from the downright reproach of the beholding angels. None but the haughty and insulting Lucifer himself could think of daring Providence upon the threshold of his own region. But be you fiend or mortal, I defy and dare you; I repel your bloody temptation. I tell you, fiend or mortal, that my soul abhors your speech and gesture both. I may be wretched and impious; I may send up to heaven a cry of discontent and murmuring; the cry of blood shall never leave this earth for me. Blood! *Whose* blood? Hers! Great heaven! Great heaven defend me!" He covered his face with his hands, and bent down for a moment in dreadful agitation; then suddenly starting up, and waving his hand rapidly, he continued, "Away, away at once, and quit my sight. I have chosen my doom. My heart may burn for years within my breast, if I can find no other way to soothe it. I know how to endure, I am wholly ignorant of guilt like this. Once more," he added, clenching his fist, and shaking it towards his startled dependant, "Once more I warn you, mark my words and obey them."

So saying, he hurried down the hill, and was hid in the ascending mist, while his affrighted servant remained gaping after him, and muttering mechanically such asseverations as "Dat I may never sin. Master Hardress! Dat de head may go to de grave wid me! Dat I may be happy! Dat de hands may stick to me, if I tought any harm!"

More than half of the frantic speech of Hardress, it may be readily imagined, was wholly unintelligible to Danny, who followed him down the mountain, half crazy with terror, and not a little choked into the bargain.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER.

Oh! not for ever lost, though on our ear
Those uncomplaining accents fall no more,
And earth has won, and never can restore
That form that well-worn grief made doubly dear.
Oh! not for ever lost, though hope may rear
No more sweet visions in the future now,
And even the memory of that pallid brow
Grows unfamiliar with each passing year.
Though lowly be thy place on earth, and few
The tongues that name thee on thy native plains,
Where sorrow first thy gentle presence cross'd,
And dreary tints o'er all the future threw,
While life's young zeal yet triumphed in thy veins,
Oh! early fall'n thou art—but not for ever lost.

If in that land where hope can cheat no more,
Lavish in promise—laggard in fulfilling;
Where fearless love on every bosom stealing,
And boundless knowledge brighten all the shore;
If in that land, when life's old toils are done,
And my heart lies as motionless as thine,
I still might hope to press that hand in mine,
My unoffending—my offended one!
I would not mourn the health that flies my cheek,
I would not mourn my disappointed years,
My vain heart mock'd, and worldly hopes o'erthrown,
But long to meet thee in that land of rest,
Nor deem it joy to breathe in careless ears
A tale of blighted hopes as mournful as thine own.

GILLE MA CHREE.

Gille ma chree,[1]
Sit down by me,
We now are joined and ne'er shall sever;
This hearth's our own,
Our hearts are one,
And peace is ours for ever!

---

[1] "Brightener of my heart."

When I was poor,
Your father's door
Was closed against your constant lover;
With care and pain,
I tried in vain
My fortunes to recover.
I said, "To other lands I'll roam,
Where fate may smile on me, love;"
I said, "Farewell, my own old home!"
And I said, "Farewell to thee, love!"
Sing, *Gille ma chree*, &c.

I might have said,
My mountain maid,
Come live with me, your own true lover—
I know a spot,
A silent cot,
Your friends can ne'er discover,
Where gently flows the waveless tide
By one small garden only;
Where the heron waves his wings so wide,
And the linnet sings so lonely!
Sing, *Gille ma chree*, &c.

I might have said,
My mountain maid,
A father's right was never given
True hearts to curse
With tyrant force
That have been blest in heaven.
But then I said, "In after years,
When thoughts of home shall find her,
My love may mourn with secret tears
Her friends thus left behind her."
Sing, *Gille ma chree*, &c.

"Oh, no," I said,
"My own dear maid,
For me, though all forlorn for ever,
That heart of thine
Shall ne'er repine
O'er slighted duty—never.
From home and thee though, wandering far,
A dreary fate be mine, love—
I'd rather live in endless war,
Than buy my peace with thine, love.
Sing, *Gille ma chree*, &c.

Far, far away,
By night and day,
I toiled to win a golden treasure;
And golden gains
Repaid my pains
In fair and shining measure.
I sought again my native land,
Thy father welcomed me, love;
I poured my gold into his hand,
And my guerdon found in thee, love;
Sing, *Gille ma chree*,
Sit down by me,
We now are joined, and ne'er shall sever;
This hearth's our own,
Our hearts are one,
And peace is ours for ever.

ADARE.

Oh, sweet Adare! oh, lovely vale!
Oh, soft retreat of sylvan splendour!
Nor summer sun, nor morning gale,
E'er hailed a scene more softly tender.
How shall I tell the thousand charms
Within thy verdant bosom dwelling,
Where, lulled in Nature's fost'ring arms,
Soft peace abides and joy excelling!

Ye morning airs, how sweet at dawn
The slumbering boughs your song awaken,
Or linger o'er the silent lawn,
With odour of the harebell taken.
Thou rising sun, how richly gleams
Thy smile from far Knockfierna's mountain,
O'er waving woods and bounding streams,
And many a grove and glancing fountain.

Ye clouds of noon, how freshly there,
When summer heats the open meadows,
O'er parched hill and valley fair,
All coolly lie your veiling shadows.
Ye rolling shades and vapours gray,
Slow creeping o'er the golden heaven,
How soft ye seal the eye of day,
And wreath the dusky brow of even.

In sweet Adare the jocund spring
His notes of odorous joy is breathing,
The wild birds in the woodland sing,
The wild flowers in the vale are wreathing.
There winds the Mague, as silver clear,
Among the elms so sweetly flowing;
There, fragrant in the early year,
Wild roses on the banks are blowing.

The wild duck seeks the sedgy bank,
Or dives beneath the glistening billow,
Where graceful droop, and clustering dank,
The osier bright and rustling willow.
The hawthorn scents the leafy dale,
In thicket lone the stag is belling,
And sweet along the echoing vale
The sound of vernal joy is swelling.

I LOVE MY LOVE IN THE MORNING.

I love my love in the morning,
For she like morn is fair,—
Her blushing cheek, its crimson streak,
Its clouds, her golden hair.

Her glance, its beam, so soft and kind;
Her tears, its dewy showers;
And her voice, the tender whispering wind
That stirs the early bowers.

I love my love in the morning,
I love my love at noon,
For she is bright, as the lord of light,
Yet mild as autumn's moon:
Her beauty is my bosom's sun,
Her faith my fostering shade,
And I will love my darling one,
Till even the sun shall fade.

I love my love in the morning,
I love my love at even;
Her smile's soft play is like the ray
That lights the western heaven:
I loved her when the sun was high,
I loved her when he rose;
But, best of all when evening's sigh
Was murmuring at its close.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

BORN 1803 — DIED 1849.

[Much of the personal history of this gifted but unfortunate son of genius is involved in obscurity. He was born in Dublin in the year 1803, and his education was received at a humble school in Derby Square, near to his father's grocer shop and to Dean Swift's birthplace. When fifteen years old he was placed in a scrivener's office, where, as a copyist, he laboured for seven years at a small weekly salary. He left this employment for an attorney's office, where he spent about two years. During these years, says his biographer Mr. Mitchel, "he must have been a great devourer of books, and seems to have early devoted himself to the exploration of those treasures which lie locked up in foreign languages. Mangan had no education of a regular and approved sort; neither in his multifarious reading had he, nor could he brook, any guidance whatever." These years of his life were spent in misery. His fellow-clerks, with whom he had no thought in common, laughed at what they could not understand; and he early realized the truth of the sacred words, "A man's foes are those of his own household," in a home where he was constantly reminded of his poverty, and the necessity of unceasing toil for his own and the household's support. The family at this time consisted of a mother, sister, and brother. As is sometimes the case, the constant reproaches of these relatives, and their want of affection or even common gratitude, at length did their fell work upon the sensitive nature of the unhappy poet. We may well ask with his biographer: "Is it wonderful that he sought at times to escape from consciousness by taking for bread opium, and for water brandy?" To add to his misfortune, also, it seems that the poet had fixed his affections upon an unworthy object, a certain "Frances," the fairest of three sisters, who had only beauty to recommend her, for after encouraging his passion for a time, and cruelly amusing herself with his fervour, she contemptuously dismissed him.

About 1830 his contributions to the Dublin periodicals of short poems from the Irish and German began to attract attention, and through the interest of Drs. Anster, Petrie, and Todd he got employment in preparing a new catalogue for Trinity College Library. His appearance at this time is thus described: "It was an unearthly and ghostly figure in a brown garment, the same garment (to all appearance) which lasted till the day of his death. The blanched hair was totally unkempt; the corpse-like features still as marble; a large book was in his arms, and all his soul was in the book. I had never heard of Clarence Mangan before, and knew not for what he was celebrated, whether as a magician, a poet, or a murderer."

About 1833 he was employed in conjunction with O'Donovan, Eugene O'Curry, and others, on the staff of the topographical department of the Ordnance Survey, under the direction of Dr. Petrie. In this congenial work he continued for some years, at the same time contributing poems to the magazines. In 1840, when Dr. Petrie edited *The Irish Penny Journal*, he was one of its principal contributors. He wrote much, but many of his poems are either now altogether lost or exist without his name; even Mr. Mitchel, who has made a large collection of them, states that he believes the work does not contain more than two-thirds of the poet's productions. As to his translations, those from the Irish were supplied to him in literal prose translations by his friends O'Donovan, O'Daly, and others; yet, from the spirit of the original being so happily caught, as in the poems "Dark Rosaleen" and "The Woman of Three Cows," many of his readers have concluded that he had a sufficient knowledge of the language to translate it for himself. His poems from the German were chiefly and avowedly translations. In this department of literature Mr. Hayes does not hesitate to say of him: "As a translator he was inimitable; and he translated from the Irish, the French, the German, the Spanish, the Italian, the Danish, and the eastern languages, with such a versatile facility as not only to transfuse into his own tongue the substance and sense of his original, but the appropriate graces of style, and ornament, and idiomatic expressions which are peculiar to the poetry of every country."

It has been supposed that his translations from the Ottoman are really original poems, but there is no definite proof on the subject. His own admission, that "Hafez is more acceptable to editors than Mangan," is the only evidence adduced in proof of their originality. Certain it is that they show as intimate a knowledge of the idioms of eastern poetry as does Moore's *Lalla Rookh.* In 1842 he began to contribute to *The Nation* newspaper, and some of his best productions appeared in its columns during a period of five years. When Mr. Mitchel started *The United Irishman* Mangan, although taking no active part in politics, yet sympathized so deeply in his friend's sentiments that during its brief career he wrote almost entirely for this paper.

In spite of his own and the efforts of his friends, Mangan's habits of intemperance continued to hold sway over him, and he found himself drifting towards what he himself calls "the gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns." Day by day, as he became more feeble, he the more persistently flew for comfort to the twin fiends (brandy and opium) which were sapping his life. "Sometimes," says his biographer, "he could not be found for weeks; and then he would reappear, like a ghost or a ghoul, with a wildness in his blue glittering eye, as of one who has seen spectres." Through all his degradation and misfortune his tried friends never deserted him, and had he only permitted Father Meehan, Petrie, Anster, and others to assist him in the right way, his fate might have been a happier one. But he would brook neither advice nor remonstrance, and held to his own course, although no one could bewail his conduct more than himself, the constant cry of his spirit being, "Miserable man that I am, who will deliver me from the wrath to come?" His *German Anthology* was published in 1845. It comprises his translations from the German, many of which are remarkable for sweetness and beauty of finish. Early in June, 1849, he was seized with cholera, and although he rallied from the disease itself, his constitution was too much enfeebled to overcome the strain, and on the 20th of that month he died. His remains were laid in Glasnevin Cemetery, and no suitable memorial as yet marks the spot of his last resting-place. Let us hope that the wish he expresses in his poem "The Nameless One," for "a grave in the bosoms of the pitying," may be accorded to the gifted but ill-fated poet. In 1859 Mr. John Mitchel published in New York a collection of his poems with a memoir prefixed, from which we take the most of our facts.

Notwithstanding Mangan's genius his name is very little known, except among his own countrymen, who, it is said, "prize him above all the poets that their island of song ever nursed." "He has not, and perhaps never had," says the Hon. Charles Gavan Duffy, "any rival in mastery of the metrical and rhythmical resources of the English tongue; his power over it is something wholly wonderful." Mr. Hayes, in a short sketch of Mangan in his *Ballad Poetry of Ireland,* tells us that in the library of Trinity College "he acquired that knowledge of languages which he afterwards turned to such good account," but that "he frequently surpassed his originals in the freedom and fluency of his language; and many of the poems which he has called translations are entirely his own." At the same time he observes that Mangan was "a Dervish among the Turks, a Bursch among the Germans, a Scald among the Danes, an Improvisatore in Italy, and a Senachie in Ireland." Mr. Mitchel says: "Mangan's pathos was all genuine, his laughter hollow and painful. In several poems he breaks out into a sort of humour, not hearty and merry fun, but rather grotesque, bitter, fescennine buffoonery; which leaves an unpleasant impression, as if he were grimly sneering at himself and at all the world; purposely marring the effect of fine poetry by turning it into burlesque, and showing how meanly he regarded everything, even the art wherein he lived and had his being, when he compared his own exalted ideal of art and life with the littleness of all his experiences and performances."]

THE NAMELESS ONE.[1]

Roll forth, my song, like the rushing river,
That sweeps along to the mighty sea;
God will inspire me while I deliver
My soul of thee!

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whitening
Amid the last homes of youth and eld,
That there was once one whose veins ran lightning
No eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear night-hour,
How shone for *him*, through his grief and gloom,
No star of all heaven sends to light our
Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song, and to after ages
Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,
He would have taught men, from wisdom's pages,
The way to live.

And tell how trampled, derided, hated,
And worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,
He fled for shelter to God, who mated
His soul with song—

With song which alway, sublime or vapid,
Flowed like a rill in the morning beam,
Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid—
A mountain stream.

Tell how this Nameless, condemned for years long
To herd with demons from hell beneath,
Saw things that made him, with groans and tears, long
For even death.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,
Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,
With spirit shipwrecked, and young hopes blasted,
He still, still strove;

Till, spent with toil, dreeing death for others,
And some whose hands should have wrought for *him;*
(If children live not for sires and mothers,)
His mind grew dim.

And he fell far through that pit abysmal,
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,
And pawned his soul for the devil's dismal
Stock of returns.

But yet redeemed it in days of darkness,
And shapes and signs of the final wrath,
When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness,
Stood on his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,
And want, and sickness, and houseless nights,
He bides in calmness the silent morrow
That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then? Yes! old and hoary
At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,
He lives, enduring what future story
Will never know.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,
Deep in your bosoms! There let him dwell!
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble
Here and in hell.

DARK ROSALEEN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

O my dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep;
The priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the deep.
There's wine . . . from the royal pope,
Upon the ocean green;
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
My dark Rosaleen!

Over hills, and through dales,
Have I roamed for your sake;
All yesterday I sailed with sails
On river and on lake.
The Erne, . . . at its highest flood,
I dashed across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Oh! there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lightened through my blood,
My dark Rosaleen!

All day long, in unrest,
To and fro, do I move,
The very soul within my breast
Is wasted for you, love!
The heart . . . in my bosom faints
To think of you, my queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
My dark Rosaleen!

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
Are my lot, night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
Like to the mournful moon.
But yet . . . will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen;
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!

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[1] A picture of the poet's own life and sorrows.

'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
My dark Rosaleen!

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly, for your weal:
Your holy delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home . . . in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills,
Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer,
To heal your many ills!
And one . . . beamy smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
My dark Rosaleen!

O! the Erne shall run red
With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood,
And gun-peal, and slogan-cry,
Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My dark Rosaleen!

A HIGHWAY FOR FREEDOM.

"My suffering country shall be freed,
And shine with tenfold glory!"
So spake the gallant Winkelried,
Renowned in German story.
"No tyrant, even of kingly grade,
Shall cross or darken *my* way!"
Out flashed his blade, and so he made
For Freedom's course a highway!

We want a man like this, with pow'r
To rouse the world by *one* word;
We want a chief to meet the hour,
And march the masses onward.
But, chief or none, through blood and fire,
My fatherland, lies *thy* way!
The men must fight who dare desire
For Freedom's course a highway!

Alas! I can but idly gaze
Around in grief and wonder;
The people's will alone can raise
The people's shout of thunder.
Too long, my friends, you faint for fear,
In secret crypt and by-way;
At last be men! Stand forth and clear
For Freedom's course a highway!

You intersect wood, lea, and lawn,
With roads for monster waggons,
Wherein you speed like lightning, drawn
By fiery iron dragons.
So do. Such work is good, no doubt;
But why not seek some nigh way
For *mind* as well? Path also out
For Freedom's course a highway!

Yes! up! and let your weapons be
Sharp steel and self-reliance!
Why waste your burning energy
In void and vain defiance,
And phrases fierce but fugitive?
'Tis deeds, not words, that *I* weigh—
Your swords and guns alone can give
To Freedom's course a highway!

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.[1]

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

O Woman of Three Cows, agragh! don't let your tongue thus rattle!
O don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle.
I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's true—
A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser,
For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser;
And death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows;

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[1] This ballad, which is of a homely cast, was intended as a rebuke to the saucy pride of a woman in humble life, who assumed airs of consequence from being the possessor of three cows. Its author's name is unknown; but its age can be determined, from the language, as belonging to the early part of the seventeenth century. That it was formerly very popular in Munster may be concluded from the fact, that the phrase, "Easy, oh, woman of three cows" has become a saying in that province, on any occasion upon which it is desirable to lower the pretensions of a boastful or consequential person.—*Mangan.*

Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good
Woman of Three Cows!

See where Momonia's[1] heroes lie, proud Owen
More's descendants,
'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the
grand attendants!
If *they* were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal
bows,
Can *you* be proud, can *you* be stiff, my Woman of
Three Cows?

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the
land to mourning!
Mavrone![2] for they were banished, with no hope
of their returning—
Who knows in what abodes of want those youths
were driven to house?
Yet *you* can give yourself these airs, O Woman of
Three Cows!

Think of Donnell of the Ships, the chief whom
nothing daunted—
See how he fell in distant Spain, unchronicled,
unchanted!
He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder
cannot rouse—
Then ask yourself, should *you* be proud? good
Woman of Three Cows!

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names
are shrined in story—
Think how their high achievements once made
Erin's greatest glory—
Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds
and cypress boughs,
And so, for all your pride, will yours, O Woman
of Three Cows!

Th' O'Carrolls also, famed when fame was only
for the boldest,
Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and
oldest;
Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or
carouse?
Just think of that, and hide your head, good
Woman of Three Cows!

Your neighbour's poor, and you it seems are big
with vain ideas,
Because, *inagh!*[3] you've got three cows—one more,
I see, than *she* has;
That tongue of yours wags more at times than
charity allows,
But, if you're strong, be merciful, great Woman
of Three Cows!

THE SUMMING UP.

Now, there you go! you still, of course, keep up
your scornful bearing;
And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak
I'm wearing,
If I had but *four* cows myself, even though you
were my spouse,
I'd thwack you well to cure your pride, my Woman
of Three Cows?

THE EXPEDITION AND DEATH OF KING DATHY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

King Dathy assembled his Druids and Sages,
And thus he spake them—"Druids and Sages!
What of King Dathy?
What is revealed in Destiny's pages
Of him or his? Hath he
Aught for the Future to dread or to dree?
Good to rejoice in, or Evil to flee?
Is he a foe of the Gall—
Fitted to conquer, or fated to fall?"

And Beirdra, the Druid, made answer as thus—
A priest of a hundred years was he—
"Dathy! thy fate is not hidden from us!
Hear it through me!
Thou shalt work thine own will!
Thou shalt slay—thou shalt prey—
And be Conqueror still!
Thee the Earth shall not harm!
Thee we charter and charm
From all evil and ill!
Thee the laurel shall crown!
Thee the wave shall not drown!
Thee the chain shall not bind!
Thee the spear shall not find!
Thee the sword shall not slay!
Thee the shaft shall not pierce!
Thou, therefore, be fearless and fierce,
And sail with thy warriors away
To the lands of the Gall,
There to slaughter and sway,
And be Victor o'er all!"

So Dathy he sailed away, away
Over the deep resounding sea;
Sailed with his hosts in armour gray
Over the deep resounding sea,
Many a night and many a day,
And many an islet conquered he—
He and his hosts in armour gray.
And the billow drowned him not,
And a fetter bound him not,
And the blue spear found him not,
And the red sword slew him not,
And the swift shaft knew him not,
And the foe o'erthrew him not.
Till, one bright morn, at the base
Of the Alps, in rich Ausonia's regions,

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[1] Munster. [2] My grief. [3] Forsooth.

His men stood marshalled face to face
With the mighty Roman legions.
Noble foes!
Christian and Heathen stood there among those,
Resolute all to overcome,
Or die for the Eagles of Ancient Rome!

When, behold! from a temple anear
Came forth like an aged priest-like man,
Of a countenance meek and clear,
Who, turning to Eire's Ceann,[1]
Spake him as thus, "King Dathy! hear!
Thee would I warn!
Retreat! retire! Repent in time
The invader's crime,
Or better for thee thou hadst never been born!"
But Dathy replied, "False Nazarene!
Dost thou, then, menace Dathy, thou?
And dreamest thou that he will bow
To one unknown, to one so mean.
So powerless as a priest must be!
He scorns alike thy threats and thee!
On! on, my men, to victory!"

And, with loud shouts for Eire's King,
The Irish rush to meet the foe,
And falchions clash and bucklers ring,—
When, lo!
Lo! a mighty earthquake's shock!
And the cleft plains reel and rock;
Clouds of darkness pall the skies;
Thunder crashes,
Lightning flashes,
And in an instant Dathy lies
On the earth a mass of blackened ashes!
Then, mournfully and dolefully,
The Irish warriors sailed away
Over the deep resounding sea,
Till, wearily and mournfully,
They anchored in Eblana's Bay.
Thus the Seanachies[2] and Sages
Tell this tale of long-gone ages.

AND THEN NO MORE.[3]

I saw her once, one little while, and then no more:
'Twas Eden's light on earth awhile, and then no more.
Amid the throng she passed along the meadow-floor:
Spring seemed to smile on earth awhile, and then no more.
But whence she came—which way she went—what garb she wore,
I noted not—I gazed awhile, and then no more!
I saw her once, one little while, and then no more:
'Twas Paradise on earth awhile, and then no more.
Ah! what avail my vigils pale, my magic lore?
She shone before mine eyes awhile, and then no more.
The shallop of my peace is wrecked on Beauty's shore;
Near Hope's fair isle it rode awhile, and then no more!

I saw her once, one little while, and then no more:
Earth looked like heaven a little while, and then no more.
Her presence thrilled and lighted to its inner core
My desert breast, a little while, and then no more.
So may, perchance, a meteor glance at midnight o'er
Some ruined pile a little while, and then no more.

I saw her once, one little while, and then no more;
The earth was Peri-land awhile, and then no more.
Oh! might I see but once again, as once before,
Through chance or wile, that shape awhile, and then no more!
Death soon would heal my griefs! This heart, now sad and sore,
Would beat anew a little while, and then no more!

THE KARAMANIAN EXILE.

FROM THE OTTOMAN.

I see thee ever in my dreams,
Karaman!
Thy hundred hills, thy thousand streams,
Karaman! O, Karaman!
As when thy gold-bright morning gleams,
As when the deepening sunset seams
With lines of light thy hills and streams,
Karaman!
So thou loomest on my dreams,
Karaman!
Nightly loomest on my dreams,
Karaman! O, Karaman!

The hot bright plains, the sun, the skies,
Karaman!
Seem death-black marble to mine eyes,
Karaman! O, Karaman!
I turn from summer's blooms and dyes;
Yet in my dreams thou dost arise
In welcome glory on mine eyes,
Karaman!
In thee my life of life yet lies,
Karaman!
Thou still art holy in mine eyes,
Karaman! O, Karaman!

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[1] Head, king.
[2] Historians.
[3] From the German of Friedrich Reuckert.

Ere my fighting years were come,
Karaman!
Troops were few in Erzerome,
Karaman! O, Karaman!
Their fiercest came from Erzerome;
They came from Ukhbar's palace-dome;
They dragged me forth from thee, my home,
Karaman!
Thee, my own, my mountain-home,
Karaman!
In life and death my spirit's home,
Karaman! O, Karaman!

Oh, none of all my sisters ten,
Karaman!
Loved like me my fellow-men,
Karaman! O, Karaman!
I was mild as milk till then,
I was soft as silk till then;
Now my breast is as a den,
Karaman!
Foul with blood and bones of men,
Karaman!
With blood and bones of slaughtered men,
Karaman! O, Karaman!

My boyhood's feelings, newly born,
Karaman!
Withered, like young flowers uptorn,
Karaman! O, Karaman!
And in their stead sprang weed and thorn:
What once I loved now moves my scorn;
My burning eyes are dried to horn,
Karaman!
I hate the blessèd light of morn,
Karaman!
It maddens me the face of morn,
Karaman! O, Karaman!

The Spahi wears a tyrant's chains,
Karaman!
But bondage worse than this remains,
Karaman! O, Karaman!
His heart is black with million stains:
Thereon, as on Kaf's blasted plains,
Shall never more fall dews and rains,
Karaman!
Save poison-dews and bloody rains,
Karaman!
Hell's poison-dews and bloody rains,
Karaman! O, Karaman!

But life at worst must end ere long,
Karaman!
Azreel[1] avengeth every wrong,
Karaman! O, Karaman!
Of late my thoughts rove more among
Thy fields;—foreshadowing fancies throng
My mind, and texts of bodeful song,
Karaman!
Azreel is terrible and strong,
Karaman!
His lightning-sword smites all ere long,
Karaman! O, Karaman!

There's care to-night in Ukhbar's halls,
Karaman!
There's hope, too, for his trodden thralls,
Karaman! O, Karaman!
What lights flash red along yon walls?
Hark! hark!—the muster-trumpet calls!—
I see the sheen of spears and shawls,
Karaman!
The foe! the foe!—they scale the walls,
Karaman!
To-night Murád or Ukhbar falls,
Karaman! O, Karaman!

MY THREE TORMENTORS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Three spirits there be who haunt me always,[2]
Plaguing my spirit in sundry small ways.
One is apparell'd in purple and red;
He sits on a barrel—a chaplet of laurel
Which ought to be mine, and *was* before he
Robbed me of brains, and bread, and glory,
Wreathed around his globular head,
And a royal and richly bubbling cup
Of the blood that he drains from his victims' veins
In his hand, that shakes as he lifts it up!
Oh, woe, woe,
And sorrow,
To be, to be
His slave,
Through every coming morrow,
Till years lay me low—
Low in an honourless grave!

My second tormentor, a weakened old pigmy,
Delves in a mine, as though he would dig my
Grave, or his own—I hardly care which!
His visage is wrinkled and dust-besprinkled,
His clothes are in rags, yet he heaps together
Bright gold by the bushel; one scarcely knows whether
The hateful old hunks be poor or be rich!
His gold is ever before his view:
He worships it, he—and, alas! makes *me*,
In spite of my conscience, worship it too!
Oh, woe, woe, &c.

The third—oh! the third is a marvellous creature,
Infant-like, and of heavenly feature!
His voice is rich as the song of the spheres;
But ah! what tragic unrest its magic

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[1] The Angel of Death.

[2] Intemperance, Avarice, and Love.

Doth bring to the bosom who shall tell of?
To me that voice has been as the knell of
Death and despair through bitterest years!
And, then, his bright but mischievous eyes;
Their mildest glance is the wound of a lance,
'Neath which the heart's blank innocence dies!
Oh, woe, woe, &c.

CAHAL MOR OF THE WINE-RED HAND.

A VISION OF CONNAUGHT IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

I walked entranced
Through a land of morn;
The sun, with wondrous excess of light,
Shone down and glanced
Over seas of corn,
And lustrous gardens aleft and right.
Even in the clime
Of resplendent Spain
Beams no such sun upon such a land;
But it was the time,
'Twas in the reign,
Of Cahal Mor of the Wine-Red Hand.[1]

Anon stood nigh
By my side a man
Of princely aspect and port sublime.
Him queried I,
"O, my Lord and Khan,[2]
What clime is this, and what golden time?"
When he—"The clime
Is a clime to praise,
The clime is Erin's, the green and bland;
And it is the time,
These be the days,
Of Cahal Mor of the Wine-red Hand!"

Then I saw thrones,
And circling fires,
And a dome rose near me, as by a spell,
Whence flowed the tones
Of silver lyres
And many voices in wreathed swell;
And their thrilling chime
Fell on mine ears
As the heavenly hymn of an angel-band—
"It is now the time,
These be the years,
Of Cahal Mor of the Wine-red Hand!"

I sought the hall,
And, behold!—a change
From light to darkness, from joy to woe!
Kings, nobles, all
Looked aghast and strange;
The minstrel-group sate in dumbest show!
Had some great crime
Wrought this dread amaze,
This terror? None seemed to understand!
'Twas then the time,
We were in the days,
Of Cahal Mor of the Wine-red Hand.

I again walked forth;
But lo! the sky
Showed fleckt with blood, and an alien sun
Glared from the north,
And there stood on high,
Amid his shorn beams, A SKELETON![3]
It was by the stream
Of the castled maine,
One autumn eve in the Teuton's land,
That I dreamed this dream
Of the time and reign
Of Cahal Mor of the Wine-red Hand!

"THE ONE MYSTERY."

'Tis idle!—we exhaust and squander
The glittering mine of thought in vain;
All-baffled reason cannot wander
Beyond her chain.
The flood of life runs dark—dark clouds
Make lampless night around its shore:
The dead, where are they? In their shrouds—
Man knows no more!
Evoke the ancient and the past—
Will one illuming star arise?
Or must the film, from first to last,
O'erspread thine eyes?
When life, love, glory, beauty, wither
Will wisdom's page, or science' chart,
Map out for thee the region whither
Their shades depart?

Supposest thou the wondrous powers
To high imagination given,
Pale types of what shall yet be ours,
When earth is heaven?
When this decaying shell is cold,
Oh! sayest thou the soul shall climb

---

[1] The Irish and Oriental poets both agree in attributing favourable or unfavourable weather and abundant or deficient harvests to the good or bad qualities of the reigning monarch. What the character of Cahal was will be seen from the poem. *Mor* means great.—*Mangan.*

[2] Identical with the Irish *ceann*, head or chief; but I the rather gave him the oriental title, as really fancying myself in one of the regions of Araby the Blest.—*Mangan.*

[3] "It was but natural that these portentous appearances should thus be exhibited on this occasion, for they were the heralds of a very great calamity that befell the Connacians in this year—namely, the death of Cathal of the Red Hand, son of Torlogh Mor of the Wine, and King of Connaught, a prince of most amiable qualities, and into whose heart GOD had infused more piety and goodness than into the hearts of any of his contemporaries."—*Annals of the Four Masters*, A.D. 1224.

That magic mount she trod of old,
Ere childhood's time?

And shall the sacred pulse that thrilled,
Thrill once again to glory's name?
And shall the conquering love that filled
All earth with flame
Reborn, revived, renewed, immortal,
Resume his reign in prouder might,
A sun beyond the ebon portal
Of death and night?

No more, no more—with aching brow,
And restless heart, and burning brain,
We ask the When, the Where, the How,
And ask in vain.
And all philosophy, all faith,
All earthly—all celestial lore,
Have but one voice, which only saith,
Endure—adore!

CEAN-SALLA.

THE LAST WORDS OF RED HUGH O'DONNELL ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM IRELAND FOR SPAIN.[1]

Weep not the brave dead!
Weep rather the living—
On them lies the curse
Of a doom unforgiving!
Each dark hour that rolls,
Shall the memories they nurse
Like molten hot lead,
Burn into their souls
A remorse long and sore!
They have helped to enthral a
Great land evermore,
They who fled from Cean-Salla!

Alas, for thee, slayer
Of the kings of the Norsemen!
Thou land of sharp swords,
And strong kerns and swift horsemen!
Land ringing with song!
Land, whose abbots and lords,
Whose Heroic and Fair,
Through centuries long,
Made each Palace of thine
A new Western Walhalla—
Thus to die without sign
On the field of Cean-Salla;

My ship cleaves the wave—
I depart for Iberia—
But, oh! with what grief,
With how heavy and dreary a
Sensation of ill!
I could welcome a grave:
My career has been brief,
But I bow to God's will!
Not if now all forlorn,
In my green years, I fall, a
Lone exile, I mourn—
But I mourn for Cean-Salla!

THE TIME OF THE BARMECIDES.

FROM THE ARABIC.

My eyes are filmed, my beard is gray,
I am bowed with the weight of years;
I would I were stretched in my bed of clay,
With my long-lost youths' compeers!
For back to the past, though the thought brings woe,
My memory ever glides—
To the old, old time, long, long ago,
The time of the Barmecides,—
To the old, old time, long, long ago,
The time of the Barmecides.

Then youth was mine, and a fierce wild will,
And an iron arm in war,
And a fleet foot high upon Ishkar's hill,
When the watch lights glimmered afar;
And a barb as fiery as any I know,
That Khoord or Beddaween rides,
Ere my friends lay low—long, long ago,
In the time of the Barmecides,—
Ere my friends lay low—long, long ago,
In the time of the Barmecides.

One golden goblet illumed my board,
One silver dish was there;
At hand my tried Karamanian sword
Lay always bright and bare;
For those were the days when the angry blow
Supplanted the word that chides—
When hearts could glow—long, long ago,
In the time of the Barmecides,—
When hearts could glow—long, long ago,
In the time of the Barmecides.

Through city and desert my mates and I
Were free to rove and roam,
Our diapered canopy the deep of the sky
Or the roof of the palace-dome—
Oh! ours was that vivid life to and fro

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[1] After his defeat at Cean-Salla (Kinsale), it was remarked that the Irish became a totally changed people, for they now exchanged their valour for timidity, their energy and vigour for indolence, and their hopes for bitter despondency.—*Annals of the Four Masters*, A.D. 1602. Though O'Donnell reached Spain at a moment when his last hope had failed, and though he died there, a broken-hearted suppliant for Spanish aid, the future avenged him; for a scion of his race became in our times one of the most powerful and most feared rulers of the Spanish people.

Which only sloth derides:—
Men spent life so, long long ago,
In the time of the Barmecides,—
Men spent life so, long long ago,
In the time of the Barmecides.

I see rich Bagdad once again,
With its turrets of Moorish mould,
And the Khalif's twice five hundred men
Whose binishes flamed with gold;
I call up many a gorgeous show
Which the pall of oblivion hides—
All passed like snow, long, long ago,
With the time of the Barmecides,—
All passed like snow, long, long ago,
With the time of the Barmecides!

But mine eye is dim, and my beard is gray,
And I bend with the weight of years—
May I soon go down to the house of clay,
Where slumber my youth's compeers!
For with them and the past, though the thought wakes woe,
My memory ever abides,
And I mourn for the times gone long ago,
For the times of the Barmecides,—
I mourn for the times gone long ago,
For the times of the Barmecides!

RICHARD LALOR SHEIL.

BORN 1791—DIED 1851.

[This eminent orator, politician, and author was born on the 16th of August, 1791, at the residence of his father, Bellevue House, on the river Suir, a little below Waterford. He received his early education from a French abbé, who had fled from his country during the revolution, and had found refuge in the hospitable home of Shiel's father. After the Peace of Amiens the refugee returned to France, and Sheil was sent to a school at Kensington, London, conducted by the Prince de Broglio, a son of Marshal Broglio. The greater number of the pupils here were sons of French refugees of rank, and Sheil became so proficient in the French language as almost to forget his own. His father's wish was that he should study for the priesthood, and with this end in view he proceeded to the Jesuit College at Stoneyhurst in Lancashire, but his own tastes led him in a different direction. He decided on the bar as a profession, and in November, 1807, entered Trinity College, Dublin. Becoming a member of the College Historical Society, he took a prominent part in its debates, but his speeches at this time were more remarkable for metaphor than argument. His figure was ungainly, his gestures theatrical, and his voice shrill. While perfectly conscious of these defects, he never entirely overcame them, though the practice of public speaking tended in time to strengthen his voice and modify his abruptness of manner. When only eighteen years of age he delivered his first speech in public at a meeting of the Catholic Association. At the outset he was received with marked impatience, but warming with his subject he gained firmness, and at the conclusion was loudly cheered. About this time Sheil's father was completely ruined by the failure of a mercantile firm in Dublin in which he had invested his money, and the family residence of Bellevue had to be sold. This misfortune could not fail to affect the future of young Sheil. He gained his degree of B.A. in 1811, and was enabled to complete his studies for the bar at Lincoln's Inn by the pecuniary help of friends. In 1813 he returned to Ireland and took a leading part in the work of the Catholic Association, siding with the vetoists and against O'Connell.

To aid in defraying the expense connected with his call to the bar, Sheil wrote a tragedy entitled *Adelaide or the Emigrants.* This play when brought out in Crow Street Theatre, Dublin gained a temporary success through the clever acting of the celebrated Miss O'Neil, who undertook the rôle of the heroine; but it possessed no intrinsic merit, and when afterwards put on the stage at Covent Garden proved almost a failure. He was called to the bar in 1814, but his engagements being as yet inconsiderable, he continued to apply himself to authorship, and produced another tragedy entitled *The Apostate.* In this play he seeks to demonstrate that religious intolerance under all circumstances is objectionable. The cast included Miss O'Neil, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Macready, and Mr. Young, and on the night of its first production at Covent Garden the author was called before the curtain to receive an enthusiastic ovation. Mr. Murray paid him £300 for the copyright of this play, and from the manager of the theatre he received £400.

In 1816, the year in which *The Apostate* was written, Sheil married Miss O'Halloran, niece of Sir William Macmahon, master of the rolls. In 1817 he produced *Bellamira or the Fall of Tunis,* a play that met with a favourable reception, although not so successful as *The Apostate.* He was now advised by a friend to make an adaptation of Shirley's play *The Traitor.* He began the work, but after a time threw Shirley aside, and out of the new material which he had written he produced the tragedy of *Evadne or the Statue.* This became the most popular of Sheil's pieces, and elicited the praise of many eminent critics. His next play, *Montoni*, was a failure. *The Fatal Dowry* and *The Huguenots* followed, but also proved failures, owing possibly to the absence through illness of the actors intended for the principal parts. The author, who had expected great things from *The Huguenots,* was so disappointed at the failure that he resolved to renounce dramatic literature for ever.

After receiving for his dramatic writings a sum of about £2000, he, in 1822, turned his attention to his profession once more, and set himself to work up the practice so long neglected. Like many lawyers of that period he took an active part in the prevailing political agitation, and wrote a severe criticism on O'Connell, which drew forth a not very flattering retort; but all this was forgiven and forgotten when Sheil gave the laudatory portrait of the Agitator which appeared in the "Sketches of the Irish Bar" he was then contributing to *The New Monthly Magazine.* In the same year (1822) Sheil sustained a great blow in the loss of his wife, shortly after the birth of an only child. For some time after this calamity he continued quietly attending to his profession, and continuing to contribute to *The New Monthly Magazine* papers on the Irish bar, written in conjunction with W. H. Curran. The *Sketches of the Irish Bar* were afterwards published collectively. An accidental meeting of Mr. O'Connell with Mr. Sheil at the house of a mutual friend in 1822 led to the former antagonists becoming fast friends in the work of Catholic emancipation. Shortly afterwards, at a meeting held in Dublin, it was resolved to petition parliament to institute an inquiry into the unjust manner in which the laws were administered in Ireland. At O'Connell's request Sheil drew up the petition. When laid before parliament Mr. Brougham proposed to refer it to the "Committee on Courts of Justice;" but Mr. Peel strongly opposed this motion, and would not consent to any reference of a petition which he characterized as "more in the declamatory style of a condemned tragedy than a grave representation to the legislature." In 1825, when Mr. Goulburn brought in a bill for the suppression of political associations, Sheil, O'Connell, and others formed a deputation, proceeded to London, and demanded to be heard at the bar of the House of Commons. The deputation was received most cordially by the leaders of the Whig party, but their mission, notwithstanding, was unsuccessful, the Duke of York declaring in the House of Lords, that in the event of his succeeding to the throne he would never consent to Catholic emancipation. This raised a storm of indignation against the duke, in which Sheil took an active part.

Sheil's business at the Nisi Prius bar was now considerable, yet he found time to go heart and soul with O'Connell into the struggle for emancipation. He hurried about from county to county, and in the number and variety of his speeches almost equalled the great Agitator himself. To escape for a short time from the constant pressure and turmoil of public life he visited France in 1826. Here his friend the Abbé Genoude was so much struck with his description of the state of Ireland, that he induced him to contribute to *L'Etoile*, a paper of which he was editor, a series of anonymous articles on the subject written in the French language.

On the death of the Duke of York Sheil made, in a speech at a public meeting, a kind of apology for the severity of his former attacks, but it seems to have had little effect in allaying the resentment felt towards him in high quarters. At length proceedings were instituted against him, founded on a speech which he had delivered on Theobald Wolfe Tone, in which he appeared to approve of the sentiments and doings of that patriot. Plunket was attorney-general at the time, and most reluctantly took up the case, well aware that this act would destroy for ever his influence in Ireland. Canning said afterwards of Sheil's speech that it might have been delivered in the House of Commons without even drawing forth a call to order. Sheil, "to cut down," as he said, "Goliath with his own sword," asked Plunket to conduct the prosecution in person, intending to cite passages from his (Plunket's) earlier speeches, which were, at least, equally as violent and unconstitutional as his own. Matters had assumed a somewhat serious aspect for Sheil, who, by rashly acknowledging the authorship of the letters in *L'Etoile*, gave his enemies fresh weapons wherewith to wreak their vengeance. He was desirous to let the case take its course, but O'Connell, his counsel, wisely put in a claim for the defendant's delaying his answer to the indictment. This delay was a great relief to Plunket, who was only too glad to grant it. The dissolution of government, on the death of Lord Liverpool, still further postponed the trial, and on Mr. Canning's accession to office it was entirely abandoned.

In 1827 a serious accident withdrew Sheil for a time from public life; when able to return to it once more, Canning, on whose aid the emancipation party had reckoned, was dead, and the Duke of Wellington was at the head of the government. With these changes came the Clare election, and the passing of a resolution by the Catholic Association to oppose any Irish member who should accept office under government. When the Test and Corporation Acts were repealed, Lord John Russell advised the withdrawal of this resolution, with which advice O'Connell would have been willing to comply had not his opinion been overruled. The point was speedily brought to issue by Mr. Fitzgerald, the candidate for Clare, accepting office as president of the Board of Trade. By the advice of Sheil and others O'Connell was induced to stand for the county. Sheil was indefatigable in canvassing for his friend. He went from place to place, delivering in out-of-the-way country towns speeches eloquent enough to move a House of Commons. The result is well known—O'Connell's triumph was secured.

Sheil, at the request of the viceroy, advised O'Connell to put a stop for a time to the mass meetings, and on the 25th September, 1828, O'Connell indicated his desire, which was law to the people. At this time the question of emancipation was under discussion, and the people of Kent, apprehending danger, held a great meeting on Penenden Heath for the purpose of recording the opposition of the Protestants of England to any concessions the government might be disposed to make. On hearing of their intention he determined to be present, and in order that he might be entitled to speak he proceeded to London, purchased a freehold, and on the 24th of October, 1828, presented himself at the meeting. Upwards of 20,000 men were present, and after appealing to their generosity for a hearing he made a speech, which, in consequence of frequent interruptions, was scarcely heard, but nevertheless his object was gained, as it appeared in *The Times* with others delivered on the same occasion. Filled with admiration of his courage as a man and brilliancy as an orator, the people received him on his return to Ireland with a great ovation.

Shortly after this the passing of the Emancipation Bill relieved Sheil from his incessant toil in the Catholic cause, and opened for him an entirely new field for labour and triumph. In 1830 he received the silk gown, and the same year he adopted the name of Lalor, on the occasion of his second marriage with the widow of Mr. Power of Gurteen, a lady who inherited large property in the county of Tipperary from her father Mr. Lalor of Crenagh. Sheil now resolved to attempt to enter parliament. After some disappointment and a defeat in contesting Louth, the Marquis of Anglesea offered him the seat for Milborne Port, which he accepted. His first speech in the House of Commons was made on the Reform Bill in March, 1831, and it produced a very favourable impression.

On the dissolution of parliament after the rejection of the Reform Bill Mr. Sheil was urged by his friends to stand again for Louth. He hesitated, but at last consented, and this time was returned member. He now took a prominent part in opposing the plan for changing into rent-charge the tithes which the Irish groaned under, and supported O'Connell in the Irish Reform Bill, proposing that it should be similar in its provisions to the English bill which had preceded it. His advocacy did not gain anything for the cause. The bill was only a poor imitation of the English one, and instead of giving more liberty to the Irish subject, rather restricted what little he had.

Sheil did not at first take part in the new agitation for repeal of the union; but as time passed on and he saw that emancipation had not brought the changes it had promised, he determined to rejoin his old friends the agitators, by whom he was warmly welcomed. At the next general election, in 1832, he was returned for the county of Tipperary, which he continued to represent in parliament till 1841, when he became member for Dungarvan. His wife's fortune rendering him entirely independent of his profession, he now retired from the bar, and devoted himself exclusively to a political career. His speeches on "Repeal of the Union" in 1843, "Turkish Treaties" in the same year, "Orange Lodges" and the "Church of Ireland" in 1839, the "Corn Laws" in 1842, "Vote by Ballot" in 1843, and "Income Tax" in 1845, were among the most important of those made by him in the House of Commons.

After the death of William IV. Sheil accepted office under government as commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, an appointment which was only temporary. In 1839 he was made vice-president of the Board of Trade. The acceptance of these offices was resented by his friends in Ireland, and he was stigmatized in some of the more democratic papers as a place-hunter. That this charge was unfounded his speeches and votes in the House of Commons proved. The good of Ireland was always his first consideration. He opposed the movement for repeal in 1840, but did so under the conviction that it could effect no good end, and that the House of Commons would not concede it. In 1841 he was appointed judge advocate-general, a more remunerative office than the one which he held in the Board of Trade.

The repeal agitation was ended, and with the beginning of the year 1844 the O'Connell trial came on. Sheil ably defended John O'Connell, son of the Liberator, and in his speech exposed the system of jury-packing, bringing forward as a sample of this great injustice the case of Charles Gavan Duffy, and his notable trial for an article in *The Belfast Vindicator*. About this time a proposal was laid before the House of Commons for providing unsectarian colleges in Ireland, and this measure was warmly advocated by Sheil, whose desire was "to have the common truths of Christianity" taught in every school.

In 1845 the death of his only son at Madeira, where Mrs. Sheil and he had gone for the sake of the young man's health, threw him into deep melancholy, and for a time he could not be induced to leave the island. Ultimately, in 1846, he was prevailed upon to return to England, and again to enter upon public life. In parliament he found a new coercion bill proposed. This roused him from his lethargy, and in an eloquent speech he reviewed Sir Robert Peel's Irish policy, and urged the Liberal party to unite in driving the ministry from power. The result of this speech was the resignation of Peel next day, and the accession of Lord John Russell to power. On this change of ministry Sheil was appointed master of the mint, a state office usually held by members of the cabinet.

The year 1850 saw the close of Mr. Sheil's parliamentary career, and the failing health of his wife caused him to seek a change of scene and climate. He went to Florence as ambassador at the court of Tuscany, where he spent some very happy days, surrounded as he was by treasures of art in which his poetical nature delighted. His familiarity with French enabled him to mix in society, where his wit and geniality were highly appreciated. In this city he died on 25th May, 1851, of an attack of gout. His remains, which were conveyed to Ireland in a ship of war, are interred at Long Orchard in Tipperary. Several editions of Sheil's *Speeches* with a memoir by T. MacNevin have appeared; also *Memoir and Speeches of Richard Lalor Sheil* by W. Torrens M'Cullagh, two vols. London, 1855.

In a speech delivered at the City Temple, March 22, 1877, Mr. Gladstone thus gives his recollections of the great orator:—"I am afraid no one here ever recollects hearing Mr. Sheil. If nobody recollects him there is nothing which I can appeal to; but if you will consider a tin kettle battered about from place to place, producing a succession of sounds as it knocked first against one side and then against the other, that is really one of the nearest approximations that I can make to my remembrance of the voice of Mr. Sheil. Then again, in anybody else I would not, if it had been in my choice, like to have listened to that voice; but in him I would not have changed it, for it was part of a most remarkable whole, and nobody ever felt it painful when they listened to it. He was a great orator, and an orator of much preparation, I believe, carried even to words, with a very vivid imagination and an enormous power of language and of strong feeling. There was a peculiar character, a sort of half-wildness in his aspect and delivery; his whole figure, and his delivery, and his voice, and his matter were all in such perfect keeping with one another that they formed a great parliamentary picture; and although it is now thirty-five years since I heard Mr. Sheil, my recollection of him is just as vivid as if I had been listening to him to-day.]"

SPEECH AT THE CLARE ELECTION.[1]

. . . But, sir, while I have thus made the acknowledgment which was due to Mr. Fitzgerald, let me not disguise my own feelings of legitimate, but not I hope offensive exultation at the result of this great contest, that has attracted the attention of the English people beyond all example. I am not mean enough to indulge in any contumelious vaunting over one who has sustained his defeat with so honourable a magnanimity. The victory which has been achieved has been obtained not so much over Mr. Fitzgerald, as over the faction with which I excuse him to a great extent for having been allied. A great display of power has been made by the Catholic Association, and that manifestation of its influence over the national mind I regard as not only a very remarkable, but a very momentous incident. Let us consider what has taken place, in order that we may see this singular political phenomenon in its just light. It is right that we attentively survey the extraordinary facts before us, in order that we may derive from them the moral admonitions which they are calculated to supply. What then has happened? Mr. Fitzgerald was promoted to a place in the Duke of Wellington's councils, and the representation of this great county became vacant. The Catholic Association determined to oppose him, and at first view the undertaking seemed to be desperate. Not a single Protestant gentleman could be procured to enter the lists, and in the want of any other candidate Mr. O'Connell stood forward on behalf of the people. Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald came into the field encompassed with the most signal advantages. His father is a gentleman of large estate, and had been long and deservedly popular in Ireland. Mr. Fitzgerald himself, inheriting a portion of the popular favour with a favourite name, had for twenty years been placed in such immediate contiguity to power, that he was enabled to circulate a large portion of the influence of government through this fortunate district. There is scarcely a single family of any significance among you which does not labour under Mr. Fitzgerald's obligations. At this moment it is only necessary to look at him, with the array of aristocracy beside him, in order to perceive upon what a high position for victory he was placed. He stands encompassed by the whole gentry of the county of Clare, who, as they stood by him in the hour of battle, come here to cover his retreat. Almost every gentleman of rank and fortune appears as his auxiliary, and the gentry, by their aspect at this instant, as well as by their devotedness during the election, furnish evidence that in his person their own cause was to be asserted. To this combination of favourable circumstances—to the political friend, to the accomplished gentleman, to the eloquent advocate at the head of all the patrician opulence of the county, what did we oppose? We opposed the power of the Catholic Association, and with that tremendous engine we have beaten the cabinet minister and the phalanx of aristocracy by which he is surrounded to the ground. Why do I mention these things? Is it for the purpose (God forbid that it should!) of wounding the feelings or exasperating the passions of any man? No, but in order to exhibit the almost marvellous incidents which have taken place, in the light in which they ought to be regarded, and to present them in all their appalling magnitude. Protestants who hear me, gentlemen of the county Clare, you whom I address with boldness, perhaps, but certainly not with any purpose to give you offence, let me entreat your attention. A baronet of rank and fortune, Sir Edward O'Brien, has asked whether this was a condition of things to be endured; he has expatiated upon the extraordinary influence which has been exercised in order to effect these signal results; and, after dwelling upon many other grounds of complaint, he has with great force inveighed against the severance which we have created between the landlord and tenant. Let it not be imagined that I mean to deny that we have had recourse to the expedients attributed to us; on the contrary, I avow it. We have put a great engine into action, and applied the entire force of that powerful machinery which the law has placed under our control. We are masters of the passions of the people, and we have employed our dominion with a terrible effect.

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[1] This election took place in September, 1828, when O'Connell defeated Mr. Fitzgerald.

But, sir, do you, or does any man here, imagine that we could have acquired this formidable ability to sunder the strongest ties by which the different classes of society are fastened, unless we found the materials of excitement in the state of society itself? Do you think that Daniel O'Connell has himself, and by the single powers of his own mind, unaided by any external co-operation, brought the country to this great crisis of agitation? Mr. O'Connell, with all his talents for excitation, would have been utterly powerless and incapable, unless he had been allied with a great conspirator against the public peace: and I will tell you who that confederate is—it is the law of the land itself that has been Mr. O'Connell's main associate, and that ought to be denounced as the mighty agitator of Ireland. The rod of oppression is the wand of this enchanter, and the book of his spells is the penal code. Break the wand of this political Prospero, and take from him the volume of his magic, and he will evoke the spirits which are now under his control no longer.

But why should I have recourse to illustration which may be accounted fantastical, in order to elucidate what is in itself so plain and obvious? Protestant gentlemen, who do me the honour to listen to me, look, I pray you, a little dispassionately at the real causes of the events which have taken place amongst you. I beg of you to put aside your angry feelings for an instant, and believe me that I am far from thinking that you have no good ground for resentment. It must be most painful to the proprietors of this county to be stripped in an instant of all their influence; to be left destitute of all sort of sway over their dependants, and to see a few demagogues and priests usurping their natural authority. This feeling of resentment must be aggravated by the consciousness that they have not deserved such a return from their tenants; and as I know Sir Edward O'Brien to be a truly benevolent landlord, I can well conceive that the apparent ingratitude with which he was treated has added to the pain which every landlord must experience; and I own that I was not surprised to see tears upon his eyelids, while his face was inflamed with the emotions to which it was not in human nature that he should not give way. But let Sir Edward O'Brien and his fellow-proprietors who are gathered about him recollect that the facility and promptitude with which the peasantry have thrown off their allegiance are owing not so much to any want of just moral feeling on the part of the people, as to the operation of causes for which the people are not to blame. In no other country except in this would such a revolution have been effected. Wherefore? Because in no other country are the people divided by the law from their superiors and cast into the hands of a set of men who are supplied with the means of national excitement by the system of government under which we live. Surely no man can believe that such an anomalous body as the Catholic Association could exist excepting in a community which had been alienated from the state by the state itself. The discontent and the resentment of seven millions of the population have generated that domestic government which sways public opinion, and uses the national passions as the instruments of its will. It would be utterly impossible, if there were no exasperating distinctions amongst us, to create any artificial causes of discontent. Let men declaim for a century, and if they have no real grievance their harangues will be empty sound and idle air. But when what they tell the people is true—when they are sustained by substantial facts, effects are produced of which what has taken place at this election is only an example. The whole body of the people having been previously excited, the moment any incident, such as this election, occurs, all the popular passions start simultaneously up, and bear down every obstacle before them. Do not, therefore, be surprised that the peasantry should throw off their allegiance, when they are under the operation of emotions which it would be wonderful if they could resist. The feeling by which they are actuated would make them not only vote against their landlord, but would make them scale the batteries of a fortress, and mount the breach; and, gentlemen, give me leave to ask you whether, after a due reflection upon the motives by which your vassals (for so they are accounted) are governed, you will be disposed to exercise any measure of severity in their regard.

I hear it said that before many days go by there will be many tears shed in the hovels of your slaves, and that you will take a terrible vengeance. I trust that you will not, when your own passions shall have subsided and your blood has had time to cool, persevere in such a cruel, and let me add, such an unjustifiable determination. Consider whether a great allowance should not be made for the offence which they have committed. If they are under the influence of fanaticism, such an influence affords many circumstances of extenuation:—you should forgive them, "for they know not what they do." They have followed their priests to the hustings, and they would follow them to the scaffold. You will ask wherefore they should prefer their priests to their landlords, and have a higher reverence for the altars of their religion than for the counter in which you calculate your rents? Consider a little the relation in which the priest stands towards the peasant. I will take for my example an excellent landlord and an excellent priest. The landlord shall be Sir Edward O'Brien, and the priest shall be Mr. Murphy of Corofin. Who is Sir Edward O'Brien? A gentleman who from the windows of a palace looks upon possessions almost as wide as those which his ancestors beheld from the summit of their feudal towers. His tenants pay him their rent twice a year, and have their land at a moderate rate. But what are his claims when put into comparison with those of Mr. Murphy of Corofin, to the confidence, to the affection, and to the fidelity of the peasants who are committed to his care? He is not only the minister of that humble altar at which their forefathers and themselves were taught to kneel, but he is their kind, their familiar, yet most respected friend. In their difficulties and distresses they have no one else to look to; he never fails when consulted by them to associate his sympathy with his admonition; for their sake he is ready to encounter every hazard, and in the performance of the perilous duties incident to his sacerdotal office he never hesitates to expose his life. In a stormy night a knocking is heard at the door of the priest of Corofin. He is told that at the foot of the mountain a man of guilt and blood has scarcely more than an hour to live. Will the teacher of the gospel tarry because of the rain and of the wind, and wait until the day shall break, when the soul of an expiring sinner can be saved, and the demons that are impatient for him can still be scared away? He goes forth in the blackness of the tempestuous midnight —he ascends the hill, he traverses the morass —and faint, and cold, and dripping, finds his way to the hovel where his coming is awaited: —with what a gasping of inarticulate gratitude—with what a smile of agony is he welcomed! No fear of contagion, no dread of the exhalations of mortality reeking from the bed of the pestilential man can appall him, but kneeling down at the side of the departing culprit, and sustaining him in his arms, he receives from lips impregnated with death the whisper with which the heart is unloaded of its mysteries, and, raising up his eyes to heaven, pronounces the ritual of absolution in the name of Him of whose commission of mercy he is the befitting bearer, and whose precepts he illustrates in his life and inculcates in his example.

And can you feel wonder and resentment that under the influence of such a man as I have described to you, your dependants should have ventured upon a violation of your mandates? Forgive me if I venture to supplicate, on behalf of your tenants, for forbearance. Pardon them, in the name of One who will forgive you your offences in the same measure of compassion which you will show to the trespasses of those who have sinned against yourselves. Do not persecute these poor people: don't throw their children upon the public road, and send them forth to starve, to shiver, and to die. For God's sake, Mr. Fitzgerald, as you are a gentleman and a man of honour, interpose your influence with your friends, and redeem your pledge. I address myself personally to you. On the first day of the election you declared that you would deprecate persecution, and that you were the last to wish that vindictive measures should be employed. I believe you—and I call upon you to redeem that pledge of mercy, to perform that great moral promise. You will cover yourself with honour by so doing, in the same way that you will share in the ignominy that will attend upon any expedients of rigour. Before you leave this country to assume your high functions, enjoin your friends with that eloquence of which you are the master, to refrain from cruelty, and not to oppress their tenants. Tell them, sir, that instead of busying themselves in the worthless occupation of revenge, it is much fitter that they should take the political condition of their country into their deep consideration. Tell them that they should address themselves to the legislature, and implore a remedy for these frightful evils. Tell them to call upon the men in whose hands the destiny of this great empire is placed to adopt a system of peace, and to apply to Ireland the great canon of political morality—*pacis imponere morem.* Let it not be imagined that any measure of disfranchisement, that any additional penalty, will afford a remedy. Things have been permitted to advance to a height from which they cannot recede.

Protestants, awake to a sense of your condition. What have you seen during this election? Enough to make you feel that it is not a mere local excitation, but that seven millions of Irish people are completely arrayed and organized. That which you behold in Clare you would behold, under similar circumstances, in every county in the kingdom. Did you mark our discipline, our subordination, our good order, and that tranquillity which is formidable indeed? You have seen sixty thousand men under our command, and not a hand was raised and not a forbidden word was uttered in that amazing multitude. You have beheld an example of our power in the almost miraculous sobriety of the people. Their lips have not touched that infuriating beverage to which they are so much attached, and their habitual propensity vanished at our command. Is it meet and wise to leave us armed with such a dominion? Trust us not with it; strip us of this appalling power; dis-array us by equality; instead of angry slaves make us contented citizens; if you do not, tremble for the result.

SPEECH AT PENENDEN HEATH.[1]

Let no man believe that I have come here in order that I might enter the lists of religious controversy and engage with any of you in a scholastic disputation. In the year 1828 the Real Presence does not afford an appropriate subject for debate, and it is not by the shades of a mystery that the rights of a British citizen are to be determined. I do not know whether there are many here by whom I am regarded as an idolater because I conscientiously adhere to the faith of your forefathers, and profess the doctrine in which I was born and bred; but if I am so accounted by you, you ought not to inflict a civil deprivation upon the accident of the cradle. You ought not to punish me for that for which I am not in reality to blame. If you do you will make the misfortune of the Catholic the fault of the Protestant, and by inflicting a wrong upon my religion cast a discredit upon your own. I am not the worse subject of my king, and the worse citizen of my country, because I concur in the belief of the great majority of the Christian world; and I will venture to add, with the frankness and something of the bluntness by which Englishmen are considered to be characterized, that if I am an idolater, I have a right to be one if I choose; my idolatry is a branch of my prerogative, and is no business of yours. But you have been told by Lord Winchelsea that the Catholic religion is the adversary of freedom. It may occur to you, perhaps, that his lordship affords a proof in his own person that a passion for Protestantism and a love of liberty are not inseparably associated; but without instituting too minute or embarrassing an inquiry into the services to freedom which in the course of his political life have been conferred by my Lord Winchelsea, and putting aside all personal considerations connected with the accuser, let me proceed to the accusation.

Calumniators of Catholicism, have you read the history of your country? Of the charges against the religion of Ireland the annals of England afford the confutation. The body of your common laws was given by the Catholic Alfred. He gave you your judges, your magistrates, your high sheriffs—(you, sir, hold your office, and have called this great assembly, by virtue of his institutions)—your courts of justice, your elective system, and the great bulwark of your liberties, the trial by jury. When Englishmen peruse the chronicles of their glory, their hearts beat high with exultation, their emotions are profoundly stirred, and their souls are ardently expanded. Where is the English boy who reads the story of his great island, whose pulse does not beat at the name of Runnymede, and whose nature is not deeply thrilled at the contemplation of that great incident when the mitred Langton, with his uplifted crosier, confronted the tyrant, whose sceptre shook in his trembling hand, and extorted what you have so justly called the Great, and what, I trust in God, you will have cause to designate as your everlasting Charter? It was by a Catholic pontiff that the foundation-stone in the temple of liberty was laid; and it was at the altars of that religion which you are accustomed to consider as the handmaid of oppression, that the architects of the constitution knelt down. Who conferred upon the people the right of self-taxation, and fixed, if he did not create, the representation of the people? The Catholic Edward the First; while in the reign of Edward the Third perfection was given to the representative system, parliaments were annually called, and the statute against constructive treason was enacted. It is false, foully, infamously false, that the Catholic religion, the religion of your forefathers, the religion of seven millions of your fellow-subjects, has been the auxiliary of debasement, and that to its influences the suppression of British freedom can, in a single instance, be referred. I am loath to say that which can give you cause to take offence; but when the faith of my country is made the object of imputation I cannot help, I cannot refrain from breaking into a retaliatory interrogation, and from asking whether the overthrow of the old religion of England was not effected by a tyrant, with a hand of iron and a heart of stone? whether Henry did not trample upon freedom, while upon Catholicism he set his foot; and whether Elizabeth herself, the virgin of the Reformation, did not inherit her despotism with her creed; whether in her reign the most barbarous atrocities were not committed; whether torture, in violation of the Catholic common law of England, was not politically inflicted, and with the shrieks of agony the Towers of Julius, in the dead of night, did not re-echo? And to pass to a more recent period, was it not on the very day on which Russell perished on the scaffold that the Protestant University of Oxford published the declaration in favour of passive obedience, to which your Catholic ancestors would have laid down their lives rather than have submitted?

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[1] Delivered in October, 1828, on the occasion of the inhabitants of Kent taking alarm on learning that some great measure connected with the Irish Roman Catholics was under discussion in the cabinet.

These are facts taken from your own annals, with which every one of you should be made familiar; but it is not to your own annals that the recriminatory evidence, on which I am driven to rely, shall be confined. If your religion is the inseparable attendant upon liberty, how does it come to pass that Prussia, and Sweden, and Denmark, and half the German states should be Protestants, and should be also slaves? You may suggest to me that in the larger portion of Catholic Europe freedom does not exist; but you should bear in mind that at a period when the Catholic religion was in its most palmy state freedom flourished in the countries in which it is now extinct. Look at Italy, not indeed as she now is, but as she was before Martin Luther was born, when literature and liberty were associated, and the arts imparted their embellishments to her free political institutions. I call up the memory of the Italian Catholic republics in the great cause which I am sufficiently adventurous to plead before you. Florence, accomplished, manufacturing, and democratic, the model of your own municipal corporations, gives a noble evidence in favour of Catholicism; and Venice, Catholic Venice, rises in the splendour of her opulence and the light of her liberty, to corroborate the testimony of her celebrated sister with a still more lofty and majestic attestation. If from Italy I shall ascend the Alps, shall I not find, in the mountains of Switzerland, the sublime memorials of liberty, and the reminiscences of those old achievements which preceded the theology of Geneva, and which were performed by men by whom the ritual of Rome was uttered on the glaciers, and the great mystery of Catholicism was celebrated on the altars which nature had provided for that high and holy worship? But Spain, I may be told, Spain affords the proof that to the purposes of despotism her religion has always lent its impious and disastrous aid. That mistake is a signal one, for when Spain was most devotedly Catholic, Spain was comparatively free — her cortes assumed an attitude nobler even than your own parliament, and told the king, at the opening of every session in which they were convened, that they were greater and invested with a higher authority than himself. In the struggles made by Spaniards within our own memory we have seen the revival of that lofty sentiment; while amongst the descendants of Spaniards, in the provinces of South America, called into existence in some sort by yourselves, we behold no religion but the Catholic, and no government of which the principle is not founded in the supremacy of the people. Republic after republic has arisen at your bidding through that immeasurable expanse, and it is scarce an exaggeration to say (if I may allude to a noble passage in one of the greatest writers of our time), that liberty, with her "meteor standard" unfurled upon the Andes,

> "Looks from her throne of clouds o'er half the world."

False, I repeat it, with all the vehemence of indignant asseveration, utterly false is the charge habitually preferred against the religion which Englishmen have laden with penalties, and have marked with degradation. I can bear with any other charge but this—to any other charge I can listen with endurance: tell me that I prostrate myself before a sculptured marble; tell me that to a canvas glowing with the imagery of heaven I bend my knee; tell me that my faith is my perdition:—and as you traverse the churchyards in which your forefathers are buried, pronounce upon those who have lain there for many hundred years a fearful and appalling sentence:—yes; call what I regard as the truth not only an error, but a sin to which mercy shall not be extended: —all this I will bear—to all this I will submit—nay, at all this I will but smile:—but do not tell me that I am in heart and creed a slave:—*that* my countrymen cannot brook; in their own bosoms they carry the high consciousness that never was imputation more foully false or more detestably calumnious. I do not believe that with the passion for true liberty a nation was ever more enthusiastically inspired—never were men more resolved—never were men more deserving to be free than the nation in whose oppression, fatally to Ireland and to themselves, the statesmen of England have so madly persevered.

What have been the results of that system which you have been this day called together to sustain? You behold in Ireland a beautiful country, with wonderful advantages agricultural and commercial—a resting-place for trade on its way to either hemisphere; indented with havens, watered by numerous rivers;

with a fortunate climate in which fertility is raised upon a rich soil, and inhabited by a bold, intrepid, and, with all their faults, a generous and enthusiastic people. Such is Ireland as God made her—what is Ireland as you have made her? This fine country, swarming with a population the most miserable in Europe, of whose wretchedness, if you are the authors, you are beginning to be the victims—the poisoned chalice is returned in its just circulation to your lips. Harvests the most abundant are reaped by men with starvation in their faces; all the great commercial facilities of the country are lost—the rivers that should circulate opulence, and turn the machinery of a thousand manufactures, flow to the ocean without wafting a boat or turning a wheel—the wave breaks in solitude in the silent magnificence of deserted and shipless harbours. In place of being a source of wealth and revenue to the empire, Ireland cannot defray its own expenses; her discontent costs millions of money; she debilitates and endangers England. The great mass of her population are alienated and dissociated from the state—the influence of the constituted and legitimate authorities is gone; a strange, anomalous, and unexampled kind of government has sprung up, and exercises a despotic sway; while the class inferior in numbers, but accustomed to authority, and infuriated at its loss, are thrown into formidable reaction—the most ferocious passions rage from one extremity of the country to the other. Hundreds and thousands of men, arrayed with badges, gather in the south, and the smaller faction, with discipline and with arms, are marshalled in the north—the country is like one vast magazine of powder, which a spark might ignite into an explosion, and of which England would not only feel, but perhaps never recover from the shock.

And is this state of things to be permitted to continue? It is only requisite to present the question in order that all men should answer—something must be done. What is to be done? Are you to re-enact the Penal Code? Are you to deprive Catholics of their properties, to shut up their schools, to drive them from the bar, to strip them of the elective franchise, and reduce them to Egyptian bondage? It is easy for some visionary in oppression to imagine these things. In the drunkenness of sacerdotal debauch men have been found to give vent to such sanguinary aspirations, and the teachers of the gospel, the ministers of a mild and merciful Redeemer, have uttered in the midst of their ferocious wassails, the bloody orison, that their country should be turned into one vast field of massacre, and that upon the pile of carnage the genius of Orange ascendency should be enthroned. But these men are maniacs in ferocity, whose appetites for blood you will scarcely undertake to satiate. You shrink from the extirpation of a whole people. Even suppose that with an impunity as ignominious as it would be sanguinary, that horrible crime could be effected, then you must needs ask, What is to be done? In answering that question you will not dismiss from your recollection that the greatest statesmen who have for the last fifty years directed your councils and conducted the business of this mighty empire concurred in the opinion that, without a concession of the Catholic claims, nothing could be done for Ireland. Burke, the foe to revolution—Fox, the assertor of popular right—Pitt, the prop of the prerogative, concurred. With reference to this great question their minds met in a deep confluence. See to what a conclusion you must arrive when you denounce the advocates of emancipation. Your anathema will take in one-half of Westminster Abbey; and is not the very dust into which the tongues and hearts of Pitt, and Burke, and Fox have mouldered, better than the living hearts and tongues of those who have survived them? If you were to try the question by the authorities of the dead, and by those voices which may be said to issue from the grave, how would you decide? If, instead of counting votes in St. Stephen's, you were to count the tombs in the mausoleum beside it, how would the division of the great departed stand? There would be a majority of sepulchres inscribed with immortal names upon our side.

But supposing that authority, that the coincidence of the wisest and of the best in favour of Ireland was to be held in no account, consider how the religious disqualifications must necessarily operate. Can that be a wise course of government which creates not an aristocracy of opulence, and rank, and talent, but an aristocracy in religion, and places seven millions of people at the feet of a few hundred thousand? Try this fashion of government by a very obvious test, and make the case your own. If a few hundred thousand Presbyterians stood towards you in the relation in which the Irish Protestants stand towards the Catholics, would you endure it? Would you brook a system under which Episcopalians should be rendered incapable of holding seats in the House of

Commons, should be excluded from sheriffships and corporate offices, and from the bench of justice, and from all the higher offices in the administration of the law; and should be tried by none but Presbyterian juries, flushed with the insolence of power and infuriated with all the ferocity of passion? How would you brook the degradation which would arise from such a system, and the scorn and contumelies which would flow from it? Would you listen with patience to men who told you that there was no grievance in all this—that your complaints were groundless, and that the very right of murmuring ought to be taken away? Are Irishmen and Roman Catholics so differently constituted from yourselves that they are to behold nothing but blessings in a system which you would look upon as an unendurable wrong? Protestants and Englishmen, however debased you may deem our country, believe me that we have enough of human nature left within us—we have enough of the spirit of manhood, all Irishmen as we are—to resent a usage of this kind. Its results are obvious. The nation is divided into two castes. The powerful and the privileged few are patricians in religion, and trample upon and despise the plebeian Christianity of the millions who are laid prostrate at their feet. Every Protestant thinks himself a Catholic's better; and every Protestant feels himself the member of a privileged corporation. Judges, sheriffs, crown counsel, crown attorneys, juries, are Protestants to a man. What confidence can a Catholic have in the administration of public justice? We have the authority of an eminent Irish judge, the late Mr. Fletcher, who declared that, in the north, the Protestants were uniformly acquitted and the Catholics were as undeviatingly condemned. A body of armed Orangemen fall upon and put to death a defenceless Catholic; they are put upon their trial, and when they raise their eyes and look upon the jury, as they are commanded to do, they see twelve of their brethren in massacre impannelled for their trial. And, after this, I shall be told that all the evils of Catholic disqualification lie in the disappointed longing of some dozen gentlemen after the House of Commons! No; it is the bann, the opprobrium, the brand, the note and mark of dishonour, the scandalous partiality, the flagitious bias, the sacrilegious and perjured leaning, and the monstrous and hydra-headed injustice that constitute the grand and essential evils of the country. And you think it wonderful that we should be indignant at all this. You marvel and are amazed that we are hurried into the use of rash and vehement phrases. Have we alone forgotten the dictates of charity?—have our opponents been always distinguished by their meekness and forbearance?—have no exasperating expressions, no galling taunts, no ferocious menaces ever escaped from them? Look to the Brunswick orgies of Ireland, and behold not merely the torturers of '98, who, like retired butchers, feel the want of their old occupation and long for the political shambles again, but to the ministers of the gospel, by whom their libations to the Moloch of faction, in the revelries of a sanguinary ascendency are ferociously poured out. Make allowances for the excesses into which, with much provocation, we may be hurried, and pardon us when you recollect how, under the same circumstances, you would, in all likelihood, feel yourselves. . . .

I should have done; and yet before I retire from your presence, indulge me so far as to permit me to press one remaining topic upon you. I have endeavoured to show you that you have mistaken the character and political principles of my religion; I have endeavoured to make you sensible of the miserable condition of my country; to impress upon you the failure of all the means which have been hitherto tried to tranquillize that unhappy country, and the necessity of adopting some expedient to alleviate its evils. I have dwelt upon the concurrence of great authorities in favour of concession; the little danger that is to be apprehended from that concession, and the great benefit which would arise from religious peace in Ireland. I might enlarge upon those benefits, and show you that when factions were reconciled, when the substantial causes of animosity were removed, the fierce passions which agitate the country would be laid at rest; that English capital would, in all likelihood, flow into Ireland; that English habits would gradually arise; that a confidence in the administration of justice would grow up—that the people, instead of appealing to arms for redress, would look to the public tribunals as the only arbiters of right; and that the obstacles which now stand in the way of education would be removed—that the fierceness of polemics would be superseded by that charity which the Christian extends to all mankind; that a reciprocal sentiment of kindness would take place between the two islands—that a real union, not depending upon acts of parliament, but upon mutual interest and affection, would be permanently established—

that the empire would be consolidated, and all dangers from the enemies of Great Britain would disappear:—I might point out to you, what is obvious enough, that if Ireland be allowed to remain as it now is, at no distant period the natural foes of Great Britain may make that unfortunate country the field of some formidable enterprise:—I might draw a picture of the consequences which would arise if an enormous population were to be roused into a concurrent and simultaneous movement:—but I forbear from pressing such considerations upon you, because I had much rather rely upon your own lofty-mindedness than upon any terrible contingency. I therefore put it to you, that, independently of every consideration of expediency, it is unworthy of you to persevere in a system of practical religious intolerance, which Roman Catholic states, who hold to you a fine example in this regard at least, have abandoned.

I have heard it said that the Catholic religion was a persecuting religion. It was; and so was every other religion that was ever invested with authority. How easily I could retort on you the charge of persecution—remind you that the early reformers, who set up a claim to liberty of conscience for themselves, did not indulge others in a similar luxury—tell you that Calvin, having obtained a theological masterdom in Geneva, offered up the screams of Servetus to the God of mercy and of love; that even your own Cranmer, who was himself a martyr, had first inflicted what he afterwards suffered, and that this father of your church, whose hand was indeed a guilty one, had, even in the reign of Edward the Sixth, accelerated the progress of heretics to immortality, and sent them through fire to heaven. But the truth is, that both parties have, in the paroxysms of religious frenzy, committed the most execrable crimes, and it might be difficult, if their misdeeds were to be weighed, to adjust the balance of atrocity between them. But Catholics and Protestants have changed, and with the alteration of time we ourselves have undergone a salutary reformation. Through the whole Continent religious distinctions have begun to vanish, and freedom of conscience is almost universally established. It is deplorable that England should be almost the only country where such disqualifications are maintained. In France, where the religion of the state is that of Rome, all men are admissible to power, and no sort of sectarian distinction is instituted by the law. The third article of the French charter provides that every French citizen, no matter of what denomination, shall be capable of holding every office in the state. The Chamber of Deputies is filled with Protestants, who are elected by Roman Catholics; and Protestants have held places in the cabinet of France. In Hungary, in the year 1791, Protestants were placed by a Roman Catholic government on a perfect level with their fellow-citizens. In Bavaria the same principle of toleration was adopted. Thus the Catholics of Europe have given you an honourable example, and, while they have refuted the imputation of intolerance, have pronounced upon you a practical reproach. You are behind almost every nation in Europe. Protestant Prussia has emancipated her Catholic subjects, and Silesia is free. In Germany the churches are used indiscriminately by Protestants and Catholics —the Lutheran service in happy succession follows the Catholic mass; or the Catholic mass follows the Lutheran service. Thus in every state in Europe the spirit of religious toleration has signally advanced, while here, in this noble island, which we are wont to consider the asylum of civil liberty, the genius of persecution has found a refuge. In England, and in England only, deprivations and dishonour are inflicted upon those whose conscience inhibits their conformity with the formulas of your worship; and a vast body of Englishmen in this one of your finest counties, are called upon to offer up a gratuitous invocation to the legislature to rivet the fetters of their Catholic fellow-subjects. Do not undertake so ungenerous an office, nor interpose for the low-hearted purposes of oppression.

I have heard since I came here that it is a familiar saying, that "the men of Kent have been never conquered." That you never will be vanquished in any encounter where men shall be arrayed in arms against you is my belief and my desire; but while in this regard you will always prove unconquered and unconquerable, there is one particular in which I hope that proof will be afforded that you can be subdued. Be no longer invincible, but let the victory be achieved by yourselves. The worst foes with which you have to contend are lodged in your own breasts—your prejudices are the most formidable of your antagonists, and to discomfit them will confer upon you a higher honour than if in the shouts of battle you put your enemies to flight. It is over your antipathies, national and religious, that a masterdom should be obtained by you, and you may rest assured that if you shall vanquish your animosities, and bring your passions into subjection, you will, in conquering yourselves, extend your dominion over that country by which you have been so long resisted, your empire over our feelings will be securely established, you will make a permanent acquisition of the affections of Irishmen, and make our hearts your own.

THE MAJESTY OF VIRTUE.

(FROM "EVADNE.")

[Colonna, a nobleman of Naples under sentence of death, is tempted by the traitor Ludovico to murder the king, who is seeking to obtain possession of Evadne, Colonna's beautiful sister.]

SCENE.—*A gallery in the Colonna Palace, with statues in the back-ground.*—COLONNA *advances towards the King's chamber-door.*

Col. I will do it!—

(*He pushes the door, and finds, from his agitated condition, it is difficult to move.*)

I can scarce move the door—it will not yield—
It seems as if some mighty hand were laid
Against it to repel me.
(*Voice exclaims*) Hold!
Col. (*Starting.*) It was only
My thought informed the air with voice around me—
Why should I feel as if I walked in guilt
And trod to common murder?—he shall die!
Come then, enraging thought, into my breast
And turn it into iron!
(*Voice.*) Hold!
Col. It shot
With keen reality into mine ear.
A figure in the shadow of the moon
Moves slowly on my sight, and now appears
Like a fair spirit of the midnight hour!
What art thou?

EVADNE *advances from behind the statues.*

Evad. Heaven does not alone employ
The holy creatures of another world
As heralds of its merciful behests;
But can make angels of the things of earth,
And use them in its purest minist'rings.
My brother!
Col. How, my sister! is it meet
You watch the footfall of my midnight tread?
Come you across my purpose?
Evad. From my chamber
That to the great hall leads, I did behold you
In dreadful converse with Ludovico.—
Your looks at the banquet did unto my fears
Forebode no blessed issue, for your smiles
Seemed veils of death, and underneath your brows
I saw the silent furies—oh, Colonna,—
Thank Heaven, the safety of Vicentio
Has given me power to watch your dangerous steps!
What would you do?
Col. Methinks it ill pertains
To woman's humbler nature to pursue
The steps of man, and pry into his purpose.
Get thee to rest.
Evad. Is that high front, Colonna,
One to write Cain upon?—Alas! Colonna,
I did behold you with Ludovico,
By yonder moon, and I as soon had seen thee
Commune with the great foe of all mankind—
What wouldst thou do?
Col. Murder!
Evad. What else, Colonna,
Couldst thou have learned from Ludovico?
Col. In yonder chamber lies the king—I go
To stab him to the heart?
Evad. 'Tis nobly done!
I will not call him king—but guest, Colonna—
Remember, you have called him here—remember
You have pledged him in your father's golden cup;
Have broken bread with him—the man, Colonna,—
Col. Who dares to set a price upon my life—
What think'st thou 'twas?
Evad. I think there's nought too dear
To buy Colonna's life.
Col. 'Twas a vast price
He asked me then—you were to pay it too—
It was my Evadne's honour.
Evad. Ha!
Col. He gives my life upon condition—oh, my sister!
I am ashamed to tell thee what he asked.
Evad. What! did he?—
Col. Thou dost understand me now?—
Now—if thou wilt, abide thee here, Evadne,
Where thou mayest hear his groan. [*Going in.*
Evad. Forbear, Colonna!
For Heaven's sake, stay—this was the price he asked thee?
He asked thee for thy life?—*thy* life?—but, no—
Vicentio lives, and——
Col. (*Aside.*) How is this? She seems
To bear too much of woman in her heart;
She trembles—yet she does not shrink—her cheek
Is not inflamed with anger, and her eye
Darts not the lightning!—
Evad. Oh! my dearest brother,
Let not this hand, this pure, this white fair hand,
Be blotted o'er with blood.
Col. Why, is it possible
She has ta'en the sinful wish into her heart?
By Heaven her pride is dazzled at the thought

Of having this same purple villain kneel,
And bend his crown before her—she's a woman!
Evadne!
Evad. Well?
Col. The king expects me to
Conduct you to his chamber—shall I do so?
Evad. I prithee, be not angry at my prayer—
But bid him come to me.
Col. What! bid him come to thee?
Evad. And leave me with him here.
Col. What! leave thee with him?
Evad. Yes—I implore it of thee—prithee, Colonna,
Conduct my sovereign here.
Col. Yes—I will try her— (*Aside.*)
I know not what she means, but, hitherto,
I deemed her virtuous.—If she fall, she dies.—
I'll here conceal myself, and if in word
She give consent, I'll rush upon them both
And strike one heart thro' the other.
Evad. Send him to me.
Col. There's a wild purpose in her solemn eye—
I know not if 'tis sin, but I will make
A terrible experiment.—What, ho!
My liege, I bear fulfilment of my promise—
Colonna bears Evadne to your arms!

Enter the King *from the chamber.*

King. Colonna, my best friend, how shall I thank thee?
But where is my Evadne?
Col. There, my lord!
King. Colonna, I not only give thee life,
But place thee near myself; henceforth thou wilt wear
A nobler title in thy family,—
And to thy great posterity we'll send
My granted dukedom.
Col. Sir, you honour me.
My presence is no longer needed here.
(*Aside.*) A word's consent despatches them!
(*He conceals himself behind the pillars.*)
King. Evadne!
Thou fairest creature that ever feasted yet
My ravished sense with beauty, whose fine form
Is full of charms, as nature in the spring
Is rich in rosy blossoms—I approach thee
With all the trembling passion that untold
Save by Ludovico,—
Evad. Ludovico!
King. Yes, my Evadne, to his trusty care
I did commit my fires—nay, do not feign
This pretty wonderment,—my sweet Evadne,
Let me conduct you by the fairest hand
That man hath ever touched—
Evad. (*Retiring.*) I pray you, sir—
King. My lovely trembler, lay aside thy sad
And drooping aspect in this hour of joy!
Stoop not thy head, that like a pale rose bends
Upon its yielding stalk—thou hast no cause
For such a soft abashment, for be sure
I'll place thee high in honour.
Evad. Honour, sir!——
King. Yes; I'll exalt thee into dignity,
Adorn thy name with titles—all my court
Shall watch the movement of thy countenance,
Riches and power shall wait upon thy smile,
And in the lightest bending of thy brow
Death and disgrace inhabit.
Evad. And, my liege,
That will inhabit my own heart?
King. My love!
Come, my Evadne—what a form is here?
The imaginers of beauty did of old
O'er three rich forms of sculptured excellence
Scatter the naked graces; but the hand
Of mightier nature hath in thee combined
All varied charms together.
Evad. You were speaking
Of sculpture, sir—I do remember me,
You are deemed a worshipper of that high art,
Whose bright creation lighting on the dead
And shapeless marble, turns it into life,
And mimicking divinity can make
Its breathing mass immortal!—Here, my lord,
Is matter for your transports!
(*Pointing to the statues.*)
King. Fair Evadne!
Do you not mean to mock me? Not to gaze
On yonder lifeless marbles did I come
To visit you to-night, but in the pure
And blue-veined alabaster of a breast,
Richer than heaves the Parian that has wed
The Florentine to immortality.—
Evad. You deem me of a light capricious mood,
But it were hard if (woman as I am)
I could not use my sex's privilege—
Tho' I should ask you for yon orb of light,
That shines so brightly, and so sadly there,
And fills the ambient air with purity—
Should you not feign, as 'tis the wont of those
Who cheat a wayward child, to draw it down,
And in the sheeted splendour of a stream
To catch its shivering brightness!—It is my pleasure
That you should look upon these reverend forms,
That keep the likeness of mine ancestry—
I must enforce you to it!—
King. Wayward woman!
What arts does she intend to captivate
My soul more deeply in her toils?
Evad. (*Going to a statue.*)
Behold!
The glorious founder of my family!
It is the great Rodolpho!—he was famed
When heroes filled the world, and deeds that now
Are miracles were the unmarvelled growth
Of every day's succession!—Charlemagne
Did fix that sun upon his shield, to be

His glory's blazoned emblem; for at noon,
When the astronomer cannot discern
A spot upon the full-orbed disk of light,
'Tis not more bright than his immaculate name!
With what austere and dignified regard
He lifts the type of purity, and seems
Indignantly to ask if aught that springs
From blood of his shall dare to sully it
With a vapour of the morning!
King. It is well;
His frown has been attempered in the lapse
Of generations to thy lovely smile,—
I swear, he seems not of thy family.—
My fair Evadne, I confess, I hoped
Another sort of entertainment here.
Evad. Another of mine ancestors, my liege—
Guelfo the Murderer!
King. The Murderer!
I knew not that your family was stained
With the reproach of blood.
Evad. We are not wont
To blush, tho' we may sorrow for his sin,
If sin indeed it be.—His castle walls
Were circled by the siege of Saracens,—
He had an only daughter whom he prized
More than you hold your diadem; but when
He saw the fury of the infidels
Burst through his shattered gates, and on his child
Dishonour's hand was lifted, with one blow
He struck her to the heart, and with the other
He stretched himself beside her.
King. Fair Evadne,
I'll bid your brother chide you for delay,—
Perverse, capricious woman!
Evad. I'll not raise
A tax upon your patience by regard
Of this large host of heroes.—They are those
Who fought in Palestine, and shed their blood
For the holy sepulchre.—Two oaths they swore—
One to defend their God—the other was,
With their right arms to guard the chastity
Of an insulted woman.
King. Fair Evadne,
I must no more indulge you, else I fear
You would scorn me for my patience; prithee, love,
No more of this wild phantasy!
Evad. My liege,
But one remains, and when you have looked upon it,
And thus complied with my desire, you will find me
Submissive to your own.—Look here, my lord,—
Know you this statue?
King. No, in sooth, I do not.
Evad. Nay—look again—for I shall think but ill
Of princely memories if you can find
Within the inmost chambers of your heart
No image like to this—look at that smile—
That smile, my liege—look at it!
King. It is your father!
Evad. (*Breaking into exultation.*)
Aye!—'tis indeed my father! —'tis my good,
Exalted, generous, and god-like father!
Whose memory, though he had left his child
A naked, houseless roamer through the world,
Were an inheritance a princess might
Be proud of for her dower!—It is my father!
Whose like in honour, virtue, and the fine
Integrity that constitutes a man,
He hath not left behind!—there is that smile,
That, like perpetual daylight, shone about him
In clear and bright magnificence of soul!
Who was my father?
King. One, whom I confess
Of high and many virtues.
Evad. Is that all?
I will help your memory, and tell you first,
That the late King of Naples looked among
The noblest in his realm for that good man
To whom he might intrust your opening youth,
And found him worthiest. In the eagle's nest
Early he placed you, and beside his wing
You learned to mount to glory! Underneath
His precious care you grew, and you were once
Thought grateful for his service. His whole life
Was given to your uses, and his death—
Ha! do you start, my lord? On Milan's plain
He fought beside you, and when he beheld
A sword thrust at your bosom, rushed—it pierced him!
He fell down at your feet,—he did, my lord!
He perished to preserve you! (*Rushes to the statue.*)
Breathless image,
Altho' no heart doth beat within that breast,
No blood is in those veins, let me enclasp thee,
And feel thee at my bosom.—Now, sir, I am ready—
Come and unloose these feeble arms, and take me!—
Aye, take me from this neck of senseless stone,—
And to reward the father with the meet
And wonted recompense that princes give—
Make me as foul as blotted pestilence,
As black as darkest midnight, and as vile
As guilt and shame can make me.
King. She has smitten
Compunction thro' my soul!
Evad. Approach, my lord!
Come in the midst of all mine ancestry,
Come and unloose me from my father's arms—
Come, if you dare, and in his daughter's shame
Reward him for the last drops of the blood
Shed for his prince's life!—Come!—
King. Thou hast wrought
A miracle upon thy prince's heart,
And lifted up a vestal lamp, to show
My soul its own deformity—my guilt!
Evad. Ha! have you got a soul?—have you yet left,
Prince as you are, one relic of a man?
Have you a soul?—he trembles—he relents—
I read it in the glimmering of his face;
And there's a tear, the bursting evidence
Of nature's holy working in the heart!

Oh, God! he weeps! my sovereign, my liege
Heart! do not burst in ecstasy too soon!
My brother! my Colonna!—hear me—hear!
In all the wildering triumph of my soul,
I call upon thee!

(*Turning, she perceives* Colonna *advancing from among the statues.*)

There he is—my brother!
Colonna, let me rush into thine arms,
And in thy bosom I will try to keep
My bursting heart within me.
Col. Let me behold thee,
Let me compress thee here!—Oh! my dear sister!
A thousand times mine own!—I glory in thee
More than in all the heroes of my name!—
I overheard your converse, and methought
It was a blessed spirit that had ta'en
Thy heavenly form, to show the wondering world
How beautiful was virtue!—Sir,— (*To the King.*)
Evad. Colonna,
There *is* your king!
Col. Thou hast made him so again!
Thy virtue hath recrowned him—and I kneel
His faithful subject here!
King. Arise, Colonna!
You take the attitude that more befits
The man who would have wrong'd you, but whose heart
Was by a seraph call'd again to heaven!
Forgive me!
Col. Yes, with all my soul I do!

JOHN KEEGAN.

Born 1809 — Died 1849.

[John Keegan, a peasant poet, was born in a small farmhouse on the banks of the Nore, Queen's county, in 1809. In those days the national system of education was unknown in Ireland, and only the hedge-school was attainable for the children of the small farmers and peasantry. To a hedge-school Keegan was accordingly sent; and although his parents were anxious for his progress in education, he seemed to take in book-learning very slowly. But the boy was educating himself in another way, by close observation of the habits and feelings of the people among whom he lived. Their loves, sorrows, joys, and hopes he understood and shared in, and very early in life he began to write tales, poems, and sketches illustrative of the people. These he contributed to Irish periodicals, particularly to one called *Dolman's Magazine*. They were, as we might expect, crude and unfinished, but were sufficient to show that the author possessed the true poetic gift combined with intense earnestness. We are told by his biographer in *The Irishman* that "every round-tower, castle, abbey, and rath in the district Keegan knew well and loved to visit; and it would be no uncommon thing to see the poet seated on the velvet grass in a neighbouring field, his large dreamy eyes fixed intently upon one of those ruins, his sketch-book open before him, on which betimes he would stoop to write."

In the intervals of his labours in the field Keegan produced ballad after ballad, and among the minor poets of Ireland none have been more successful in depicting the feelings and affections of the people. His "Caoch the Piper," a simple and pathetic ballad, and "The Dark Girl at the Holy Well," are among the most popular of his productions. Keegan did not think of collecting his widely-scattered poems until 1848, and had only commenced the work when he died in the following year. A full collection of his pieces has therefore yet to be made; but some of them are to be found in the pages of Hayes' *Ballads of Ireland*, *The Harp of Erin*, and *Ballad Poetry of Ireland*.]

CAOCH[1] THE PIPER.

One winter's day, long, long ago,
When I was a little fellow,
A piper wandered to our door,
Gray-headed, blind, and yellow:
And, oh! how glad was my young heart,
Though earth and sky looked dreary,
To see the stranger and his dog—
Poor "Pinch" and Caoch O'Leary.

And when he stowed away his "bag,"
Crossed-barred with green and yellow,
I thought and said, "In Ireland's ground
There's not so fine a fellow."
And Fineen Burke, and Shaun Magee,
And Eily, Kate, and Mary,
Rushed in, with panting haste, to "see"
And "welcome" Caoch O'Leary.

---

[1] "Blind."

Oh! God be with those happy times!
Oh! God be with my childhood!
When I, bareheaded, roamed all day—
Bird-nesting in the wild-wood.
I'll not forget those sunny hours,
However years may vary;
I'll not forget my early friends,
Nor honest Caoch O'Leary.

Poor Caoch and "Pinch" slept well that night,
And in the morning early
He called me up to hear him play
"The wind that shakes the barley;"
And then he stroked my flaxen hair,
And cried, "God mark my deary!"
And how I wept when he said, "Farewell,
And think of Caoch O'Leary!"

And seasons came and went, and still
Old Caoch was not forgotten,
Although we thought him dead and gone,
And in the cold grave rotten;
And often, when I walked and talked
With Eily, Kate, and Mary,
We thought of childhood's rosy hours,
And prayed for Caoch O'Leary.

Well—twenty summers had gone past,
And June's red sun was sinking,
When I, a man, sat by my door,
Of twenty sad things thinking.
A little dog came up the way,
His gait was slow and weary,
And at his tail a lame man limped—
'Twas "Pinch" and Caoch O'Leary!

Old Caoch, but, oh! how woebegone!
His form is bowed and bending,
His fleshless hands are stiff and wan,
Ay—time is even blending
The colours on his thread-bare "bag"—
And "Pinch" is twice as hairy
And "thin-spare" as when first I saw
Himself and Caoch O'Leary.

"God's blessing here!" the wanderer cried,
"Far, far be hell's black viper;
Does any body hereabouts
Remember Caoch the Piper?"
With swelling heart I grasped his hand;
The old man murmured, "Deary,
Are you the silky-headed child
That loved poor Caoch O'Leary?"

"Yes, yes," I said—the wanderer wept
As if his heart was breaking—
"And where, *a vic machree*,"[1] he sobbed,
"Is all the merry-making
I found here twenty years ago?"
"My tale," I sighed, "might weary;
Enough to say—there's none but me
To welcome Caoch O'Leary."

"Vo, vo, vo!" the old man cried,
And wrung his hands in sorrow,
"Pray let me in, *astore machree*,
And I'll *go home* to-morrow.
My 'peace is made;' I'll calmly leave
This world so cold and dreary;
And you shall keep my pipes and dog,
And pray for Caoch O'Leary."

With "Pinch" I watched his bed that night;
Next day his wish was granted:
He died; and Father James was brought,
And the Requiem Mass was chanted.
The neighbours came; we dug his grave
Near Eily, Kate, and Mary,
And there he sleeps his last sweet sleep.
God rest you! Caoch O'Leary.

THE DARK GIRL AT THE HOLY WELL.[2]

"Mother! is that the passing-bell?
Or yet the midnight chime?
Or rush of angels' golden wings?
Or is it near the *time*—
The time when God, they say, comes down
This weary world upon,
With holy Mary at his right,
And at his left St. John?

"I'm dumb! my heart forgets to throb,
My blood forgets to run;
But vain my sighs—in vain I sob—
God's will must still be done.
I hear but tone of warning bell
For holy priest or nun;
On earth God's face I'll never see!
Nor Mary! nor St. John!

"Mother! my hopes are gone again—
My heart is black as ever!
Mother! I say, look forth *once more*,
And see can you discover
God's glory in the crimson clouds—
See does he ride upon
That perfumed breeze—or do you see
The Virgin, or St. John?

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[1] Son of my heart.

[2] *Dark* is here used in the sense of *blind.*—It is believed that the waters of St. John's Well, near Kilkenny, possess healing powers, and that, as the angel troubled the pool at Bethesda at certain seasons, so St. John, the Virgin, and Jesus would at certain times, and at the hour of midnight, descend in the form of three angels in white, and pass with lightning speed into the fountain. The patients who saw this wonderful sight were cured; those who only heard the rushing of the wings might still continue to endure their disease or infirmity.

"Ah, no! ah, no! Well, God of peace,
Grant me thy blessing still;
Oh, make me patient with my doom,
And happy at thy will;
And guide my footsteps so on earth,
That, when I'm dead and gone,
My eyes may catch thy shining light,
With Mary and St. John!

"Yet, mother, could I see *thy* smile,
Before we part below;
Or watch the silver moon and stars,
Where Slaney's ripples flow;
Oh! could I see the sweet sun shine
My native hills upon,
I'd never love my God the less,
Nor Mary, nor St. John!

"But no! ah, no! it cannot be;
Yet, mother! do not mourn;
Come, kneel again, and pray to God,
In peace let us return.
The dark girl's doom must aye be mine,
But Heaven will light me on,
Until I find my way to God,
And Mary, and St. John!"

THE DYING MOTHER'S LAMENT.

"Oh God, it is a dreadful night,—how fierce the dark winds blow,
It howls like mourning *banshee,*[1] its breathings speak of woe;
'Twill rouse my slumbering orphans—blow gently, oh wild blast,
My wearied hungry darlings are hushed in peace at last.

"And how the cold rain tumbles down in torrents from the skies,
Down, down, upon our stiffened limbs, into my children's eyes:—
Oh God of heaven, stop your hand until the dawn of day,
And out upon the weary world again we'll take our way.

"But, ah! my prayers are worthless—oh! louder roars the blast,
And darker frown the pitchy clouds, the rain falls still more fast;
Oh God, *if* you be merciful, have mercy *now,* I pray—
Oh God forgive my wicked words—I know not what I say.

"To see my ghastly babies—my babes so meek and fair—
To see them huddled in that ditch, like wild beasts in their lair:
Like wild beasts! No! the vixen cubs that sport on yonder hill
Lie warm this hour, and, I'll engage, of food they've had their fill.

"Oh blessed Queen of Mercy, look down from that black sky—
You've felt a mother's misery, then hear a mother's cry;
I mourn not my own wretchedness, but let my children rest,
Oh watch and guard them this wild night, and then I shall be blest!"

Thus prayed the wanderer, but in vain!—in vain her mournful cry;
God did not hush that piercing wind, nor brighten that dark sky:
But when the ghastly winter's dawn its sickly radiance shed,
The mother and her wretched babes lay stiffened, grim, and dead!

THE HOLLY AND IVY GIRL.

"Come buy my nice fresh Ivy, and my Holly-sprigs so green;
I have the finest branches that ever yet were seen.
Come buy from me, good Christians, and let me home, I pray,
And I'll wish you 'Merry Christmas Time,' and a 'Happy New Year's Day.'

"Ah! won't you buy my Ivy? the loveliest ever seen!
Ah! won't you buy my Holly-boughs?—all you who love the green!
Do! take a little branch of each, and on my knees I'll pray,
That God may bless your Christmas, and be with your New Year's Day.

"The wind is black and bitter, and the hailstones do not spare
My shivering form, my bleeding feet, and stiff entangled hair;
Then, when the skies are pitiless, be merciful, I say—
So Heaven will light your Christmas and the coming New Year's Day."

—'Twas a dying maiden sung, while the cold hail rattled down,
And fierce winds whistled mournfully o'er Dublin's dreary town;

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[1] *Banshee*—a spirit, or being of Irish superstition, which comes to mourn the approaching death of individuals destined for the grave.

One stiff hand clutched her Ivy-sprigs and Holly-boughs so fair,
With the other she kept brushing the hail-drops from her hair.

So grim and statue-like she seemed, 'twas evident that Death
Was lurking in her footsteps, whilst her hot impeded breath
Too plainly told her early doom, though the burden of her lay
Was still of life, and Christmas joys, and a Happy New Year's Day.

'Twas in that broad bleak Thomas Street I heard the wanderer sing;
I stood a moment in the mire beyond the ragged ring—
My heart felt cold and lonely, and my thoughts were far away
Where I was many a Christmas-tide and Happy New Year's Day.

I dreamed of wanderings in the woods amongst the Holly Green;
I dreamed of my own native cot, and porch with Ivy screen;
I dreamed of lights for ever dimmed—of hopes that can't return—
And dropped a tear on Christmas fires that never more can burn.

The ghost-like singer still sung on, but no one came to buy;
The hurrying crowd passed to and fro, but did not heed her cry:
She uttered one low piercing moan—then cast her boughs away,
And smiling cried, "I'll rest with God before the New Year's Day."

. . . . . .

On New Year's Day I said my prayers above a new-made grave,
Dug decently in sacred soil, by Liffey's murmuring wave:
The minstrel maid from earth to heaven has winged her happy way,
And now enjoys with sister-saints an endless New Year's Day.

LIEUT.-GEN. SIR CHARLES JAMES NAPIER.

Born 1782 — Died 1853.

[This illustrious soldier was the son of Colonel Napier, of Castletown, county Kildare, and was born on the 10th August, 1782. Like many other distinguished officers, he entered the army in very early boyhood, becoming an ensign in the 22d Regiment before he had completed his twelfth year, and at the age of sixteen the Irish rebellion gave him his first active service. He obtained his company at a correspondingly early period, and proceeded to Spain in command of the 50th Foot. He was with Sir John Moore during that famous general's retreat upon Corunna, and in the battle which took place at the termination of that memorable march, received five wounds, and was taken prisoner. He returned to England a major, and found his friends in mourning for his supposed death. His sword being sheathed for a time, young Napier employed the interval of peace with his pen, and produced *An Essay on the State of Ireland*, *Military Law*, and *Colonies and Colonization*. In 1809 he volunteered into the army serving in Spain, was wounded in the battle of Busaco, and took an active part in the siege of Badajoz. In 1813 he served in North America, and was promoted to the rank of colonel. Returning to Europe, he reached Waterloo on the 21st of June, 1815, three days after the battle; but he was present at the storming of Cambrai, and entered Paris with the British troops. He was afterwards appointed governor of Cephalonia, and in the execution of his new duties, exhibited great foresight and administrative talent. But it was not until late in life that this able and gallant officer won the renown which secured for him a place for all time in the temple of Fame. In 1841 the Ameers of Scinde having given signs of a disposition to dispute British authority, and the disasters of the first war in Afghanistan having lowered the prestige of the British arms, Major-general Napier was despatched to India. As commander-in-chief of the Bengal army, he diligently applied his energies towards the reform of the military organization of the forces, and then framed and submitted to the governor-general, Lord Ellenborough, his plan for a second Afghan campaign. This being accepted, he promptly attacked the enemy, dismantled the hitherto impregnable fortress of Emaum Ghur, and at the battle of Meanee, in 1843, completely routed the foe, who mustered 30,000 men against his 16,000. His brilliant strategy in outflanking the wily Dost Mohammed, and the incredibly short time within which he subjugated the province of Scinde, are matters of history. Having brought the war to a successful conclusion, he devoted his attention with indefatigable and patriotic energy to the civil government of the conquered people, and created a permanent administration—one calculated to secure lasting and amicable relations with the various peoples inhabiting Scinde.

Returning to England in 1847, he received an enthusiastic welcome. Always the conscientious soldier of duty, he did not rest contented because he had left for a while the tented field. With a view to secure more firmly the preservation of India to the British crown he resumed his pen, and produced *Civil and Military Defects of the Indian Government*, which was published in 1853. During this interval also he edited De Vigny and Blaze's *Lights and Shades of Military Life.* But the interval of quiet which he was employing so usefully, was again to be interrupted. Reverses had occurred in the campaign against the Sikhs, and the valiant old general was again ordered to the East to repair the disaster. Before his arrival, however, the tide of success had turned, and the Sikhs were utterly defeated. Sir Charles returned home in 1850, worn out with fatigue and in shattered health, and his honourable and brilliant career soon afterwards came to a close at Oaklands, near Portsmouth, where he died on the 29th August, 1853. A bronze statue was erected to his memory in Trafalgar Square, London. His *Minutes of the Resignation of Command of the Army* were published in 1854, and *William the Conqueror, a Historical Romance*, from which our extract is taken, in 1858.]

FRICA THE VALA.[1]

"Perhaps, Editha, you are right; but the wisest may gain knowledge from an expert sorceress; and as the height of all wisdom is to foresee and propose, I think there can be no great sin in a Christian consulting a Vala. There is one named Frica, who, as you know, lives at her small strong tower in the bosom of the forest. Thence she goes to the castles of the great and the dwellings of the humble. The Saxon people love and fear her; for few have ever incurred her anger that misfortune has not blighted them.

"I have never heard that any one has been allowed to enter her high tower; a dwarf attends her, and many large and ferocious dogs. What she needs she receives from Winchelsea; it is deposited in an outer dwelling by the butcher of that town. Her riches are great, but secure. A band of robbers once assaulted her tower; they tried to loosen the stones at the base, but scarcely had they struck a dozen blows when the basket, by which she usually descended, was lowered from the top. It contained a square box.

"'If you want riches,' said the Vala from above, 'take them—Frica values them not.'

"The robbers collected round the box, and, as the basket reascended, tried to open the lid with a battle-axe; it was but raised an inch, when an explosion like thunder took place, and three of the robbers fell dead, torn to pieces. Several others were dreadfully lacerated, and all were struck to earth amidst a thick smoke.

"'Great riches, but small profit, knaves!' cried the Vala, in a shrill voice of derision. 'Waes Hael!' added she, and a shower of boiling water fell upon the stricken men, who shrieked in agony.

"'What, no drinc Hael! uncourteous dogs? An I don't please ye, caitiffs, even get ye hence, or sorrow will betide ye, for I will let my imps out even now, and two legs must run fast if four can't catch 'em.'

"Those who were able fled, but ere they could escape a small iron door at the foot of the tower was raised by an unseen hand, and forth rushed six furious dogs, pulling the fugitives down; soon a horn sounded from the tower, whereupon the dogs came back and killed the wounded men who lay there. The basket then again descended with the Vala; she tied a cord to the feet of the dead, and, having kennelled her dogs, reascended.

"From the top she and her dwarf pulled each body up, then boiled them all and fed her dogs with the flesh. The skeletons she hung from the top of the tower, and such terror did she thereby strike through the country that the army of King Edward would not attack that magic tower! Editha, to this Vala will I go, and pray her to visit us and tell our fate."

A messenger was accordingly despatched to the butcher of Winchelsea, who on his return from the tower said, "Frica thus replies to the Childe's message:—

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[1] By permission of Messrs. Routledge & Co.

"'Let Alfnoth come to the wood at night before the hour of twelve. If he sees the tower dark, let him return; if not, then shall he remain and observe in silence; but he must be unattended, save by his daughter Editha, his own people, and a palfrey for me, which must wait at the outskirt of the wood.'"

The Childe, attended by some armed men, a led palfrey, Editha, and myself, proceeded that night to the tower: we reached the wood about eleven. Alfnoth and Editha dismounted, and leaving me in charge of the armed party, entered.

The night was dark, and the thickness of the trees made it so completely black, that it was with great difficulty the father and daughter proceeded. However, they reached the site of the tower and halted, alarmed by the fearful barking of fierce dogs within, while without all was quiet. Suddenly a loud explosion, which made Editha tremble, was heard, and a flash of fire illuminated all the wood,—then all was dark again. Yet still the barking of the dogs was heard.

"Be quiet, ye curs!" exclaimed the sorceress within the tower; and silence reigned.

"Let us return, dearest father!" said Editha; "I am dreadfully frightened."

"No, girl! we are under the protection of the Vala—nothing dare hurt us."

"The holy Virgin protect us!" said Editha; "this is awful,—hark! I hear a step. O my father, let us go back! I fear me this is unhallowed work;" and she repeated in a low voice the sacred rhymes or paraphrase of the Lord's prayer, made by the Saxon pope, which was rife among that people:—

"Ure fadyr in heaven rich
Thy name be halyed ever lich,
Thou bring us thy michell blisse,
Als hit in heaven y-doe,
Evar in yearthe beene it also . . . "

A heavy step approached,—the Childe drew his sword.

"Who art thou that dares to enter the wood of the tower without leave of the Vala?" said Alfnoth, in a determined but not a loud voice.

"Harding," answered the intruder. "I heard you were to be here, and obtained the Vala's leave to join you; for, though believing you to be secure, Editha's safety is too dear to me to let her risk the dangers of this neighbourhood with so slender a train. Deeds are doing that you are a stranger to, brave Alfnoth; and men are abroad who might in their ignorance harm you."

A strong female voice now cried out, "Do friends or foes approach the castle of the Vala?"

"Friends! friends!" cried Harold; and as he spake a vivid flame arose on the summit of the tower, casting a deep blue light around, brilliant as the day, but giving a ghastly hue. The tower was high and smooth; at the top there was a door, and various narrow and grated windows were visible. A small house stood a few paces from the foot of the tower, and from the battlements of the latter hung the robbers' skeletons, which, with the stems of the oaks, the leaves, the branches, were all tipped with a blue silvery glare, while the deep black back-ground of the forest marked the limit of the magic effulgence. The lovely Editha, wrapped in a white tunic and resting on her father's iron-clad figure, which reflected the ghastly light, would have been like the good genius of the place, if her pallid face had not made her appear rather as a beautiful apparition from the dead.

"Fear not, Editha," said the Childe, "all here is safe!"

"Safe!" echoed a deep voice from amidst a cloud of smoke which had, as the blue splendour died away, arisen with a red flash and hissing noise. As it cleared off, the gigantic form of the sorceress appeared above the battlements; she seemed clothed in a silver robe sparkling with diamonds, for the eye could scarcely bear the brightness.

Motionless she stood, with hands high above her head, as if in the act of evocation.

"God and the Virgin defend me!" again uttered Editha. "I hope we are safe, but I like not these dismal, perhaps unlawful rites."

"Our ancestors held them, Editha," said her father; "but silence—look!"

As he said this the basket of the tower ascended and disappeared, the light was extinguished, and darkness again prevailed.

"Harold!" cried a voice from the tower.

"Here stands Harding," was the reply; "Harold is in Ireland."

"Does the great Harold fear his friends? does he seek to hide himself from her from whom he cannot hide?" hissed the Vala.

"No," said Harold in a low tone, "but there may be other ears shrouded by the darkness, good Frica!"

"False! Who dares be here without leave from the Vala?" A pause ensued, and then the same voice called out, "Alfnoth."

"Here," said the Childe.

"Editha!"

"Here," she replied, trembling and crossing herself devoutly.

"You have a Norman with your party; let him come. Be quick, Harold."

Darting off fast as the darkness would permit, he came to me, and I as quickly returned with him.

"Is the Norman come?" inquired the prophetess.

"Yes."

"Ragnaar, descendant of Lodbrog! Scandinavian by birth and lineage, of Norseman's blood the purest in Normandy! child of the sea, all hail and welcome!"

My companions marvelled much.

"Even so, great prophetess! The blood and lineage of my family have never been contaminated: such is my lineage."

"And such is the Vala's," said the sorceress. "Our stock is one; in all these lands none are so near to me in blood as Ragnaar, or, if he will, Mallet; but the new name is vile."

"Not so, good cousin; I gained it from my companions in arms by good deeds and heavy blows struck in battle, and thus let it be."

"As you will, good knight; but the daughter of the North holds lightly the men of new names and new faith. Odin is my god. I worship the Walchyries; the evil genius of Loke I abominate, and I live in Asgaard when I pass from Midgaard. But few are they who are true! few are the heroes fit to quaff from the skull-cap in the halls of Odin! Answer not, Ragnaar, my kinsman, for I fret and am sore vexed to see thou, who art a Scandinavian in blood and in stature, a Christian in faith and name."

"Boy," said the knight, "when I heard her thus speak, strong was my inclination to pull her tower down; but she was a woman, my kinswoman, and, by the mass! a crazy hag to boot, so I left her to her own way."

Here Sir William crossed himself, ejaculated a paternoster, and continued the narrative.

"Now," again rose the voice of the prophetess, "what is the pleasure of Alfnoth, Childe of Sussex, with the Vala Frica?"

"Powerful and highly-descended Vala, you well know how many troubles beset the land, you know that many beset me; my head is weak to judge, and confiding in——" Here the Childe hesitated.

"God!" cried Editha.

"Odin!" said the Vala sternly.

"In the God of peace and of war," cried Harold; for the Saxon hero, though he held lightly the religion of his ancestors and the incantations of the prophetess, knew the value of both in the great enterprise on which his commanding spirit was bent.

"Even so," continued Alfnoth; "and my mission here is to pray, most wise and excellent Vala, who knoweth all things, that thou comest to my castle of Bodiam and there partake of my hospitality for such time as thou deemest good unto thee, and there to say what good or evil hangeth over the house of Alfnoth."

"Have you a palfrey, good Sir Childe?"

"Yea, lady, certes, and a gentle one; even that of my daughter Editha."

"Then abide you awhile, and ye shall have my company."

A quarter of an hour elapsed, during which all was in utter darkness; but soon a blaze of fire made every object visible, and the Vala stood before them.

She was of an extraordinary and commanding stature, large of bone and meagre, but of an upright portly presence; her face was fair, of a reddish hue and freckled; her features regular, but of a severity approaching ferocity; her eyes were gray, almost blue, small, but when fixed—and they moved not with that frequent and unsteady quickness which is so often noticed in such strange and observant people—the eyeballs stood out and showed the white all round. Her fine brow was broad, high, and prominent, but deeply wrinkled horizontally; her nose was aquiline and sharp upon the ridge; her thin lips compressed, marking habitual ill-temper and violence of disposition. Her voice, unharmonious, was deliberate and oracular; unpleasing, but emphatic, absorbing the attention. She seemed one whose sex was more designated by her attire than by nature, which had so fashioned her that whatever garb she donned she might pass for male or female accordingly.

Her dress was as striking as her appearance. A light blue tunic descended below her knees; the cape, buttoned round her throat, was studded with globes of glass, and on each glass were cut mystical characters. A band of black sheepskin, lined and edged with that of a white cat, confined her thick and long silvery hair, which fell like an avalanche down her back and over each shoulder. From her zone, which was a large serpent's skin studded with precious stones all marked with cabalistic signs, was suspended a large bag containing her instruments of magic. Her sandals were of untanned calfskin, tied with long thongs, which were again fastened with buckles of bright steel. She held a wand, hung with many charms, and at the end of it was a globe formed of a human skull set in a cup of crystal.

"Are you ready to depart, friend?" said the Vala.

"Yes," replied Alfnoth.

"Then will I call my guards; fear not, gentle damsel, they will not harm ye. Ho! Vafthrudner!"

A deep low bark from a dog within answered.

"Ho! Gangrader!" And again the answer was a similar growl.

Then the small door of the tower opened, and forth stalked Vafthrudner and Gangrader, in all the majesty of canine dignity. They were heavy-looking animals of enormous size, such as are seen in the Alps; but these seemed more fierce. Their paws were white, their coats a reddish ground with dark spots, and their flat broad heads were more like tigers' than lions'. First they licked the feet and hands of the Vala, and then walked with slow and stately steps round the strangers, smelling each, and as it were making acquaintance.

The Vala mounted the palfrey and flung the reins over its head to the dogs, who took them in their mouths and walked before, leading the horse. Thus they reached the castle, and the Vala retired to her chamber with the animals, having first ordered a peculiar dish to be prepared for herself at supper.

At the end of the great eating-room, on a raised platform, the repast was soon placed, and Alfnoth gently tapped at the door of the prophetess. "I come," she said, and straightway appearing was, by the Childe, led to the supper-room, her dogs following close. On reaching the platform she ordered the chair placed for her to be removed, and herself set down a tripod carried in the mouth of one of her dogs; the legs were of bones, the seat was the skin of an ancient Briton, killed by one of her ancestors in fight.

Eating in presence of the assembled household, all gazing at her in silence, she slowly consumed her prepared dish. Having finished, she took a crystal bowl filled with goat's milk and rose up to bless the house, but doing so overturned the tripod. Pale, deathly pale, then became her face, and she dropped the bowl, which shivered to pieces. Harold replaced the tripod; but the Vala trembled violently, and all but the Saxon chief stood aghast.

"Danger! danger approaches," she said in deep terrified tone. "Give me mead!" A bowl was presented by Alfnoth, while Editha fervently kissed a small crucifix.

"That avails not! that avails not!" cried the Vala; "Virgin with the neck of a swan! Virgin with the braided golden hair! that avails not! The power of the hateful Loke prevails over my god and thine! This night I will look no farther into fate, nor seek the will of Odin." Then drinking the mead, she drew forth a pencil and a bit of parchment, wrote some words, and called "Vafthrudner! Gangrader!" Their huge heads were instantly raised in expectation. "Hie thee, good dogs! Hie thee swift with this to Alvise the dwarf, and return as swiftly—but stop! Give meat to my messengers, they have much to do." Rapidly the dogs devoured what was brought, and the Vala, who had been sitting with eyes on vacancy, tied the parchment to Vafthrudner's collar, pointed to the door, and in a low voice said, "Begone!" Both dogs rushed out.

"Lower the drawbridge, Harding," cried Alfnoth.

"Let your drawbridge remain up; who or what shall stop the charmed messengers of the Vala in their course?" and Frica frowned.

The noble dogs plunged from an open casement into the deep moat beneath, and swimming across were far on their way in a few moments.

The people of the castle now retired to rest, more or less affected by the untoward events of the night as they were given to belief in the Vala's incantations.

As the warden looked from the tower next morning at dawn he saw the two dogs descending the hills, carrying a heavy box, which they alternately took from each other.

The drawbridge was lowered, and they went straight to Frica's chamber, which was opened to them.

"Good dogs!" said she, kissing the head of each, "ye are sorely spent. Let them be fed quickly, for their guerdon has been hardly earned."

When meat and drink came she mixed a powder with the one and a liquor with the other, and immediately the animals seemed as fresh as if they had not quitted the castle.

"Now sleep, varlets!" said she, and the dogs lay down in a corner.

"Hah! we will invoke Odin," muttered the Vala. "Let none disturb me for some hours."

At an hour before midnight a terrific explosion shook Bodiam Castle to its foundations, and terror fell upon all. A rush to the Vala's door ensued, but they found her standing with great composure.

"Harold! Alfnoth! Editha! ye have called me to tell your fates. My power to answer depends upon the will of Odin; but know that I have no power to hide or avert the evil which he may choose to reveal. Are your hearts resolved to hear, and to bear the future? It is now in your power to remain ignorant of that future, and abide your fate in darkness. But it will not be in my power nor in yours to bury in oblivion that which has once been revealed. Reflect, then answer."

"O father! dearest father!" cried Editha, in terror, "ask her not, seek not fate—abide all things, trusting in God."

"Trembling witch!" cried Harold, with a sternness he well knew how to assume with those who attempted to trifle with his courage and firmness, and of which the Vala herself stood in awe; "I care not what Odin says; my course is declared, and despite of Odin, or with his help, I will pursue it. The trusty retainers of this house are all faithful Saxons; they know why I am here, and that a few days will tell the fate of Harold. Let Odin speak; the steps of Harold may be arrested, but shall not be turned; the good of the Saxons is his object, and the God of the Saxons will aid him."

"Excellent Vala proceed," broke in Alfnoth; "the fears of the swan-necked Editha cannot shake the heart of Alfnoth. Editha, my beloved! it is weak to fear; there is no harm in seeking for that which, if the God of Christians thinks fit to forbid, we cannot find."

"Then enter," said the Vala, "and let none speak."

Harold, Alfnoth, Editha, and myself entered, and the door of the chamber closed. Darkness concealed the Vala.

In a few minutes a diffused misty light, which trembled in the air, appeared afar off and was gradually condensed into a sort of medallion of bright light. It increased to the size of a plate, and shadows seemed to form upon its surface. Soon the face of Harold became distinct, and on his head there seemed to be a crown, dropping with gore; beneath lay an arrow, also stained with blood. The image approached, progressively enlarging to a great size, and on coming close to them, Editha exclaimed, "O God! preserve him!"

The phantom vanished, but Editha had fainted in the arms of Harold, who bore her out of the room. She quickly revived, but would not again enter. Harold, however, laughed at the vision, and returned.

The small light again began to tremble, again it condensed itself, then expanded and approached, once more assuming a pictorial appearance. The face was now that of a stranger, and very stern. His head sustained a brilliant crown, twisted with laurels; while below, in the same place where the bloody arrow lay under the head of Harold, there was a bent bow without arrows.

"Who have we here?" said Harold. The vision disappeared.

The next moment the light reappeared, and the head of Alfnoth became visible; it was pale in death, and beneath was a broken battle-axe.

"By the head of Mimer!" said Alfnoth, "but a man must die somehow, and a battle-axe is as good as a bed."

Again the light vanished, and again the small medallion trembled in the air; it approached, bearing on its surface the whole figure of Editha. She was kneeling, her hands were clasped in prayer, and the bloody arrow lay before her.

Neither Harold nor Alfnoth spoke, and the vision fled. Then the voice of the Vala was heard, low and mournful.

"Beyond this Odin will not go. Ye have seen the signs, more is not permitted, be satisfied, let me be gone."

We left the chamber, and shortly afterwards the Vala mounted Editha's palfrey, and, guarded by her dogs, departed. She was attended by Alfnoth, Harold, a groom, and some men-at-arms, and when they left her at the tower—"Beware, beware! That tripod fell not without cause, mischief awaits you," she cried aloud.

"Strange," said Alfnoth, as they rode together. "Strange are these visions, Earl Harold."

"No, Childe Alfnoth, they seem simple to expound. I am to die by an arrow, and the knight who is to slay me is he of the bow, and a fierce daring warrior he seems."

"But the bloody crown?" said Alfnoth.

"Ho!" replied Harold; "that I am to gain a bloody victory; and this stranger, who is probably some one of our good friends from Norway, Danemarke, or Sweden, is to slay me, just as I am crowned with victory: his crown of precious stones shows that he is a king already, and gained his laurels without losing his blood—just the reverse of mine. You also seem doomed to die in battle, and what better can we hope or wish for, brave Alfnoth? Let our cause be just, and then—why let us die the death of warriors. For my part it is what I pray for. The fate of dear Editha touches me differently; she will see us fall, and without our protection may suffer great indignity. Her grieving over the arrow is too clear an indication of her fate, and makes my heart bleed; but if, as I believe, there is truth in the doctrine of the Roman Church, the great God will surely protect one so virtuous."

In this mood they reached the castle. It was dark ere they entered the yard, and Editha, when they dismounted, threw her arms round her father's neck, saying,—

"Oh, how I rejoice that the Vala is gone. I was foolish this morning, dear father, but of late my spirits have been so tried that melancholy, impossible to account for, fell upon me. It is gone—Earl Harold and yourself will forgive my weakness."

"Ay, my Editha! and the more willingly that my own spirits have rather flagged. But let us forget all this, and to supper, for we are hungered with our ride."

JOHN WILSON CROKER.

Born 1780—Died 1857.

[John Wilson Croker is one of the many Irishmen whose length of residence in England and prominence in English life have made people partially forget that their birth was Irish, and that they had something of an Irish career. Croker, the son of the surveyor-general of Ireland, was born in the town of Galway, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and after he had served his terms in Lincoln's Inn, London, was called in 1802 to the Irish bar. He early gave proof that he had no intention of devoting himself exclusively to the framing of pleas and the cajoling of juries, for while still a youth he produced a satirical composition, entitled *Familiar Epistles to F. E. Jones, Esq.*, and, 1807, he entered on parliamentary life as member for Downpatrick. In the previous year he had married a daughter of Mr. William Pennell, for many years consul-general at the Brazils. He represented in succession several constituencies—Dublin, Yarmouth, Athlone, and Bodmin. Meantime his pen was incessantly active, and among its productions may be mentioned: *An Intercepted Letter from Canton*—a vigorous satire on the city of Dublin; *Songs of Trafalgar*, a *Sketch of Ireland Past and Present*, and *Stories from the History of England.*

In 1809 he was appointed secretary to the admiralty, and the period of twenty years during which he held that office was memorable in the history of the department. Gifted with a quick eye, a marvellous power of mastering details, and untiring industry, he kept the affairs of the office in a state of efficiency not very common in olden days. In parliament he was a frequent and effective debater, though the strong party spirit, the occasional bitterness, and a certain arrogance of tone in his speeches, procured him the strong enmity of his opponents. The most noteworthy of Croker's antagonists was Lord Macaulay, and throughout the lives of both, passages at arms were frequent and usually fierce. At first they met as rival speakers, and—though Macaulay was unquestionably a great orator—Croker was not, in the opinion even of not partial critics, always worsted in the contest.

The reform bill of 1832 brought a crisis in the political career of Croker. Of that measure he was one of the most vehement and untiring of opponents, and, when it had passed, retired from parliamentary life never to enter it again. He, however, continued to take a keen interest in politics, and to considerably influence their course as editor of *The Quarterly Review.* In the period when the quarterlies, free from the competition of cheap and numberless daily papers, wielded some of the mystic power of the ancient oracle, his judgments on political and literary affairs exercised great influence. His articles were, like his speeches, full of information, graphic, often vigorous, but defaced by blind party spirit, and weakened by violence of epithet. He continued to publish miscellaneous works. Of those we may mention *The Battle of Talavera*, *Letters on the Naval War with America*, *The Suffolk Papers*, *Hervey's Memoirs of the Court of George the Second*, and *Reply to the Letters of Malachi Malagrowther.* He also published translations from various foreign authors, the best known being *Bassompière's Embassy to England;* and several of his essays in *The Quarterly Review* were reproduced in book form. The most important work, however, which he produced, and the one on which he bestowed the greatest care, was an edition of *Boswell's Life of Johnson.* The publication of this book provoked the most bitter of the many quarrels between him and Macaulay. The brilliant contributor to *The Edinburgh Review* wrote in that periodical an essay on the book of his enemy, which was one of the most powerful and the severest that ever appeared from his pen, vigorous though it always, and severe though it usually was. Croker attempted his revenge when in his turn he was the critic and Macaulay the author; but his attack on the famous *History of England* will perhaps be best remembered by Sydney Smith's definition, as an attempt at murder which ended in suicide. It must be said, however, that, apart from the merits of the points in dispute between the two men, the readiness of Croker to recognize the abilities of his opponent contrasts not unfavourably with the uniform and untiring bitterness of Macaulay towards him. Croker, in addition to the works already mentioned, published editions of *Walpole's Letters to Lord Hertford* and *Lady Hervey's Letters*, as well as several poems of some merit. For many years he had acted as *factotum* to the Marquis of Hertford, the wealthy and profligate, heartless and tyrannical nobleman who stood for the "Marquis of Steyne" in *Vanity Fair* and "Lord Monmouth" in *Coningsby.* Such a position in the household of such a nobleman laid Croker open to several imputations, the truth or falsehood of which it is not yet possible to ascertain. He is alluded to cursorily in *Vanity Fair*, but he is the original of "Rigby" in *Coningsby*, one of Lord Beaconsfield's most finished and most successful portraits. During his last years Croker had retired completely from the world of literature and politics. He died at Hampton, August 10, 1857.]

REVOLUTIONARY SYMPATHY.

(FROM "ESSAYS ON THE GUILLOTINE.")

There were three brothers of a respectable family in Paris of the name of Agasse, the two eldest of whom, printers and proprietors of the *Moniteur*, were convicted for forgery of bank-notes, and sentenced to be hanged. This condemnation excited—from the youth and antecedent respectability of the parties—great public interest. It might be naturally expected that this sympathy would have exerted itself in trying to procure a pardon, or at least some commutation of punishment, for these young men, whose crime was really nothing compared with those of which Paris was the daily and hourly scene; but no! There seems, on the contrary, to have been a pretty general desire that they should suffer the full sentence of the law, in order that the National Assembly and the *good people* of Paris might have a practical opportunity of carrying out the new principle that "*the crime does not disgrace the family.*" In the evening sitting of the 21st January (a date soon to become still more remarkable in the history of the guillotine) an Abbé Pepin mounted hastily the tribune of the National Assembly, recalled to its attention Guillotin's propositions, which had been, he said, too long neglected, and stated that a case had now occurred which required the instant passing of the three articles which related to the abolition of the prejudice and of confiscation of property, and to the restoring the body to the family. That most foolish of the National Assemblies loved to act by impulses, and the three articles were enthusiastically passed for the avowed purpose of being applied to the individual case—as they, in fact, were in the following extraordinary manner:—Three days after the passing of the decree the battalion of National Guards of the district of St. Honoré, where the Agasses resided, assembled in grand parade; they voted an address to M. Agasse, the uncle of the criminals, first, to condole with his affliction, and, secondly, to announce their adoption of the whole surviving family as friends and brothers; and, as a first step, they elected the young brother and younger cousin of the culprits to be lieutenants of the grenadier company of the battalion; and then, the battalion being drawn up in front of the Louvre, these young men were marched forth and complimented on their new rank by M. de Lafayette, the commander-in-chief, accompanied by a numerous staff. Nor was this all; a deputation of the battalion were formally introduced into the National Assembly and were harangued and complimented by the president on this touching occasion. They were afterwards entertained at a banquet, at which Lafayette—then in more than royal power and glory—placed them at his sides, and "*frequently embraced them.*" They were also led in procession to St. Eustache and other churches, and paraded, with every kind of ostentation, to the public gaze. A public dinner of six hundred National Guards was got up in their honour; numerous patriotic and philanthropic toasts were drunk, and then, in an "*ivresse*," not altogether of wine, the newspapers say, but of patriotism *and joy*, the two youths were marched back through half Paris, preceded by a band of music, to the house of the uncle, where the rest of the Agasse family, old and young, male and female, came forth into the street to receive the congratulations of the tipsy crowd. Can we imagine any greater cruelty than the making a *show* of the grief of these unhappy people, and thus forcing them to celebrate, as it were,—in the incongruous novelties of gold lace and military promotion, and public exhibitions,—the violent death of their nearest and dearest relations?

While these tragical farces were playing, the poor culprits, who did not at all partake of the kind of enthusiasm their case excited, were endeavouring to escape from the painful honour of having this great moral experiment made in their persons: but in vain; their appeals were rejected, and at length they were, on the 8th of February, led forth to execution in a kind of triumph—of which it was remarked that they felt nothing but the aggravation of their own personal misery,—and were hanged with as much tenderness as old Izaak Walton hooked his worm; and, that preliminary process being over, the bodies were delivered with a vast parade of reverence and delicacy to the family. The surviving brother was confirmed in the lucrative property of the *Moniteur*, which he enjoyed throughout the revolution, as his widow did after him, under the title of "Madame *Veuve* Agasse," and as we believe her representative does to this hour; and in the great work of Aubert, printed by Didot, called *Tableaux Historiques de la Révolution*, there is a plate of the two Agasses going to be hanged, as if it had been a matter of the same historical importance as the *Serment du Jeu de Paume*, or the execution of the king.

A REPLY TO MACAULAY.

[On September 20, 1831, Macaulay made his greatest speech on parliamentary reform. The most remarkable part of his speech was that in which he appealed to the English aristocracy to take warning by the fate of the *noblesse* of France. "And why," asked Macaulay, "were those haughty nobles destroyed with that utter destruction? Why were they scattered over the face of the earth, their titles abolished, their escutcheons defaced, their parks wasted, their palaces dismantled, their heritage given to strangers? Because they had no sympathy with the people, no discernment of the signs of the times; because, in the pride and narrowness of their hearts, they called those whose warnings might have saved them theorists and speculators; because they refused all concession till the time had arrived when no concession would avail." This was Croker's reply.]

"But did the nobles on that vital occasion show that blind and inflexible obstinacy which the learned gentleman has attributed to them? Did they even display the decent dignity of a deliberative assembly? Did they indeed exhibit a cold and contemptuous apathy to the feelings of the people, or did they not rather evince a morbid and dishonourable sensibility to every turn of the popular passion? Was it, sir, in fact their high and haughty resistance, or was it, alas! their deplorable pusillanimity, that overthrew their unhappy country? No inconsiderable portion of the nobility joined the *Tiers Etat* at once, and with headlong and heedless alacrity; the rest delayed for a short interval—a few days only of doubt and dismay, and after that short pause, those whom the learned gentleman called proud and obstinate bigots to privilege and power, abandoned their most undoubted privilege and most effective power, and were seen to march in melancholy procession to the funeral of the constitution with a fallacious appearance of freedom, but bound in reality by the inevitable shackles of intimidation, goaded by the invectives of a treasonable and rancorous press, menaced and all but driven by the bloody hands of an infuriated populace. And in that celebrated night which has been called "the night of the sacrifices," but which is better known by the more appropriate title of "the night of insanity," when the whole frame and order of civilized society was thrown in the delirium of popular compliance, who led the way in the giddy orgies of destruction? Alas, the nobility! Who was it that in that portentous night offered, as he said, on the altar of his country the sacrifice of the privileges of the nobility? A Montmorency! Who proposed the abolition of all feudal and seignorial rights? A Noailles! And what followed? We turn over a page or two of this eventful history, and we find the Montmorencies in exile and the Noailles on the scaffold."

WILLIAM HAMILTON MAXWELL.

BORN 1794 — DIED 1850.

[This popular author was born in Newry, in 1794, and was one of those Ulstermen in whom the blending of the cool Scotch nature with fiery Irish blood has been productive of such excellent results. This will be gathered from his works, although apart from them the Scotch element appears to be wanting, for in pecuniary matters, for example, he displayed true Hibernian recklessness. At the age of fifteen he entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated with honours in his nineteenth year. His relatives were disposed to his being trained for the church or the bar, but his ardent desire to travel engendered a longing for a military life. For five years, being unable to decide upon a profession, he occupied himself chiefly with country sports. During this interval he was visited by a wealthy maternal aunt, whose fancy was completely taken by the frank and dashing sportsman, and who promised to make him her heir if he would abandon his military notions and enter holy orders. After considerable hesitation, Maxwell, to please his relative, partially complied with her wishes by taking deacon's orders. He could not, however, bring himself at once to complete the clerical course, and before adopting his new kind of life he made a lengthened tour, in the course of which he visited many of the victorious fields of Wellington. During these travels, doubtless, he collected many of the incidents so graphically described in *The Bivouac, or Stories of the Peninsular War*. In order to procure the means wherewith to continue his travels he extended and confirmed leases for life on property which came to him through his mother. On the death of his aunt he returned home, only to find that his expectations of the wealth which she had promised to bequeath to him were nothing more than vain delusions, as owing to a testamentary informality the whole of her property passed to another. This disappointment induced him to make preparations for emigrating; but the death of a friend, who was to have accompanied him to America—that haven of refuge for unfortunate Irishmen—caused him to alter his decision, and as a last resource he adopted the course which had hitherto been distasteful to him, and took full orders. His prospects soon brightened, however, for in 1819 he married a lady of good family, and in the following year was presented by the Archbishop of Armagh to the rectory of Ballagh, in Connaught, of which place he was at the same time made prebend. His new residence was situated in a wild and romantic district, eminently suited to his tastes as a sportsman and novelist, and although his parochial duties were not light, they did not altogether prevent him from following his natural bent. It was at his shooting-lodge in Balycroy that he wrote his first novel, *O'Hara*, which was published anonymously. In 1829 appeared *Stories of Waterloo*, his first acknowledged work, which at once gained the popularity which it still maintains. It was the merit of this and similar tales which led the *Dublin University Magazine* to credit Maxwell with being the first to produce what may be called the military novel.

In the writing of his books he also drew largely on his experience as an enthusiastic lover of the country and of field sports. His first venture as a sporting novelist was *Wild Sports of the West*, which soon became exceedingly popular. It was of these delineations that Christopher North wrote: "They contain many picturesque descriptions of the wildest scenery in Connaught, many amusing and interesting tales and legends, and much good painting of Irish character."

To the *Dublin University Magazine* and *Bentley's Magazine* he was a valued contributor. It is said that his latter days were much embarrassed by pecuniary difficulties. He died at Musselburgh, near Edinburgh, on the 29th of December, 1850. "If a brilliant fancy, a warm imagination, deep knowledge of the world, consummate insight into character, constitute a high order of intellectual gift, then he is no common man," says the *Dublin University Magazine;* "uniting with the sparkling wit of his native country the caustic humour and dry sarcasm of the Scotch, with whom he is connected by the strongest ties of kindred, yet his pre-eminent characteristic is that of sunshiny temperament, which sparkles through every page of his writings. Rarely or never does an unpleasant image present itself." [1]]

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[1] The following is a complete list of Maxwell's works:—*O'Hara, A Historical Novel; Stories of Waterloo*, 1829; *Wild Sports of the West*, 1833; *The Field Book, or Sports*

CAPTAIN KENNEDY'S ESCAPE.[1]

(FROM "STORIES OF WATERLOO.")

When Kennedy decided on taking the shortest apparent route from the mountain lough to his quarters, he was little aware of the difficulty of the ground he had determined on traversing. Scarcely had he lost sight of the lake, by crossing the steep rising ground above it, before he found his further progress interrupted by the course of one of the many mountain streams tributary to the river of Woodford. The valley where he now stood was a natural amphitheatre formed by the curving of the rivulet; and the banks rising precipitously from the water, and in many places beetling over their base, forbade all approach to human footsteps.

The soldier paused disconcerted; he must either retrace his steps and pursue the path he had taken in the morning, or by a tedious *détour* through a marsh which terminated the valley, and which his quick eye at once detected as a perilous mode of egress, endeavour to recover the track from which the unexpected obstruction of this mountain barrier had so unfortunately diverted him. Evening was coming on fast; the night mists were already rising from the low grounds, and the sportsman decided on making an attempt higher up the valley, and there endeavour to surmount the obstacle which lay between him and his destination.

Nor were his efforts unsuccessful. Farther on a small spring trickled over the ridge of the precipice, and an irregular channel had been gradually formed by its waters in the cliff; a few bushes of wild myrtle were growing on its verge, and the heath there was strong and well rooted. Kennedy without hesitation attempted an ascent, and in a few minutes, with powerful exertion, the dangerous effort was successful, and he stood safely on the brow of the precipice.

To his dumb companion, however, the cliff was impracticable. After several efforts he found that he could not succeed, and, with the astonishing instinct which distinguishes that species of the canine race, having surveyed the valley for an instant, Sailor started at full speed to cross the morass which formed its termination.

While Kennedy paused to recover his breath and observe the course his dog would pursue to rejoin him, he remarked a small cut made in the turf, from the place where the spring was gushing from the rock, and easily discerned that this little canal was not the work of nature. Where it led to was not visible; and he determined to follow its course, as offering the easiest mode of egress from the intricate spot where he stood. The water ran in crystal brightness for a short distance, and then winding round the base of a huge rock, disappeared. Kennedy was turning it abruptly, but started; for before him, and within a step or two, a woman stood, her finger placed upon her lip, and her arm extended to bar his farther progress. For a few moments he gazed on her with surprise. She was young and strikingly handsome: her dress was that of a peasant, but arranged with perfect neatness: her hair was partially screened by a broad riband across the forehead, and partly fell in luxuriant tresses down her back and shoulders: her eyes were particularly dark and intelligent; and her red lips, half apart, indicative of anxiety and attention, revealed within a row of even teeth as white as ivory itself.

The fisher's surprise was momentary: struck with the uncommon loveliness of the mountain nymph, he seized her extended hand and began to offer the customary tribute of admiration; but a speaking look and a gesture of peculiar meaning restrained him. After gazing for a moment round her, she inquired in an emphatic whisper the object of his present journey.

"Faith, astore," replied the soldier, "nothing but the simple one of endeavouring to reach home before night overtakes me in these bleak hills, or the bleaker moors beneath us;—but now, you shall be my guide, and I will be your protector."

Again he would have taken her hand, but her impressive action prevented him. She sprang upon the brow of the rock,—looked anxiously around, and then placing herself beside Kennedy, pointed to the marriage ring upon her finger, and in a low and earnest whisper, continued,—

"Captain Kennedy—for God's sake return—

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and Pastimes in the United Kingdom, 1833; *Adventures of Captain Blake*, 1836; *The Dark Lady of Doona*, 1836; *The Bivouac*, 1837; *The Life of the Duke of Wellington*, 1839. ("In our opinion," says the *Times* of this work, "it has no rival among similar publications of the day.") *The Naval and Military Almanack for* 1840; *Victories of the British Army*, 1840; *Rambling Recollections of a Soldier of Fortune*, 1842; *Wanderings in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*, 1843; *The Fortunes of Hector O'Halloran*, 1844; *Naval and Military Remembrances*, 1844; *History of the Irish Rebellion of '98*, 1845; *Adventures of Captain O'Sullivan*, 1846; *Hillside and Border Sketches*, 1847; *Bryan O'Lynn*, 1848; *The Irish Movements*, 1848.

[1] This and the following extract are by permission of Messrs. Routledge and Sons.

move as silently as a ghost; your safety—your life depend upon a feather. I have watched you, and saw you like a doomed man hurry to the very spot where destruction was inevitable: return promptly, quickly, silently;—steal back, cautious as a midnight robber; for if one awakes (and he is fearfully near you), your life, if a kingdom rested on it, would not be worth the purchase of a farthing."

While she still spake, the noise of a slight rustling in the heath was heard; her glance rested quickly on the brow of the hillock opposite; by an expressive turn of her eye she directed Kennedy's observation to the spot; and, nearly concealed by the thick heather, a man's head was visible.

"Attend," she said in a deep whisper. "We must now follow a different course to what I had intended, or you are lost: go on boldly; enter the hovel beyond the hill, and ask for refreshment and a guide: conceal who and what you are: be bold, be prudent; for a stout heart and a ready wit alone can save you. I will be with you as soon as I can find one who will protect you with his life; but, till I come, leave not the cabin: show neither alarm nor uneasiness, but trust to no one; and now to deceive yonder spy, who watches us——"

In a moment she assumed an air of rustic coquetry; the soldier perceived her object, and seizing her hand, attempted to snatch a kiss—while apparently struggling in his arms, she muttered—"Go on—cross the hill without hesitation—be collected, for your life depends upon your acting;" and springing from his hold, she struck him playfully on the face with her open hand, and then bounding from him with a loud laugh, and the speed of a hunted deer, she turned the rock and was out of sight in an instant. . . .

When Kennedy gained the summit of the ridge he found himself above a little dell, situated in the bosom of the hill he had surmounted. It was a spot of singular loneliness; a stranger might pass near it repeatedly, and yet nothing but accident reveal to him its existence. It had been evidently used for what the peasantry call a *bouilie,* or temporary residence in the summer for the young persons of the lowland villages, who annually frequent these mountains with their cattle, which at stated times are driven up to be depastured. The roofless walls of several huts were still remaining, and one long hovel was covered with a rude thatch of bent-grass, which grew abundantly in the numerous swamps with which these wilds abounded.

This hovel was inhabited: a clear blue smoke eddied from the imperfect roof, and through the fissures of its loosely-constructed walls; and the small canal, which led from the spring which we have before described, was artfully conveyed by many an ingenious winding, until it discharged its water into a rude trough which rested on the walls of the hovel. This, and the flashing of a large fire from the open doorway, at once showed Kennedy that this wild spot had been prepared for illicit distillation. . . . While Kennedy was examining this lone retreat he felt himself rudely touched upon the shoulder, and on turning round, his eye met the same wild face which he had before indistinctly observed watching him when talking to the young female. There could not be a more savage-looking being than the man who now stood beside him. He was a low-sized person, of gaunt and bony proportions; his limbs thin and sinewy, and, like his face and bosom, covered with red hair; his eye was wild and unsettled, and his hair indicated a mixture of ferocity and cunning. Except a tattered shirt and short woollen drawers, he was perfectly naked. He roughly demanded, in Irish, from the soldier what business brought him there, and pointing to the hovel, signed that he must go there before him. To resist the mandate of the mountaineer would have been equally idle and impolitic; and, remembering the directions given him by his fair monitress, Kennedy, although he understood his native language well, at once affected ignorance, and signing to the stranger to that effect, he preceded him in silence to the hut.

The interior of the hovel displayed a melancholy and revolting picture of savage life; a still was at full work, attended by an old man and a lad. The former was one of those persons who, in the remote districts where private distillation cannot be prevented, travel through the mountains, preparing the vessels used in the process, and either working them, or instructing those who may engage them in the mysteries of this wretched trade. The lad was employed under the directions of the old man, and appeared as anxious to receive his precepts in this art as if he had been acquiring a safe and reputable calling. At the farther end of the cabin a quantity of dry fern was spread. A torn blanket, and two or three frieze coats were lying on the heap, and formed the covering of the occupants of the hut both by night and day. A *cleeve* or pannier filled with potatoes, with a metal pot, were standing in the corner, and a couple of *loys* (narrow spades) and a rusty musket comprised all the articles which the hovel contained. In a recess in the wall were a few earthen vessels and a glass; these were for the customary uses of drinking, or ascertaining the strength and flavour of the spirit as it fell from the worm.

Kennedy's eye, while traversing the hut, rested suspiciously on the old fire-lock; but he quickly remarked that it was without a flint, and consequently useless. The men had withdrawn to a corner, and were conversing in a low whisper. From their frequently turning an inquisitive look to the farther end of the cabin, which was wrapped in darkness, the soldier concluded there were more in the hut than he had yet discovered. Nor was he wrong: the still fire suddenly threw out a strong flash of light, and although the blaze was momentary, he observed a human figure stretched in a dark recess beyond the still; but whether it was male or female, living or dead, the partial light prevented him from determining.

While pondering on the course he should adopt—whether to address the inmates of the hut at once, or await patiently the result of their deliberation, a fourth person entered. . . . He measured Kennedy from head to foot with his eye, and beckoning to the two elder peasants, while he threw a malignant glance at the soldier, he retired from the hut accompanied by the mountaineers.

At a little distance from the door they stopped, and a deep and earnest consultation was carried on in a low tone of voice, which prevented Kennedy from hearing a syllable of their conversation—but he well knew that it boded him no good. For an instant he determined to attempt an escape; but a moment's consideration told him that the thing was hopeless. The chances of success were desperate. It was nearly dark; he had four persons to contend with beside the sleeper; and, for aught he could tell, others whom he had not seen were near him. Even could he free himself from these men, he was bewildered in a labyrinth of rocks and morasses, from which, even in safety and daylight, he would find it nearly impossible to extricate himself:—an escape would then be little short of miraculous.

While thus deliberating the outlaws re-entered; and lifting a sort of wicker door from the wall, placed it across the entrance and secured it with a spade; and the armed man addressing Kennedy in excellent English, demanded his name, residence, and the object which brought him to the mountains. With assumed calmness the soldier replied that he was a sportsman and stranger, and allured by the report he had heard of the mountain lough he had been induced to visit it.

The robber shook his head, and turning to his companions whispered in Irish, "It is as I told you—we are *set;* and if he had a thousand lives, he dies."

Kennedy started: he knew the language intimately; he heard his doom pronounced; and that too by an idiomatic phrase in Irish, which conveyed the certainty of his murder in terms for which the English has no words sufficiently expressive.

Kennedy's agitation did not escape the outlaw, who rapidly exclaimed, "Does he understand us?" The old man answered in the negative, but added, "Try him yourself."

In this moment of mental anguish Kennedy's natural *hardiesse* saved him. The robber, confronting him, addressed him in his native tongue; and while he eyed him with a searching look, Kennedy, with astonishing composure, requested him to speak to him in English, "for unfortunately he was an Englishman, and of course ignorant of the Irish language."

Apparently satisfied the outlaw turned to his companions:—"You're right," he said, "the spy's a Sassenach;" and, advancing to the fire, lighted a small torch composed of split bog-deal, and went to the corner of the hut, where, on a heap of fern, the human figure already remarked by the soldier was extended.

During the momentary action of applying the torch to the fire, the old man, by emphatic gestures, would have prevented him; and when he saw him advance to the fern where the sleeper lay, he muttered as he crossed himself, and threw a look of pity on the victim,—"Mary, mother of God, be good to him! for Johnny Gibbons never yet showed mercy."

Every nerve in Kennedy's frame jarred; the blood rushed back to his heart as the dreaded name of Gibbons was pronounced: the old outlaw indeed spoke truly—for that ruffian never had shown mercy! Kennedy knew him well by character; he had been an outcast from society since the rebellion of ninety-eight; and while the other delinquents had generally received pardon, the ear of mercy was justly closed to him. He was the only one of the western rebels who had been guilty of deliberate bloodshed; and his truculent disposition had not only been displayed to those whom he looked upon as his enemies, but also, and not unfrequently, to his misguided companions. For many years he had infested the wilds of Connemara; but the wanton murder of a comrade, and his repeated aggressions on the peasantry, whom he plundered and ill-used, removed all that mistaken sympathy which the lower Irish, in the remoter parts of the kingdom, cherish for malefactors: and the ruffian became an object of such general detestation, that he was forced to abandon the mountains which for fifteen years had sheltered him. The party disturbances which prevailed in the neighbourhood of Woodford induced him to seek this wilderness as a suitable retreat; and in consequence of the disaffection of some, and the wild character of the peasantry, who, even when unconnected with treasonable associations, were generally, from the nature of their pursuits, opposed to the operations of the law, the outcast from Connemara here found protection and support.

Gibbons had been latterly joined by another ruffian named Garland, who had also been obliged to screen himself from justice. This desperado had been a sort of agent employed by the mountain people to dispose of their whisky in the adjacent counties. In an affray with the revenue men, an officer had lost his life by Garland's hand: he became of course a refugee; and now rendered desperate, he had planned and executed Morton's murder, which has been already alluded to;—and a fit associate for Gibbons, their names became formidable to the country around.

No wonder the soldier's heart sank when he saw the sleeping ruffian roused by his companion, and heard him angrily demand "why he was awakened?" The low dialogue was quickly terminated; for with an execration he bounded on his feet, and lifting a blunderbuss from beside him, staggered forward where Kennedy was leaning against the wall of the hovel. His look and air were indescribably savage; his features inflamed by inebriety, alarm, and revenge; and as he steadied himself within a few paces of his victim, he shot a glance of malignant exultation from beneath his shaggy eyebrows which seemed to preclude all hope.

The peasants appeared alarmed at the expectation of a scene of cold-blooded butchery, and murmured prayers mingled with entreaties, which seemed unregarded by the ruthless being to whom they were addressed; for after eyeing Kennedy deliberately, he suddenly raised and snapped the blunderbuss. It did not discharge; and Gibbons, pouring out execrations, proceeded to reprime it from an immense flask of gunpowder which he took from his pocket.

Kennedy desperately sprang in and seized him; but the struggle would have been a short one, as Garland drew a pistol and advanced to the relief of his comrade, when suddenly the wicker door was driven in with violence, a huge dog rushed into the hut, and leaping at the ruffian's throat, pulled him in an instant to the ground, and a terrible struggle, in which the robber's pistol went off without effect, ensued.

If Kennedy's impending fate had excited a momentary feeling of remorse in the other savages, his desperate resistance, and the unexpected appearance of his faithful ally, removed it; for the red mountaineer seized a loy and endeavoured to strike the dog from his hold, while the young savage struck fiercely at the soldier, as he rolled upon the floor locked in the deadly grasp of Gibbons.

The scene of murder was hurrying to its close—Kennedy was suffering from the heavy blows of the lad, and Sailor was cut down by the edge of the spade; but, at the moment, a pistol was discharged from the door, a man fell dead across the prostrate soldier, and the powder-flask rolled from Gibbons, and, falling on the red embers of the still fire, exploded with tremendous violence. The roof was blown off the hut, the walls rent asunder, and a scene of horrible confusion followed. The still being overturned, the boiling liquor fell upon the young savage and Gibbons, who, already scorched by the explosion, testified their pain by howls and terrific execrations. Kennedy, nearly suffocated, was with difficulty dragged from under the fallen roof: he looked round in astonishment: he was supported by a tall and powerful man; and the young female he had encountered before he entered this murderous den bathed his temples in cold water, which she had carried in a hat from the spring.

GENERAL O'DOGHERTY'S VISITORS.

(FROM "THE BIVOUAC.")

It was soon after the affair of New Ross that I obtained leave of absence from the general of the district, and repaired to the metropolis. I had been wounded by a rebel from a window with a slug; and though it traversed the bone without causing any injury, yet from the eccentric direction it had taken, an experienced practitioner was required to discover and extract it.

Two or three days after the operation had been successfully performed I found myself able to move about, and set out to visit some of my acquaintances who happened to be sojourning to the capital. Among others there was a kinsman of my mother, named Roderick O'Dogherty. He resided constantly in town, occupying a small house in Kildare Street, and thither I directed my course. . . .

I found the commander ensconced in an easy chair, with his infirm foot resting on a hassock, and a thick-winded pug reposing before the sounder member. . . . The commander was wrapped in a flannel dressing-gown, and wore a purple velvet nightcap. His hair, white as snow, was combed back into a queue, and secured with an ample bow of black riband. As a sort of moral for a soldier's use, there was no weapon visible in the apartment; while a crutch standing in one corner gave silent intimation that the warrior's career was done. . . .

"Well—so you had that slug extracted. Pish! Nowadays men make a work about nothing. I remember Count Schroeder got a musket-bullet in the hip at Breda, and he had it out and was on horseback again the second morning. Soldiers were soldiers then! What the devil were you about at Ross? You managed matters prettily."

"I think we did," I replied stoutly.

"Pish! Why did you let the rebels into the town?"

"Why—because we could not keep them out."

"Pshaw!" he growled testily. "I tell you how poor dear Puffenberg and I would have managed matters. We would have laned them with artillery—guns double loaded with grape and canister at point-blank distance—charged while the head of the column was broken, and supported the cavalry with——"

"We had no artillery but a few battalion pieces and a couple of old ship-guns."

"Humph!" growled the commander. "Why not try cavalry?"

"Cavalry could not act. The masses were dense, the streets filled with pikemen, and the windows crowded with musketeers. What impression could cavalry make against rebels in close column with pikes sixteen feet long?"

"Humph!"

"It was the gallantest affair during the rebellion, and old Johnson fought it nobly."

"Humph! Well, you dine here to-day at five. You'll meet your cousin Hector. . . . Hector is not pleasing me. I'm failing fast. He knows it. But if he disobliges me, and thinks I have not resolution enough to cut him off with a shilling—clip him close as a game-cock—he don't know Roderick O'Dogherty. Well, I see you are in a hurry, so good morning."

I left him, glad of escaping more of the reminiscences of Baron Puffenberg; and as I was being let out found Hector, the hope of the O'Dogherties, knocking at the door. . . . Hector was scarcely twenty, and one of the handsomest lads I ever saw. His education was imperfect and his principles lax. Had he been carefully brought up, and the bad portions of his disposition eradicated while a boy, he might have made a valuable man. But he had been spoiled by a weak mother—his vices had been permitted to run riot—and at the early age of twenty Hector was a gambler and a duellist.

Hector took my arm.

"Lord—I am so glad to meet you, Pat! You have been with old square-toes. Did he blow me up?"

"Why he did hint something about clipping you like a game-cock, and marking his affection by the bequest of a shilling."

"Oh—the cross-grained rogue! Pat, you would pity me if you knew half what I undergo. Because he allows me a beggarly hundred a year, every quarter's check accompanied by a groan that would lead a stranger to suppose the old curmudgeon was in convulsions, and a torrent of abuse that a pickpocket would not stand, I must visit him twice a day, dine with him on mutton chops, dawdle four hours over a rascally pint of sherry, and listen to his d——d yarns about Puffenberg and Schroeder, and the siege of Breda. Do you dine with the old tiger to-day?"

"I should be devilish sorry to interrupt your *tête-à-tête*. I told him I was engaged."

"Well, you will meet me at Darcy's? We'll have a grilled bone and some sober conversation."

I declined; but Hector was so urgent that at last I reluctantly consented.

. . . . . .

Fortunately for myself I was an hour too late in keeping my engagement with my cousin; and when I reached Earl Street found Darcy's whole establishment in desperate commotion. There were in every direction the eye turned to incontestable symptoms of a general row; and the mortal remains of plates, dishes, and decanters were strewn about the room, thick as leaves in Vallambrosa. From a waiter, who had been complimented with a black eye, I learned some particulars of the battle. Hector had been there and ordered supper; sat down in expectation of my arrival, and managed to kill time while waiting for me by quarrelling with a military party in the opposite box. Two or three Connaught gentlemen espoused his cause of course, it being the wrong one, and a desperate onslaught was the consequence. In the *mêlée* Darcy's goods and chattels were demolished—challenges given and accepted—cards interchanged by the pack—the watch called in—and my excellent cousin borne off in triumph, after performing prodigies of valour by maiming divers of the king's subjects.

Next day I repaired to Kildare Street in due time; and it was lucky that I was so regular, for Phil made a most alarming report. Over-night the gout had seized upon Roderick's better member; he was in considerable pain, and, as Clancy said, "the priest himself darn't go near him." To add to the misfortune several gentlemen had called early in the morning, stated their business to be urgent, and could scarcely be restrained by the valet from invading the sacred precincts of the commander's bed-room. Thus Roderick had been disturbed before his time, was consequently in most abominable temper, and I, alas! should in all likelihood be obliged to bear the first burst of gout and irritability.

"I had an infernal night of it—gout in the knee first; then moved to the ankle; lame in both legs; no sleep; could have dozed a little in the morning when three scoundrels, with knocks that I thought would have demolished the door, disturbed me. Well they did not break into my bed-room! Private business forsooth! I'm pestered with fellows of their kind; force their way up under false pretences, all for one purpose—begging—begging. . . . The hall-bell rang violently. "Confound it! the hotness of young men's tempers is nowadays intolerable. This is, I suppose, one of these d——d visitors; but if I don't despatch him in double quick my name's not Roderick!"

The commander was right in his supposition. Clancy announced the stranger as one of the sleep-breakers, handed in a card, on which was engraved, "Mr. Alleyn, 40th Regiment," and next moment the gentleman was ushered in.

He was quite a lad, and also a very young soldier, for whether it was the importance of his embassy or the vinegar aspect of the comrade of Baron Puffenberg that abashed him I know not, but he coloured up to the eyes, and seemed to be in evident confusion. I pointed to a chair—a civility which Roderick had omitted—and the following colloquy ensued:—

"You are General O'Dogherty?" said the stranger as he referred to a visiting-ticket in his hand.

"Yes, sir, I have that honour; and you, sir, are Mr. Alleyn?" and the surly commander examined the young man's card.

"Yes, sir, my name is Alleyn; and, sir—hem—it has given me pain to be obliged—hem—to call on you—for——"

"Sir, I understand you; I am a plain man and hate long speeches. In a word, sir, you might have spared your call; it will procure you nothing from me."

"This is very strange, sir—your character——"

"Pish! sir. I don't care a fig what any man says—and to cut short the interview, you may be off and try some other fool."

"Sir, this is unaccountable! I am not experienced in such matters, and confess I am rather embarrassed."

"No doubt, sir, a common consequence of imprudence. I am busy, sir, and you intrude."

The young man reddened to the ears.

"Sir, this won't do. If you think to bully you are mistaken. I insist on an immediate explanation."

"Why, zounds! Do you threaten me in my own house? I suppose you intend committing a burglary. Here, Clancy, show him the door."

"You shall hear me, sir! I have claims upon you that must be satisfied before I leave this."

"Why, you audacious scoundrel! Go for a peace officer, Clancy. I'll have you settled."

"Ah! I understand you; and it is time to leave you, sir, when you resort to the police. But let me say that your conduct is ungentlemanly, and your meanness disgraceful to the profession you dishonour."

Roderick seized upon the nearest weapon of offence, the crutch, while Clancy by bodily force fairly ejected the visitor. He was expelled with great reluctance, and departed from the house vowing vengeance against the commander. . . . Once more I rose to take my departure, when another thundering summons was heard at the hall-door—another card introduced—and immediately after "Captain Coolaghan of the South Cork" was ushered into the presence of the ex-general. He, too, as Phil Clancy mentioned in a whisper, was one of the sleep-breakers.

If the former visitor had evinced some diffidence in the opening of the interview, there was no indication of any tendency to blushing on the part of Captain Coolaghan of the South Cork. I examined his figure hastily, for it was rather remarkable. In age he was above fifty; in height, I should say, approaching to seven feet. His shoulders were broad—his legs thin—while his whole appearance had what the Irish call "a shuck look," and told plainly that the visitor had never considered abstinence and water-drinking necessary for his soul's weal. No man could be better satisfied with himself, or deemed his place in society less equivocal. He entered Roderick's "great chamber" with a smile, nodded graciously to us both, established himself in a chair, produced a silver snuff-box of immense capacity, took a deep pinch, and then, protruding his long chin sundry inches beyond his black stock, politely inquired, "which of the gintlemen was the gineral?"

A more infelicitous opening to an interview could not have been conceived. That there could be any doubt of his identity, or that the imprint of his former glory was not stamped upon his exterior, was death to Roderick; and quickly did he remove the stranger's uncertainty.

"*I*, sir!" he exclaimed testily. "*I* am Major-general O'Dogherty."

"Then, sir," responded the visitor, "I am proud of the pleasure of making your acquaintance. Your friend, I presume?" and he bowed graciously to me.

"Yes, sir; and here with me on particular business."

"I comprehend—all right;" and Captain Coolaghan closed his left eye knowingly. "We may proceed to business, then, at once; and, faith, when a man kicks up a dust and gets into scrapes why the sooner the thing's settled the better."

"Kicks up a dust—gets into scrapes! Why, sir, what the devil do you mean?" exclaimed the friend of Puffenberg, as he looked daggers at his new acquaintance of the South Cork.

"Why, then, indeed, general, your treatment of my young friend of the 40th was not the civilest in the world. But come, come—when men grow ould they always get cranky. We ought to make allowances. God knows, neither you nor I, when we come to his years, will be able to kick up such a *rookawn;*"[1] and he smiled and nodded at me; while Roderick, who was making himself up for mischief, impatiently exclaimed in a voice almost smothered by passion,—

"Who the devil are you? What do you mean? What do you want?"

"Faith, and I can answer you all. My name, Charles Coolaghan, of the South Cork—my maning, that you insulted my friend; and my business, a written apology. But come, we won't be too hard—we'll try and plaister it up without burning powder. Say ye were drunk. Do what my young friend asks, and there will be no more about it." . . . Up jumped the captain—up rose the general—I flung myself between them. Coolaghan had seized his cane—Roderick grasped his crutch—while Phil Clancy, hearing the fresh uproar, rushed into the room, and was directed by his master to exclude the visitor, and that too, if necessary, *vi et armis.* The captain slowly retired, notifying his wrath as he departed.

"Pat," said the commander, as he endeavoured to recover breath, "bring me my pistols. If any more of these ruffians come I'll shoot them, though I hang for it. Holy Mary!" and he crossed himself devoutly, "what sins have I committed that a poor, quiet, easy-tempered old man can't in his last days, his own house, and a land of liberty, remain in his afflictions without being tortured by a gang of villains, who first beg, then try robbery, and if you don't submit to plunder, coolly propose your assassination?"

A thundering rap interrupted the *jérémiade* of the unfortunate commander. Up ran Phil Clancy, pale as a ghost.

"Another of them divils that was here this morning," quoth the valet.

"Let him up," replied the general, while his brows contracted, and his look bespoke desperate determination—"Let him up. If I miss him with the crutch, do you, Pat, knock him down with the poker." And Puffenberg's confederate prepared for action, and I to witness the termination of a scene that at present was strange and inexplicable.

The door opened—a very fashionable-looking dragoon presented himself—inquired "if General O'Dogherty was at home?" and on being answered in the affirmative, begged to have "Captain Hay of the Fifteenth" announced as having called. Roderick, with more politeness than I expected after his recent visitations, struck with the superior manner and address of the new comer, requested him to take a chair, and then intimated that the general was present. The dragoon looked rather sceptically at the commander, and then turned his eyes on me.

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[1] *Anglice*, scene of confusion.

"Really, gentlemen," he said, "I feel myself a little puzzled. You, sir," as he addressed me, "seem far too young to have attained that honourable standing in the army. And you, sir," and he turned to Roderick, "much too infirm for the extraordinary exertions which last night's affair at Darcy's must have required."

The commander stared—while a faint and glimmering notion of the business flashed across my mind. Of course I kept my suspicions to myself, and the general testily, but politely, entreated the captain of cavalry to be more explicit.

"May I inquire, in the first place, which is the general?"

The commander, with great dignity, announced himself to be the real Simon Pure.

"There must be a palpable mistake in the whole business," and the light dragoon laughed. May I ask, without intending the slightest disrespect, if you supped at Darcy's last night?"

"Supped at the devil!" exclaimed the admirer of Baron Puffenberg. "Sir, I beg your pardon. Excuse my being irritable. Bad gout, sir. Saints would swear under half the provocation I have endured since daybreak. You'll forgive me?"

The captain smiled and bowed.

"My dear sir," continued Roderick, "I have not been out of my house these three months."

"Then," said the dragoon, "my conjectures are correct, and it is impossible that you could be the gentleman who knocked down Captain Edwards, blackened Mr. Heywood's eye, and broke the waiter's arm with a chair."

My worthy kinsman repeated the charges categorically in a tone of voice so ludicrous that neither Captain Hay nor I could refrain from laughing, and then added,—

"Really, sir, I am astonished, and at a loss to know why such inquiry should be made of me."

"The simplest reply, sir," returned the dragoon, "will be given in the Hibernian style, by asking another question. Pray, sir, is this card yours?" and he handed one to the friend of Puffenberg.

The general rubbed the glasses of his spectacles, and examined the ticket attentively; and then with a look of unqualified surprise replied,—

"It is mine—mine beyond a question!"

"Some one, then, has used your name and address with great freedom," observed Captain Hay.

"That person, if my suspicions be correct, shall rue his freedom dearly;" and the old man knit his brows and desired me to ring for Clancy. He came, and the commander asked for his card-case. It was brought and opened. No ticket of his was to be found, for those within were inscribed with Hector's name and residence. Conviction rested on the general's mind, and Clancy, ignorant of the consequences, sealed my cousin's fate. "Mr. Hector," he said, "had been fiddling with the case." Such, indeed, was the fact. The unlucky youth, struck with the similarity between his uncle's and his own, had been examining the cases, put the wrong one in his pocket, and in the confusion of the preceding evening had flung those of Baron Puffenberg's contemporary to his antagonists, and never discovered the mistake until the blunder had cost him an inheritance.

VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.

Born 1780 — Died 1855.

[In the good old days there was a custom under which penniless peers were taken in hand and pensioned by a paternal government. This mark of royal favour was, however, usually dependent on the continuance of the monarch's friendship, and implied such votes on questions, in which the monarch felt interested, as to his Majesty might seem agreeable. Viscount Strangford was the descendant of a noble family which had, through the recklessness of one of its members, fallen into this desolate form of dependence. The only heritage he received from his father was this small pension of £300 and his title; and the pension he gave to his mother while she lived, and resigned when she died. He was born in 1780, graduated in 1800 B.A. at Trinity College, Dublin, and in 1801 became Lord Strangford. His first employment was as a clerk in the Foreign Office. While in this stage of slender income and uncertain future, he had lodgings on the first floor in 98 Bury Street, St. James'; and on the second floor in the same house there was a compatriot, who, not much better just then, was, probably, in somewhat similar fashion, soothing his present by dreams of the future. This fellow-lodger of Lord Strangford was Thomas Moore, then newly arrived in London from his humble home in Aungier Street, Dublin. A friendship sprung up between the two young and impecunious Irishmen which lasted throughout their lives. As a proof of how deep the feeling of attachment between the two was, we may mention these two facts. On the eve of what turned out to be his inglorious and bloodless duel with Jeffrey of *The Edinburgh Review*, Moore wrote a valedictory letter to Lord Strangford, as one of his dearest friends. When in after years Moore was compelled by pecuniary embarrassments to leave England, Strangford, though far from rich, generously offered to come to his assistance. The Irish nobleman sought to eke out his small income as an official by his pen, and he became a contributor to a not very high class periodical known as *The Poetic Register*. In 1803 he published his first book—a selection of poems translated from Camoens, the Portuguese poet; and in 1804, 1808, 1810, and 1824, further editions appeared. Those productions were received with contradictory verdicts. Moore spoke highly of them, while *The Edinburgh Review* was censorious to that degree of ferocity characteristic of its earlier years. Lord Strangford also found an unfavourable critic in Lord Byron, who, in *The English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, charges his brother in the nobility and in poetry with having mistranslated Camoens and plagiarized Moore.[1] In his later years Lord Strangford was a frequent correspondent (under the initials of P. C. S. S.) to *The Gentleman's Magazine* and *Notes and Queries;* and at the time of his death—which took place in November, 1855—he was engaged in writing a biography of Endymion Porter, one of his ancestors. He was also the author of a pamphlet in reply to certain passages in Sir William Napier's *History of the Peninsular War.*

Literature, however, was only a subordinate occupation of his life. Appointed to the legation of Lisbon in 1803, he succeeded in the important task of making the Prince of Portugal definitely declare against Napoleon by departing for the Brazils. Afterwards he was English representative at the court in Rio Janeiro. He was next appointed ambassador to Stockholm (1817), and from that post was removed to the still higher place of minister at Constantinople. While there he had to deal with one of the phases of the eternal Eastern question, and he conducted difficult negotiations with a skill that obtained him an English peerage—he took the title of Baron Penshurst—and the embassy to St. Petersburg (1825). He had also risen in reputation by his conduct during the Congress at Varna in 1822. While in the Russian capital he had the misfortune to quarrel with the views of Mr. Canning, his chief; and partly through this reason, and partly because of domestic affliction, he retired from his post and returned to England. The death of Canning removed an obstacle to his further employment; and when the new ministry was formed, he sought the post of Minister for Foreign Affairs. However, neither his claims nor his influence were strong enough to obtain him such high office; and, by way of consolation, he was sent (1828) as an Ambassador Extraordinary to the Brazils. He returned home in the following year, and so his diplomatic career ended. In politics he attached himself to the most violent section of the Conservatives, and was an intimate friend and constant correspondent of the Duke of Cumberland (the King of Hanover), who, during his English career, was one of the chief spirits of the same party.

He had, in 1817, married the young widow of Nicholas Browne, of Mount Hazel, county Galway, daughter of Sir Thomas Burke, of Marble Hill. The lady was beautiful, loving, and not without cleverness; but she had a hysterical temper, and a want of discretion and good sense, which frequently disturbed deeply the domestic happiness of her husband. In her later years, however, she seems to have greatly improved in temper and self-control; and when she died in St. Petersburg in the thirty-eighth year of her age, her husband deeply mourned her loss. He had one daughter, who, married to the Marquis of Sligo in 1847, died five years afterwards; and three sons. The first, Lionel, a lad of great promise, died young. George, the second, had brilliant talents and pleasing manners, and gave earnest of a career distinguished in both literature and politics. But his literary works, though they are of high order and merit a better fate, are but little known. His *Historic Fancies* is best remembered by a ridiculous passage on royal touching for disease; though the work is full of splendid poetic and dramatic passages. He also left behind a striking novel, *Angela Pisani*, which was not published till after his death. In his political career the most memorable circumstance is that he was one of the band, formed by Mr. Disraeli, who preached the gospel that used to be designated "young Englandism." Percy, the third brother, was a frequent contributor to the best periodicals. He died in 1869. Both the brothers were childless; and Emily, Viscountess Strangford, the widow of George, is now the last surviving bearer of the name. An interesting account of the family will be found in the *Lives of the Lord Strangford*, by Mr. E. B. de Fonblanque.]

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[1] "Let Moore still sigh," wrote Byron,

> "Let Strangford steal from Moore,
> And swear that Camoens sang such songs of yore."

In another place, addressing him as "Hibernian Strangford, with thine eyes of blue," Byron bids the aspirant to

> "Cease to deceive, thy pilfered harp restore,
> Nor teach the Lusian bard to copy Moore."

CANZON SPANISH.[1]

O weep not thus—we both shall know
Ere long a happier doom;
There is a place of rest below,
Where thou and I shall surely go,
And sweetly sleep, released from woe,
Within the tomb.

My cradle was the couch of care,
And sorrow rocked me in it;
Fate seem'd her saddest robe to wear
On the first day that saw me there,
And darkly shadow'd with despair
My earliest minute.

E'en then the griefs I now possess
As natal boons were given,
And the fair form of happiness
Which hover'd round intent to bless,
Scared by the phantoms of distress,
Flew back to heaven.

For I was made in Joy's despite,
And meant for Misery's slave,
And all my hours of brief delight
Fled like the speedy winds of night,
Which soon shall wheel their sullen flight
Across my grave!

CANZONET.

Lady, when with glad surprise
I meet thy soft and shaded eyes;
Or, lost in dreams of love, behold
Thy waving locks of darkened gold;
Or press thy lip, whose dew discloses
Sweets that seem the breath of roses,—
Lady, I sigh—and with a tear
Swear earth is heaven, if thou art near.

But when (the hour of transport o'er)
My soul's delight is seen no more;
Rememb'ring all thy host of charms,
I tremble then with wild alarms,
And, taught by jealous doubt, discover
In every gazing youth a lover,
Confessing with a silent tear
That heaven and hell are wond'rous near!

A NIGHT SCENE IN THE LUSIAD.

BOOK VI.

Meantime as thus below the murmuring deeps
In solemn council meet the watery train,
Her bold career the wearied navy keeps,
Yet cheer'd by Hope, while o'er the tranquil main
To silence hushed the brooding tempest sleeps;—
'Twas at the hour when long the solar wain
Had roll'd down heav'n—and rous'd from warm repose,
Slow at their comrades' call the second watch arose.

Scarcely awake, against the tapering mast
Heavy and cold recline the languid crew,
The broad sail flapping, wards the nightly blast
Which, as across the decks it keenly blew,
Through their worn garbs with piercing chillness pass'd,
And each tired limb they stretch, lest sleep subdue
Their lids that long to close, and all devise
By converse short and forced to shun his soft surprise.

"How can we better these dull hours employ,
How sleep defy?" one watchful youth demands,
"Than by some gay romance, some tale of joy,
To spur the time that now so stilly stands?"
"Yes," Leonard cries (whom long the archer boy
Had prisoned fast in beauty's gentle hands),
"Yes," Leonard cries, "'twill charm the tedious night,
To tell of venturous loves, and deeds of soft delight."

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[1] This and the following extracts are from *Camoens' Life and Writings.*

"Perish that thought," the bold Veloso cries,
"Who talks of love in danger's dire extremes?
Shall we while giant perils round as rise,
Shall we attend to those enerving themes?
No—rather some tremendous tale devise
Of war's alarms, for such our state beseems;
So shall we scorn our present ills, and learn
To cope those coming toils my prophet eyes discern."

He spoke—and all accord—and all exclaim,
"To thee, Veloso, thee, the task is due."
"None then," he cries, "shall this narration blame
For slighted truth or fables told as true.
Arms I rehearse, and such high feats of fame,
That all who hear shall glorious deeds pursue;
Fir'd by the praise their own compatriots gained
Who erst the tilted fight 'gainst England's Twelve maintained.[1]

"When mighty Juan held the regal reins,
(Great Pedro's son) for gentlest sway renowned,
What time he boldly burst those despot chains
Which proud Castile about his country bound:
It happ'd in haughty England's cold domains,
Where boreal snows for ever clothe the ground,
Dire feuds arose—and from that distant shore
Eternal lights of fame our Lusian warriors bore."

REV. THEOBALD MATHEW.

BORN 1790 — DIED 1856.

[The "Apostle of Temperance" claims a place here, not as a politician, not as a famous author, not even as a great orator—for his victories over hearts were due to no eloquence but that of a pure purpose—but as one who loved his countrymen, and taught them to triumph over a besetting sin. Theobald Mathew was born on the 10th of October, 1790, at Thomastown Castle in Kilkenny, where his father, James Mathew, resided with his kinsman George Mathew, afterwards Earl of Llandaff. In boyhood, as afterwards in manhood, a gentleness and amiability of disposition, combined with utter unselfishness, endeared him to all hearts, and Lady Elizabeth, the earl's daughter, determined to educate him at her own cost. At twelve years of age he was placed by her at school in Kilkenny; at nineteen he entered Kilkenny College, and partly in Maynooth, and later under the care of the Rev. Celestine Corcoran of Dublin, he completed his studies for the priesthood, to which office he had dedicated himself from an early age. In 1814 he was ordained by Archbishop Murray.

After fulfilling the duties of his sacred calling for a short time in Kilkenny he was removed to Cork, which was destined to be the permanent field of his labours. There he became assistant to the Rev. Francis Donovan, a member of the Capuchin order, to which Father Mathew belonged. The little friary where they resided was situated in one of the most lowly parts of the city. Here the untiring zeal and devotion of the young priest began to bear fruit, and his fame as a spiritual director spread far and wide. Mr. Maguire, his biographer, mentions as one of the current sayings of the town, that "if a carman from Kerry brought a firkin of butter into the Cork market, he would not return home till he had gone to confession to Father Mathew." The absence of all sectarian bitterness in his character was well known, and his benevolence was not confined to those of his own faith. An instance of this is his conduct on the question of burial fees. At that time those fees fell very heavily on the poor of the locality. By Father Mathew's exertions a cemetery was opened, a considerable portion of which was given gratuitously to the needy of every religious persuasion.

In 1832 Asiatic cholera made its appearance in Cork, and during the visitation of that awful scourge the zeal and devotion of Mathew found an ample field. He was to be seen at all hours in the most wretched of the plague-stricken localities, assisting assiduously in meeting the spiritual and temporal necessities of the sufferers. One remarkable instance has been placed on record by his biographer. Returning one night to the temporary hospital, he found a patient whom he had visited there during the day removed to the dead-house. Feeling convinced that the patient could not be dead, he at once proceeded to the mortuary, and arrived there just as the attendants—who were necessarily intoxicated to induce them to perform their fearful task—had wrapped the body in the tarred sheet previous to placing it in the coffin. Father Mathew ordered them to lay down their burden, and, to his great joy, found on examining the body that the heart still beat. In a few days the man was quite recovered, and full of gratitude to his preserver. When the plague was stayed, and the city restored to its normal condition, Father Mathew still found room for his charity in the relief of the numerous widows and orphans. His appeals on behalf of the necessitous were generously responded to, from the well-known fact that the preacher practised what he taught.

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[1] Referring to a tournament held in London in the days of John of Gaunt, when twelve Portuguese chevaliers vanquished the same number of English.

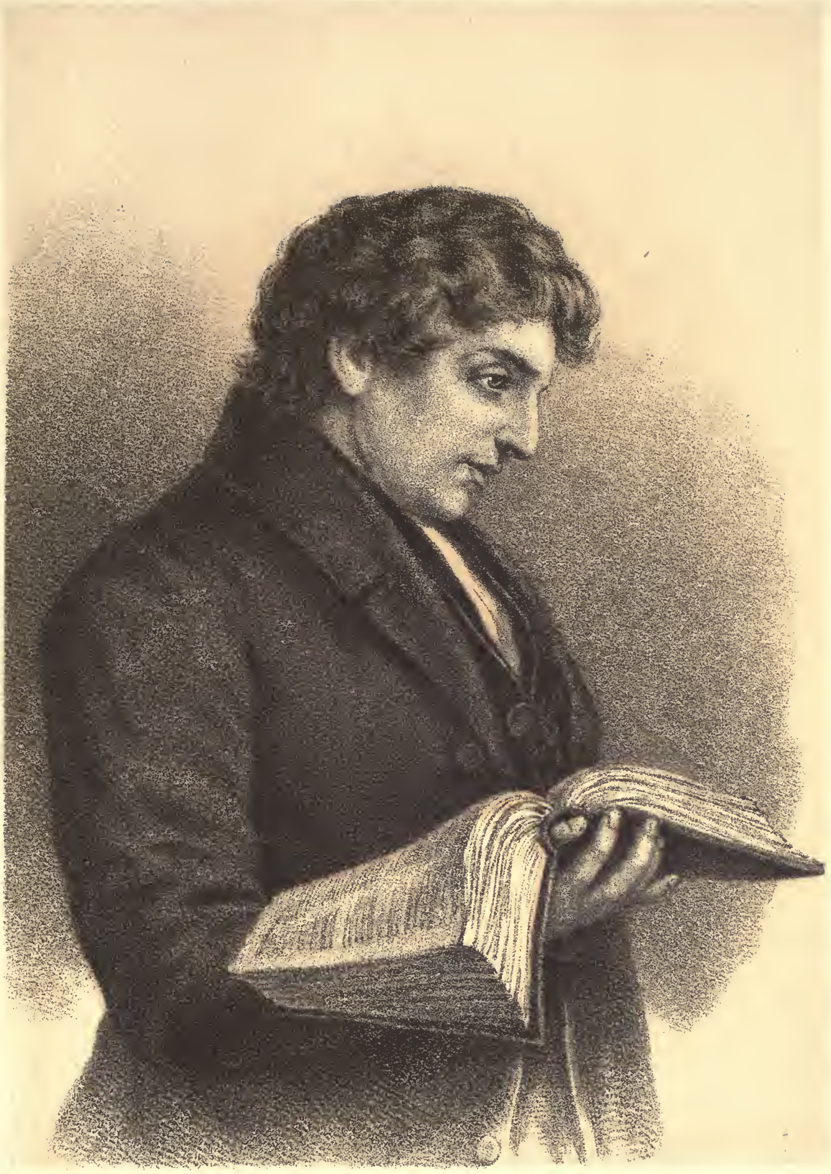
But a wider and greater work was yet in store for him. The cause of temperance had already found advocates in Cork. A Church clergyman, a Unitarian gentleman, and a Quaker named William Martin had combined to form a temperance society, but the work made very slow progress. Father Mathew's influence was known to be enormous, and Mr. Martin made urgent appeals to him to give his assistance. "Oh, Theobald Mathew, if thou would but take the cause in hand," he would say, "thou could do such good to these poor creatures." The priest deeply reflected on this appeal, and having finally arrived at the conviction that the cause was a righteous one, determined to give it his support. For this purpose he held a meeting in his own schoolroom, and after indicating in a short speech his intention and convictions, he went over to the table, and with the words "Here goes in the name of God," signed the pledge on the evening of the 10th April, 1838.

From that hour the movement went on like a swift stream, gathering strength as it advanced, till in the broad river of success it swept all obstacles from its path. Some idea of the progress of the good work can be formed from the fact that during the nine months after Father Mathew took up the cause, 156,000 persons were enrolled as members of the society. Cork became famous, and thousands of pilgrims flocked from all parts of the country to receive the pledge from the hands of the good man who treated the criminal and erring as a kind father. Mr. Maguire relates that he had a wonderful faculty for discovering the half-reluctant among a crowd, or those who had been led to his presence by the entreaties of friends. He would approach the poor waverer, and with admirable tact appear to take it for granted that he had come willingly. "Kneel down, my son. Welcome! welcome!" he would say. "Delighted to see you; glad you are come to me. You are doing a good day's work for yourself and your family; you will have God's blessing on your head. Poverty is no crime, my dear child; it is sin alone that lowers us in the eyes of God. Kneel down, my dear, and repeat the words of the pledge after me, and then I will mark you with the sign of the cross, and pray God to keep you from temptation." The man would kneel down, overcome by this sympathy and this genuine desire for his welfare, and rise with a new purpose and aim in life.

In December, 1839, Father Mathew visited Limerick. In the short space of three days after his arrival 150,000 persons took the pledge. The streets of the town were completely choked up, all business was suspended except that of selling provisions; all the public halls and buildings were thrown open, and the people flocked with enthusiasm into the good man's presence. On the 28th of March, 1840, Father Mathew carried his temperance mission to Dublin. Here multitudes of all classes and creeds became adherents of the new crusader's cause, five hundred ladies, among others, becoming members of the Temperance Association. In 1841 Father Mathew determined to visit Ulster. From the sectarian feeling—which, unhappily, is more active in that province than in any other in Ireland—it was anticipated that he might meet with serious obstacles; his own words best show how mistaken these fears were. "In coming originally to the north I had great difficulties to contend with. I was told I would be assassinated in Ulster; but I had confidence in my cause, as I came in the name of the Lord, proclaiming aloud, 'Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth, to men of good-will.' I knew the people of Ulster were too virtuous to refuse me their aid in this total abstinence movement on any sectarian grounds. I had also too much reliance on the honour of Irishmen to suppose the people of this province would arise in their might and crush one humble individual, who was merely trying to promote public morality. In the words of the poet, slightly altered, I may say in conclusion—

> Blessed for ever the day I relied
> On Ulster's honour and Ulster's pride."

Father Mathew was repeatedly invited to visit Scotland and England, but he held back till he had first carried his mission to every part of his native land. By 1842, feeling that he had accomplished this part of his task, he



REV: THEOBALD MATHEW.

(FATHER MATHEW)

FROM THE PICTURE BY J. HAVERTY.

BLACKIE & SON, LONDON, GLASGOW, EDINBURGH & DUBLIN.

visited Glasgow. There he administered the pledge to thousands, and was received with respect and reverence by all classes. A banquet was given him by the committee of the Scottish Western Temperance Association, and a congratulatory address presented him. On his return to Cork the people received him as a hero fresh from victory, and conducted him in triumph through the city.

Father Mathew had the inestimable pleasure of seeing the reward of his labours in the decrease of crime. But the great worker himself was in difficulties. Tracts, medals, placards, handbills—all these things had been paid for by the unselfish priest. When it was discovered that he was in debt, the country—knowing the glorious source of his embarrassments—came readily to his relief. But afterwards, and to the end of his life, his lavish generosity kept him in difficulties. The summer of 1843 saw Father Mathew on a tour through England. He visited the principal towns, and administered the pledge to thousands. The Bishop of Norwich, although formerly an open opponent, now declared himself a friend and admirer. In London alone he received opposition, the publicans having employed "roughs" to disturb his meetings. Notwithstanding this hostility he succeeded in his purpose, and most of the London Irish took the pledge. He was entertained by numbers of the nobility, many of whom became converts, and on leaving England he had the satisfaction of knowing that he left 600,000 persons pledged to temperance behind him. On the death of Dr. Murphy, Bishop of Cork, in 1847, it was expected that Father Mathew would succeed him. The archbishop of the province—agreeing with the popular instinct—sent in his name for the vacant see, but another ecclesiastic was appointed. A striking proof of the respect felt for his labours was given by the then existing government, Lord John Russell, the premier, granting him a pension on the civil list of £300 a year. Through the terrible years of the famine and the famine fever—which had been foreseen and deplored by O'Connell before his death—Father Mathew acted the part of ministering angel. He took sole charge of the south depôt in Cork when the committee suspended operations, and fed between 5000 and 6000 starving creatures daily. He was frequently reminded of the heavy responsibility he incurred, and asked what would happen when the necessary funds should fail. He invariably answered that he trusted in the goodness of God. His trust was not in vain, for when nearly at the end of his resources a vessel arrived from America with a cargo of bread-stuff, nobly sent from that land for the relief of the famine-stricken people. A portion of this cargo was placed at the disposal of Father Mathew.

When the crisis of the famine had passed Father Mathew felt free to accept an urgent invitation from his countrymen in America, and in 1849 he sailed for New York. He was welcomed by thousands, received by the mayor and councilmen, and entertained at the White House by the President in a manner befitting a royal guest. From all quarters addresses flowed in upon him, and he was waited upon by deputations from all parts requesting his presence in their respective cities. The fatigue proved too much even for his zeal to sustain, and two severe attacks of paralysis were the result.

In 1851 he returned to Ireland, and settled down in the house of his brother at Lehenagh, a place about two miles distant from Cork. Although he continued to attend to his various duties and receive all who came to him, his health never rallied. In February, 1852, his friends were alarmed by a sudden attack of apoplexy. He was brought round for a time, but only for a time. No remonstrance had the least effect in inducing him to relinquish his labours while he had the least strength. In October, 1854, he was ordered by his physician to visit Madeira, in the expectation of the benefit he would derive from a cessation of labour rather than from the climate. In the August of 1855 an improvement in his health and an earnest desire to resume his duties encouraged him to return to Cork. He soon found he had overrated his strength, and was once more forced to retire to the hospitable home of his brother. Here he grew rapidly weaker, but still he would manage to administer the pledge to those who sought him, and receive the friends with pleasure who came to visit him. He felt his days were numbered, and in the spirit of true Christian resignation and prayer, he awaited the summons. He seemed to suffer much from the cold, and shortly before his death he removed to Queenstown for the milder air. Here he was suddenly prostrated by a sixth paralytic stroke, and a few days afterwards—on the 8th of December, 1856—he died. When it became known to the Irish people that their great apostle and friend was no more, a wail of sorrow went up from the heart of the nation, and there was in thousands of households an anguish as poignant as if death had removed some near and deeply loved relative. "His example," justly observed Judge Moore, "did more for his country, his acts conferred more lasting good upon the people, than those of any patriot or statesman who ever lived."

We conclude with a few words from an eloquent address by T. F. Meagher, delivered in view of the last resting-place of Father Mathew in the Cork Cemetery, beneath the cross he had himself erected. "In the centre of the beautiful graveyard he had himself thrown open to the poor of every church, under the great stone cross, this glorious good man—all that is mortal of him—sleeps. Beside that cross—clinging to it in the agony of a breaking heart—kneels the nation whose sorrow he consoled—whose cup of poison he changed to one of living waters—whose head he lifted up and crowned with lilies when she had become a reproach among the nations. As silent as the cities of Tyre and Edom shall Ireland have become, when, in the shadow of that cross, without the city of St. Finbar, the Irish heart forgets the noblest, gentlest spirit that ever soothed it." A meeting was held by the inhabitants of Cork to consider the best means of paying respect to the memory of Father Mathew. Here Catholic, Protestant, and Dissenter met on equal ground. It was decided that a statue should be erected in a public thoroughfare. This project was soon carried into execution, and a life-like statue by Foley stands as a memorial of the love and respect of his fellow-townsmen. We have yet another lasting tribute to the memory of the Apostle of Temperance in the copious and deeply interesting biography written by his friend and fellow-townsman, the late Mr. J. F. Maguire, M.P.]

THE APOSTLE OF TEMPERANCE IN DUBLIN.

My dear Friends,—I feel great pleasure in meeting you all here to-day, and I trust you will show as much fidelity in observing the pledge as you manifest anxiety to take it. It is unnecessary for me to enumerate the many advantages to be derived from giving up the use of intoxicating liquors, which is the cause of all evil, of the crimes and outrages which have degraded this country. The drunkard will readily commit crimes which in his sober moments he would abhor. By becoming members of the Teetotal Society you will become respectful of the laws of God and man. I am proud to tell you that since the formation of our society no member of it has committed a crime in Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Clare, or Kerry, that has brought him before either judge, recorder, or barrister. I expect that, besides abstaining from drunkenness, you will give up all other vicious habits—night-walking, outrages, threatening notices, and combination oaths. You must not belong to any secret society, nor entertain any political or religious animosity towards your fellow-man. It is now time to wipe off the foul stigma on the name of Irishmen, and cease those religious and political dissensions which have hitherto distracted the land. There will be no necessity when you become good and useful members of society for you leaving your native country. Your landlords, seeing you worthy and industrious, will assist you. The landed proprietors are anxious to befriend you. I know a landed proprietor of the county Cork, who gave ground to a number of persons and gave them stock to enable them to succeed; but they became idlers and drunkards, and erected private stills to make whisky, so that at the end of seven years, when he expected to get at least five shillings an acre for his land, they could not pay him, and he was obliged to drive them off; so that landlords are not so much to blame as they are represented

The spectacle that presents itself this day is very edifying. It is very delightful to see persons of all religious persuasions co-operating in the one grand cause of charity. No one has any sinister motive in this object; we have no ill-will towards any men; we do not wish to injure distillers; I myself have brothers and brothers-in-law distillers; but there can be no general good effected without a partial injury. Distillers were not to blame; but you are, for you would not purchase any article without having whisky on the bargain; but now you will buy clothes, and bread, and meat, and, instead of seeing bottles of whisky and barrels of beer by the roadside, we will see cups of coffee, and bread, and meat, which will be of more benefit to you, assist in saving your money and preserving your health. Recollect the words of Dr. Franklin:—"Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." One of the great objects of this society is that there shall be no religious animosity, every man shall worship his God according to his own conscience, and any one who violates this principle is not worthy to be a member, and shall be expelled from the society. . . . It is particularly gratifying to see so many women, not that they now require it, but that it may make them examples to the other sex, and prevent themselves from becoming drunkards. I knew a respectable lady who was a model of all virtues until a domestic calamity befell her, and she sought mental relief in the indulgence of intoxicating liquors. I was called up one morning early about three o'clock to go and visit her; but before I reached her house she was dead, and an empty whisky-bottle was lying by her side.

No one is debarred from enjoyment by taking the pledge; on the contrary, they secure many comforts unknown to them while they gave themselves up to indulge in the use of unhallowed liquor. Now it requires much more fortitude in a man to stop at one tumbler of punch, or at one pint of porter, than is required of a teetotaler to abstain altogether. By refraining entirely from the use of these liquors your health will not suffer; on the contrary, it will be infinitely benefited. There is one circumstance I beg leave to offer a remark upon. Some members of the teetotalers' societies have preached up such exaggerated accounts as are calculated to lead people astray, so that, in visiting many parts for the purpose of administering the pledge, several imagined that I could heal diseases. I need not observe that nothing could possibly be more mistaken than such a notion as this. It is a source of much trouble to me, and serves no other purpose whatever than to give an opportunity for something like an air of superstition to be thrown over the proceedings. This, I repeat, has given me infinite trouble, and is altogether discountenanced by me, as it should be by all. . . .

Many persons held back from us because they thought that total abstinence would be injurious to health; and again, because they dreaded that the movement would be only momentary, not permanent, and that the relapse would be worse than the original degradation of drunkenness. But now there is no difficulty about either. It is known that abstinence is not injurious, and it has been fully proved, now that the pledge has been so inviolably kept for several months, that there is no danger of a relapse. Drunkenness will never again be triumphant in this country; it has got its death-blow. Even those who have not taken the pledge must now be temperate, because they have not got any one to indulge with. I have administered the pledge to-day, I am happy to tell you, to several publicans. I am proud of this, and I must say it shows great fortitude and great disinterestedness. You must have no quarrels or dissensions; you must live in peace and harmony with your neighbour. Let there be no religious discord between you and your brethren of other denominations—no religious disputes. Let every man enjoy his own religion; that is a matter between God and his own conscience. Be content to show forth in your lives whose disciples you are. But if you are by any chance led into a controversy with your neighbour, never lose your temper, and never forget your charity to your brother.

TEMPERANCE ORATION.

My dear Friends,—I am most happy to see you here; I should apologize for keeping you waiting so long, but I was occupied during the morning in important business. There was a paper put into my hands this morning by my excellent friend Mr. Haughton, which tells the good effects of total abstinence; it is a statement from the penitentiary, and it appears by it that in this month last year there were 136 committed for drunkenness, and in this month only 23 were committed for the same offence. Altogether this year has been less than the last by 1184 prisoners; and if teetotalism did nothing but this, was it not a great comfort? But it had improved the morals of the people; vice and crime of all sorts had greatly decreased. There were a few isolated cases of crime remaining, but let all become teetotalers, and these would vanish also. No teetotaler would degrade himself with vice or crime, for once dissipation was given up, all the rest vanished before it. People at first talked of reaction, and the spirit-dealers and porter-brewers looked to it with confidence; but he was happy to tell them no such thing had taken place, and he was also happy to say that these gentlemen themselves were proud of it. So sure was one gentleman of this taking place that he set up a still at the cost of £1000: and what do you think he called the still? Why, he baptized it a Temperance still. Aye, and it proved so, for there was not one gallon of whisky ever made in it. And it is now a great bacon and provision store. So you see the name was a proper one, and no misnomer after all; for bacon and provisions are true temperance articles. I rejoice at the great spread of total abstinence; but I, and I am sure you, do not rejoice at the loss of any one. But after all no one will be a loser at its spread; for there are ample means of employment, and sufficient gain will descend to all parties. I was in Connaught three or four months ago, and a brewer would not speak to me because he considered me his enemy; but a short time since he shook me by the hand, declaring I was the best friend he had in the world; for by losses in his brewery and bad debts he felt himself a loser; he felt himself "gaining a loss;" but now he has turned his brewery into something else, and is a gainer in reality. . . . Let nothing seduce you from the pledge; let nothing tempt you to break it, or become members of any illegal society; for I find in many places that emissaries have been going about trying to make you join such societies; but let them not seduce you; take no oath. In some places these attempts have been properly denounced; and let you all, where such attempts are made, give notice at once to the magistrates or the clergy of the attempt, and you will properly crush such things, and expose the abettors and fomentors of them. Do not interfere right or left with any society except your own. On this subject I feel as I did when I went to see the powder-mills of Ballincollig, as I felt I was treading on dangerous ground. Let you all feel as if you were among powder-mills, and not mix in politics at all. Let this be your motto, "*Cave quod ages;*" take care of the man of one book, for he is a dangerous person. Let me also caution you against cordials, as they are but whisky under another guise, and generally composed of the worst sort of whisky too. When you become teetotalers lay the axe properly to the root and cut away everything. The use of cordials, too, will enable you to spend your money; and of what use is teetotalism if the money saved on whisky is to be laid out on cordials? Do not use them at all; save your money and put it up in the bank; or, if you want to spend it, spend it on good food and good clothes, not on whisky or cordials. Lay up something for old age to prevent your entering the workhouse, for the workhouses are not asylums; they are merely for keeping one alive at the least possible cost, and will any of you go there when you can keep out of it? Observe the pledge faithfully, and the jails will be empty; and the workhouses, too, that are jails in another form, will also be empty. By the spread of temperance at the forthcoming assizes the jails will be found empty; and the local taxes of all sorts will be greatly decreased. In fact, the society will be of the greatest benefit to the nation at large. But, my dear friends, continue in it; join not any political sect or party; speak not to them as teetotalers, for temperance has nothing to do with such things. Our society now amounts to three millions, and, thank God, we have not joined any sect or party.

GEORGE CROLY, LL.D.

BORN 1780—DIED 1860.

[Few men have given such proof of many-sided activity as Dr. Croly. He was a busy journalist, a hard-working parish clergyman, and he obtained distinction as a poet, a romancist, a historian, a dramatist, a writer on religious controversy, and a pulpit orator. George Croly was born in Dublin in 1780. Destined by his father, who was a physician, for the Church, he entered Trinity College, Dublin, and in due time took holy orders. His hopes of ecclesiastical preferment were at first disappointed; and he sought employment on the press. He began as a writer of dramatic criticisms, and his contributions in poems, essays, and the like added to the popularity of *The Literary Gazette.* About this period *Blackwood* accepted his story "Colonna the Painter," which attracted considerable attention. To this followed in rapid succession tale after tale, many of which are now forgotten.[1] Meantime his pen was busy with poetry, and a volume of verse, *Paris in 1815, and other Poems,* contains some very striking passages of vivid declamation, and was received with considerable favour. He also published *The Modern*

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[1] Of those tales we may mention the following:—*Year of Liberation in 1813; Salathiel, a Story of the Past, the Present, and the Future; Tales of the Great St. Bernard; The Angel of the World, an Arabian Tale; Sebastian, a Spanish Tale; Marston, or the Soldier and Statesman.*

Orlando, *Poetical Works*, and *Beauties of English Poets;* a series of works on political subjects, of which *The Political Life of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke*, and *Historical Sketches, Speeches, and Characters*, are the most ambitious. Of a kindred nature are *Character of Curran's Eloquence and Politics;* and *Personal History of King George the Fourth.* With the self-confidence and versatility of which he gave so many proofs, Croly also tried his hand at play-writing, and produced the tragedy of *Catiline*, and the comedy of *Pride shall have a Fall*, both of which met with a fair reception.

The ecclesiastical promotion, for which he had vainly sought in his early youth and in his own country, came when he was in London and advanced in years. In 1835 he was created rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. His pen remained busy, though it now sought other themes; his writings of this period being occupied with questions, either purely theological or half theological, half political. In 1847 he was appointed afternoon-preacher at the Foundling Hospital, and he became one of the most popular pulpit orators of the metropolis. In private life he was amiable and charitable; and his conversation, rich in information and pointed anecdote, made his company much sought after. His death was very sudden. On November 24, 1860, he left his house in Bloomsbury Square to take his accustomed walk, apparently in his usual health. On reaching Holborn he suddenly fell down, and when taken into a shop, was found to be quite dead.]

THE ESCAPE OF NAOMI.

(FROM "SALATHIEL.")

I journeyed on by sun and star in that direction which to the Jew is an instinct—to Jerusalem. . . .

While I was pacing the sand that actually scorched my feet, I heard a cry, and saw on a low range of sand-hills at some distance a figure making violent gestures. Friend or enemy, at least here was man; and I did not deeply care for the consequences even of meeting man in his worst shape. Hunger and thirst might be more formidable enemies in the end; and I advanced towards the half-naked savage, who, however, ran from me crying out louder than ever. I dragged my weary limbs after him, and at length reached the edge of a little dell, in which stood a circle of tents. I had fallen among the robbers of the desert; but there was evident confusion in this fragment of a tribe. The camels were in the act of being loaded; men and women were gathering their household matters with the haste of terror, and dogs, sheep, camels, and children set up their voices in a general clamour. . . . I entered the first of the deserted tents, and indulged myself with a full feast of bread dry and rough as the sand on which it was baked, and of water only less bitter than that through which I had swum. Still all luxury is relative. To me they were both delicious, and I thanked at once the good fortune which had provided so prodigally for those withered monarchs of the sands, and had invested my raggedness with the salutary terror that gave me the fruits of triumph without the toil.

At the close of my feast I uttered a few customary words of thanksgiving. A cry of joy rang in my ears; I looked round; saw to my surprise a bale of carpets walk forward from a corner of the tent, and heard a Jewish tongue imploring for life and freedom. I rapidly developed the speaker, and from this repulsive coverture came forth one of the loveliest young females that I had ever seen. Her story was soon told. She was the granddaughter of Ananus, the late high-priest, one of the most distinguished of his nation for every lofty quality; but he had fallen on evil days. His resistance to faction sharpened the dagger against him, and he perished in one of the merciless feuds of the city. His only descendant was now before me. She had been sent to claim the protection of her relatives in the south of Judea. But her escort was dispersed by an attack of the Arabs, and in the division of the spoil the sheik of this little encampment obtained her as his share. The robber-merchant was on his way to Cæsarea, to sell his prize to the Roman governor, when my arrival put his caravan to the rout. To my inquiry into the cause of this singular success, the fair girl answered that the Arabs had taken me for a supernatural visitant, "probably come to claim some account of their proceedings in the late expedition." They had been first startled by the blaze in the island, which, by a tradition of the desert, was said to be the dwelling of forbidden beings. My passage of the channel was seen and increased the wonder; my daring to appear alone among men whom mankind shunned, completed the belief of my more than mortal prowess; and the Arabs' courage abandoned a contest, in which "the least that could happen to them was to be swept into the surge, or tost piecemeal upon the winds."

To prevent the effects of their returning intrepidity, no time was to be lost in our escape. But the sun which would have scorched anything but a lizard or a Bedoween to death, kept us prisoners until evening. We were actively employed in the meantime. The plunder of the horde was examined, with the curiosity that makes one of the indefeasible qualities of the fair in all climates; and the young Jewess had not been an inmate of the tent, nor possessed the brightest eyes among the daughters of women, for nothing. With an air between play and revenge she hunted out every recess, in which even the art of Arab thievery could dispose of its produce, and at length rooted up from a hole in the very darkest corner of the tent that precious deposit, for which the sheik would have sacrificed all mankind, and even the last hair of his beard—a bag of shekels. She danced with exultation as she poured the shining contents on the ground before me. "If ever Arab regretted his capture," said she, "this most unlucky of sheiks shall have cause. But I shall teach him at least one virtue—repentance to the last hour of his life."

. . . .

"Look to the hills," I exclaimed, as I saw a long black line creeping like a march of ants down the side of a distant ridge of sand. "Those are our Arabs," said she, without a change of countenance. "They are of course coming to see what the angel or demon, who visited them to-day, has left in witness of his presence. But from what I overheard of their terrors, no Arab will venture near the tents till night—night, the general veil of the iniquities of this amusing and very wicked world."

"Yet how shall we traverse the sands on foot?"

"Forbid it, the spirit of romance," said she. "I must see whether the gallantry of the sheik has not provided against that misfortune." She flew into the tent and drawing back a curtain showed me two mares of the most famous breed of Arabia.

"Here are the Koshlani," said she, with playful malice dancing in her eyes. "I saw them brought in in triumph last night, stolen from the pastures of Achmet Ben Ali himself, first horse-stealer and prince of the Bedoweens, who is doubtless by this time half dead of grief at the loss of the two gems of his stud. I heard the achievement told with great rejoicings, and a very curious specimen of dexterity it was. "Come forth," said she, leading out two beautiful animals white as milk. "Come forth, you two lovely orphans of the true breed of Solomon;—princesses with pedigrees that put kings to shame, unless they can go back two thousand years; birds of the Bedoween, with wings to your feet, stars for eyes, and ten times the sense of your masters in your little tossing heads."

She sprang upon her courser, and winded it with the delight of practised skill. The Arabs were now but a few miles off, and in full gallop towards us. I urged her to ride away at once; but she continued curvetting and manœuvring her spirited steed, that, enjoying the free air of the desert, after having been shut up so long, threw up its red nostrils in the wind, and bounded like a stag.

"A moment yet," said she, "I have not quite done with the Arab. It is certainly bad treatment for his hospitality to have plundered him of his dinner, his money, and his horses."

"And of his captive, a loss beyond all reparation."

"I perfectly believe so," was the laughing answer; "but I have been thinking of making him a reparation, which any Arab on earth would think worth even my charms. I have been contriving how to make his fortune."

"By returning his shekels?"

"Not a grain of them shall he ever see. No; he shall not have the sorrow to think that he entertained only a princess and a philosopher. As a spirit you came, and as a spirit you shall depart, and he shall have the honour of telling the tale. The national stories of such matters are worn out; he shall have a new one of his own, and every emir in the kingdoms of Ishmael—through the fiery sands of Ichama, the riverless mountains of Zayd; Hejaz, the country of flies and fools; and Yemen, the land of locusts, lawyers, and merchants, will rejoice to have him at his meal. Thus the man's fortune is made; for there is no access to the heart like that of being necessary to the dinners and dulness of the mighty."

"Or, on the strength of the wonder," said I, "he may make wonders of his own, turn charlatan of the first magnitude, profess to cure the incurable, and get solid gold for empty pretension; sell health to the epicure, gaiety to the old, and charms to the repulsive; defy the course of nature, and live like a prince upon the exhaustless revenue of human absurdity."

A cloud of smoke now wreathed up from the sheik's tent, fire followed; and even while we looked on, the wind, carrying the burning fragments, set the whole camp in a blaze. The Arabs gave a universal shriek and fled back, scattering with gestures and cries of terror through the sands.

"There—there," said my companion, clapping her delicate white palms in exultation; "let them beware of making women captives in future. In my final visit to the tent I put a firebrand into the very bundle of carpets in which I played the part of slave."

"Not to be your representative, I presume."

"Yes, with only the distinction that in time I should have been much the more perilous of the two. If that unlucky sheik had dared to keep me a week longer in his detestable tent I should have raised a rebellion in the tribe, dethroned him, and turned princess on my own account. As to burning him out there was no remedy. But for those flames the tribe would have been upon our road. But for those flames we might even have been mistaken for mere mortals, and your spirits always vanish as we do, in fire and smoke. How nobly those tents blaze! Now, forward!"

She gave the reins to her barb, flung a triumphant gesture towards the burning camp, and under cover of a huge sheet of fiery vapour we darted into the wilderness.

EXTRACT FROM "CATILINE."

[Hamilcar, *a Moorish prince, plots with* Cethegus *in a grove by moonlight.*]

Hamilcar. I hate their feastings: 'twould have been my death
To stay in that close room! This air is cool.—
I felt my spirit choked. Gods! was I born
To bear those drunkards' tauntings on my hue,
My garb—Numidia's garb! My native tongue—
Not tunable to their patrician ears?
Will the blow never fall?
. . . Come from your tombs,
Warriors of Afric!—from the desert sands,
From the red field—the ever-surging sea,
Though ye were buried deeper than the plumb
Of seaman ever sounded.
Hamilcar,—Hannibal,—Jugurtha! Come,
My royal father! from the midnight den,
Where their curst Roman axes murder'd thee!
Ye shall have vengeance! Stoop upon my breast,
Clear it of man, and put therein a heart
Like a destroying spirit's: make me fire,
The winged passion that can know no sleep
Till vengeance has been done;—wrap up my soul
In darkness stronger than an iron mail,
Till it is subtle, deadly, deep as night,
Close as coil'd aspics, still as tigers couch'd,
But furious as them roused. Let me fill Rome
With civil tumult, hate, conspiracy,
All dissolution of all holy ties,
Till she has outraged Heaven, while I, unseen,
Move like a spectre round a murderer's bed,
To start upon her dying agony.
Hark! Who disturbs the night? (*He listens.*)
Cethegus' voice!
One of those drunkards—a hot-headed fool;
Senseless and brave as his own sword.—Hallo!
I'll try what mischief's in his mettle now.
(*Cethegus comes in.*)

Cethegus. Ho! prince of darkness—emperor of the Nile—
Star-gazer!—you are welcome to them all;—
Rome is no place for you! put on your wings,
And perch upon the moon! You left us all
Just in our glory.

Hamilcar. 'Twas a noble set!

Cethegus. Rome has none better;—all patrician blood
Glowing with Cyprus' wine,—wild as young stags—
Bold as bay'd boars—haughty as battle steeds—
Keen as fleshed hounds—fire-eyed as mounting hawks—

Hamilcar. 'Twill be a glorious day that lets them soar.
How was't with Catiline?

Cethegus. He seem'd to feel
The fiercest joy of all; pledged heaven and earth
In brimming goblets; talked a round of things,
Lofty and rambling as an ecstacy;
Laugh'd till his very laughter check'd our mirth,
And all gazed on him; then, as if surprised,
Marking the silence, muttered some excuse,
And sank in reverie; then, wild again,
Talked, drank, and laughed—the first of Bacchanals.

Hamilcar. That looks like madness (*aside*).—He has been abused:
The consulate was his by right.

Cethegus. By right;
Ay, or by wrong!—had I been Catiline,
I should have knocked out Cicero's brains.

Hamilcar. Speak low;
The trees in Rome are spies. It may be done.—
The great patricians hate him, though some few
Lacquey his steps. Were Catiline but roused
To draw the sword, this talker would be left
Bare as his pedigree.

Cethegus. (*In surprise.*) Raise war in Rome?

Hamilcar. No; but take down the consul's haughtiness;
Make the patricians what they ought to be,
Rome's masters; and restore the forfeitures
Now in plebeian hands.

Cethegus. Show me but that,
And I am his, or yours, or any man's.
My fortune's on my back; the usurers
Have my last acre in their harpy hands.
Hamilcar. You must have Catiline, for he has all
That makes such causes thrive—a mighty name,
One that the youth will cling to; a bold tongue—
A bolder heart—a soldier's skill in arms—
A towering and deep-rooted strength of soul,
That, like the oak, may shake in summer's wind,
But stript by winter stands immovable.
Cethegus. He's a tried soldier.
Hamilcar. A most gallant one!
Cethegus. You've seen him in the field?
Hamilcar. Ay, fifty times,—
I' the thickest fight, where all was blood and steel,
Plunging through steeds unridered, gory men
Mad with their wounds, through lances thick as hail,
As if he took the ranks for idle waves!
Now seen, the battle's wonder; now below,
Mowing his desperate way, till, with wild shrieks,
The throng roll'd back, and Catiline sprang out
Red from the greaves to the helm.
Cethegus. He shall be ours!
Then, Rome is full of malcontents; the land
Cumber'd with remnants of the war; the slaves
Will crowd to his first call; then, in his house
He has the banner that the Marian troops
Still worship like a god;—but he will call
The act conspiracy.
Hamilcar. Jove, save us all!
Cethegus. How now, Hamilcar?
Hamilcar. (*Going.*) Fare you well, my lord.
(*He suddenly returns.*)
Conspiracy! Is not the man undone?
All over bankrupt, broken right and left—
Within this week he'll be without a rood,
A roof, a bed, a robe, a meal to eat!
Conspiracy! He's levell'd;—on the earth!
His last denarius hung upon this day,
And now you have him. This day has dissolved
His last allegiance. Go—you'll find him now
Tormented, like the hound that bays the moon,
Foaming to see the pomp beyond his reach.
Cethegus. He has forsworn the world!
Hamilcar. 'Tis laughable!
Cethegus. If he draw back!
Hamilcar. Draw back! You'll find him flame;
Go to the banquet, ere they all break up.
Yet *should* he chill—provoke him—stir dispute—
Seize on his hasty word. The revellers there
Will take it for command; and thus his name
Be mix'd with tumult, till the lion snared
Is forced to battle.
Cethegus. Then, to Catiline!
I may be king or consul yet.
Hamilcar. Away!
(*Cethegus goes.*)
Hamilcar. The hour of blood's at hand!
(*Draws his dagger.*)
Be thou my god!
Away, bold fool! O Rome! those are thy men!
Ay—you shall have a crown,—a crown of straw;
Chains for your sceptre; for your honours stripes;
And for your kingly court a maniac's cell,
Where you and your compeers may howl to th' night,
And rave rebellion.

SIR WILLIAM FRANCIS PATRICK NAPIER.

BORN 1785 — DIED 1860.

[The subject of this memoir was a younger brother of Sir Charles James Napier, and was born at Castletown, county Kildare, on the 17th December, 1785. He was educated at Celbridge, near Dublin, and began military life during the Irish rebellion of 1798. In 1800 he was promoted to a lieutenancy. He was present at the bombardment of Copenhagen in 1807, and in 1808 served in the Peninsular campaign, sharing the hardships of Sir John Moore's retreat to Corunna. He held the post of aide-de-camp to his uncle the Duke of Richmond, then lord-lieutenant of Ireland, for about a year, and in 1810 rejoined his regiment in Portugal, taking part in several engagements. In one of these he was severely wounded, and the brevet rank of major was conferred upon him by Lord Wellington in recognition of his bravery. He continued in the field until the siege of Badajos, after which an attack of fever compelled him to return home. In 1812 he married a daughter of General Henry Fox, brother of Charles James Fox, and sailed for Portugal three weeks after his wedding.

He was in command of the 43d Regiment at Salamanca, and with it entered Madrid. Returning to England at the conclusion of the campaign in 1814, he interested himself for a time in politics, and began to arrange the plan of his *History of the War in the Peninsula and the South of France;* but, resuming active military service shortly afterwards, he proceeded to the Continent, arriving, like his brother Charles, too late for the battle of Waterloo. The first volume of his great work was issued in 1828. On the publication of the final volume in 1840 *The Edinburgh Review* remarked:—"Colonel Napier has now, by the publication of his sixth volume, completed his arduous undertaking of recording the history of the war which England waged in the Peninsula for six years against the gigantic power of Napoleon. The task was difficult, the theme a noble one, and we may be proud that the great deeds of our countrymen have found a worthy historian." The work did not escape hostile criticism, and a series of articles, containing severe strictures, and supposed to come from the pen of Sir George Murray, caused the author to prefix to his fifth volume an "Answer to Some Attacks in *The Quarterly Review.*" This answer was in turn attacked, and to the sixth volume Sir William prefixed his "Justificatory Pieces." Allibone enumerates twelve volumes of "censures and justifications, charges, replies, and rejoinders elicited by this history." The author himself states that his work was "written honestly and in good faith." It is certainly a monument of patience and industry, having cost the author sixteen years of arduous labour—he was, we may say in a parenthesis, ably assisted by Lady Napier—and, notwithstanding adverse criticism, continues to hold its place as one of the best military histories in the English language.

In 1842 Sir William was appointed governor of Guernsey, where he resided till 1848. While holding this office, he edited *The Conquest of Scinde,* written by his brother Sir Charles Napier, which was published in 1844, and wrote *Six Letters in Vindication of the British Army,* published in one volume in 1848. In the latter year he returned to England with the rank of general and the distinction of K.C.B. He now published in succession the *History of Sir Charles James Napier's Administration of Scinde,* &c., 1851; *English Battles and Sieges in the Peninsula,* 1852, a convenient work, condensed from his *History of the War in the Peninsula; Wellington and Napier,* 1854; *General Sir Charles James Napier and the Directors of the East India Company,* 1857, and *Life and Opinions of General Sir Charles James Napier.* He was also the author of several political pamphlets on the poor-laws and the corn-laws, and of many reviews and miscellaneous articles. He died at Clapham on the 12th February, 1860, at the age of seventy-four. A marble statue has been erected to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral. Walter Savage Landor calls the historian of the Peninsular War "our English Thucydides," and Professor Wilson declares that "his Spanish campaigns are immortal;" while Sir Robert Peel pronounces him a "faithful, impartial. and eloquent historian."]

ASSAULT OF BADAJOS.

(FROM "HISTORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.")

The night was dry but clouded, the air thick with watery exhalations from the rivers, the ramparts and the trenches unusually still; yet a low murmur pervaded the latter, and in the former lights were seen to flit here and there, while the deep voices of the sentinels at times proclaimed that all was well in Badajos. The French, confiding in Phillipon's direful skill, watched from their lofty station the approach of enemies whom they had twice before baffled, and now hoped to drive a third time, blasted and ruined, from the walls; the British, standing in deep columns, were as eager to meet that fiery destruction as the others were to pour it down; and both were alike terrible for their strength, their discipline, and the passions awakened in their resolute hearts.

Former failures there were to avenge, and, on either side, such leaders as left no excuse for weakness in the hour of trial; and the possession of Badajos was become a point of honour, personal with the soldiers of each nation. But the strong desire for glory was in the British dashed with a hatred of the citizens on an old grudge, and recent toil and hardship, with much spilling of blood, had made many incredibly savage: for these things render the noble-minded indeed averse to cruelty, but harden the vulgar spirit. Numbers also, like Cæsar's centurion who could not forget the plunder of Avaricum, were heated with the recollection of Ciudad Rodrigo, and thirsted for spoil. Thus every spirit found a cause of excitement, the wondrous power of discipline bound the whole together as with a band of iron, and in the pride of arms none doubted their might to bear down every obstacle that man could oppose to their fury.

At ten o'clock the castle, the San Roque, the breaches, the Pardaleras, the distant bastion of San Vincente, and the bridge-head on the other side of the Guadiana, were to have been simultaneously assailed, and it was hoped that the strength of the enemy would shrivel within that fiery girdle. But many are the disappointments of war. An unforeseen accident delayed the attack of the fifth division; and a lighted carcass thrown from the castle, falling close to where the men of the third division were drawn up, discovered their array, and obliged them to anticipate the signal by half an hour. Then, everything being suddenly disturbed, the double columns of the fourth and light divisions also moved silently and swiftly against the breaches, and the guard of the trenches rushing forward with a shout, encompassed the San Roque with fire, and broke in so violently that scarcely any resistance was made.

But a sudden blaze of light and the rattling of musketry indicated the commencement of a most vehement combat at the castle. There General Kempt—for Picton, hurt by a fall in the camp, and expecting no change in the hour, was not present—there General Kempt, I say, led the third division; he had passed the Rivillas in single files by a narrow bridge under a terrible musketry, and then reforming and running up the rugged hill, had reached the foot of the castle when he fell severely wounded, and being carried back to the trenches, met Picton, who hastened forward to take the command. Meanwhile his troops, spreading along the front, reared their heavy ladders, some against the lofty castle, some against the adjoining front on the left, and with incredible courage ascended amidst showers of heavy stones, logs of wood, and bursting shells rolled off the parapet, while from the flanks the enemy plied his musketry with a fearful rapidity, and in front, with pikes and bayonets, stabbed the leading assailants, or pushed the ladders from the walls; and all this attended with deafening shouts, and the crash of breaking ladders, and the shrieks of crushed soldiers answering to the sullen stroke of the falling weights.

Still, swarming round the remaining ladders, these undaunted veterans strove who should first climb, until all being overturned, the French shouted victory, and the British, baffled, but untamed, fell back a few paces, and took shelter under the rugged edge of the hill. Here, when the broken ranks were somewhat reformed, the heroic Colonel Ridge, springing forward, called with a stentorian voice on his men to follow, and, seizing a ladder, once more raised it against the castle, yet to the right of the former attack, where the wall was lower and an embrasure offered some facility. A second ladder was soon placed alongside of the first by the grenadier officer Canch, and the next instant he and Ridge were on the rampart; the shouting troops pressed after them, the garrison, amazed, and in a manner surprised, were driven fighting through the double gate into the town, and the castle was won. A reinforcement sent from the French reserve then came up; a sharp action followed, both sides fired through the gate, and the enemy retired, but Ridge fell, and no man died that night with more glory—yet many died, and there was much glory.

During these events the tumult at the breaches was such as if the very earth had been rent asunder, and its central fires were bursting upwards uncontrolled. The two divisions had reached the glacis, just as the firing at the castle had commenced, and the flash of a single musket discharged from the covered way as a signal showed them that the French were ready; yet no stir was heard, and darkness covered the breaches. Some hay-packs were then thrown; some ladders were placed, and the forlorn hopes and storming parties of the light division, about 500 in all, had descended into the ditch without opposition, when a bright flame shooting upwards displayed all the terrors of the scene. The ramparts, crowded with dark figures and glittering arms, were seen on the one side, and on the other the red columns of the British, deep and broad, were coming on like streams of burning lava; it was the touch of the magician's wand, for a crash of thunder followed, and with incredible violence the storming parties were dashed to pieces by the explosion of hundreds of shells and powder-barrels.

For an instant the light division stood on the brink of the ditch, amazed at the terrific sight, then, with a shout that matched even the sound of the explosion, flew down the ladders, or disdaining their aid, leaped, reckless of the depth, into the gulf below; and nearly at the same moment, amidst a blaze of musketry that dazzled the eyes, the fourth division came running in, and descended with a like fury. There were, however, only five ladders for both columns, which were close together, and a deep cut, made in the bottom of the ditch as far as the counterguard of the Trinidad, was filled with water from the inundation; into this watery snare the head of the fourth division fell, and it is said that above 100 of the fusileers, the men of Albuera, were there smothered. Those who followed checked not, but as if such a disaster had been expected, turned to the left, and thus came upon the face of the unfinished ravelin, which, being rough and broken, was mistaken for the breach, and instantly covered with men, yet a wide and deep chasm was still between them and the ramparts, from whence came a deadly fire wasting their ranks. Thus baffled, they also commenced a rapid discharge of musketry, and disorder ensued; for the men of the light division, whose conducting engineer had been disabled early, and whose flank was confined by an unfinished ditch intended to cut off the bastion of Santa Maria, rushed towards the breaches of the curtain and the Trinidad, which were indeed before them, but which the fourth division were destined to storm.

Great was the confusion, for now the ravelin was quite crowded with men of both divisions, and while some continued to fire, others jumped down and ran towards the breach; many also passed between the ravelin and the counterguard of the Trinidad, the two divisions got mixed, and the reserves, which should have remained at the quarries, also came pouring in, until the ditch was quite filled, the rear still crowding forward, and all cheering vehemently. The enemy's shouts also were loud and terrible, and the bursting of shells and of grenades, the roaring of the guns from the flanks, answered by the iron howitzers from the battery of the parallel, the heavy roll and horrid explosion of the powder-barrels, the whizzing flight of the blazing splinters, the loud exhortations of the officers, and the continual clatter of the muskets, made a maddening din.

Now a multitude bounded up the great breach as if driven by a whirlwind, but across the top glittered a range of sword-blades, sharp pointed, keen edged on both sides, and firmly fixed in ponderous beams, which were chained together and set deep in the ruins; and for ten feet in front the ascent was covered with loose planks studded with sharp iron points, on which the feet of the foremost being set, the planks moved, and the unhappy soldiers, falling forward on the spikes, rolled down upon the ranks behind. Then the Frenchmen, shouting at the success of their stratagem, and leaping forward, plied their shot with terrible rapidity, for every man had several muskets; and each musket, in addition to its ordinary charge, contained a small cylinder of wood stuck full of leaden slugs, which scattered like hail when they were discharged. . . .

Two hours spent in these vain efforts convinced the soldiers that the breach of the Trinidad was impregnable; and as the opening in the curtain, although less strong, was retired, and the approach to it impeded by deep holes and cuts made in the ditch, the troops did not much notice it after the partial failure of one attack which had been made early. Gathering in dark groups and leaning on their muskets, they looked up with sullen desperation at the Trinidad, while the enemy, stepping out on the ramparts, and aiming their shots by the light of the fire-balls which they threw over, asked, as their victims fell, "Why they did not come into Badajos?"

In this dreadful situation, while the dead were lying in heaps, and others continually falling, the wounded crawling about to get some shelter from the merciless fire above, and withal a sickening stench from the burned flesh of the slain, Captain Nicholas, of the engineers, was observed by Mr. Shaw, of the 43rd, making incredible efforts to force his way with a few men into the Santa Maria bastion. Shaw, having collected about fifty soldiers of all regiments, joined him, and although there was a deep cut along the foot of this breach also, it was instantly passed, and these two young officers at the head of their gallant band rushed up the slope of the ruins; but when they had gained two-thirds of the ascent a concentrated fire of musketry and grape dashed nearly the whole dead to the earth! Nicholas was mortally wounded, and the intrepid Shaw stood alone! After this no further effort was made at any point, and the troops remained passive, but unflinching beneath the enemy's shot, which streamed without intermission; for of the riflemen on the glacis, many leaping early into the ditch had joined in the assault, and the rest, raked by a cross-fire of grape from the distant bastions, baffled in their aim by the smoke and flames from the explosions, and too few in number, had entirely failed to quell the French musketry.

About midnight, when 2000 brave men had fallen, Wellington, who was on a height close to the quarries, sent orders for the remainder to retire and reform for a second assault; for he had just then heard that the castle was taken, and thinking the enemy would still hold out in the town, was resolved to assail the breaches again. This retreat from the ditch was, however, not effected without further carnage and confusion, for the French fire never slackened, and a cry arose that the enemy were making a sally from the distant flanks, which caused a rush towards the ladders; then the groans and lamentations of the wounded who could not move, and expected to be slain, increased, many officers who had not heard of the order endeavoured to stop the soldiers from going back, and some would even have removed the ladders, but were unable to break the crowd.

All this time the third division was lying close in the castle, and either from a fear of risking the loss of a point which insured the capture of the place, or that egress was too difficult, made no attempt to drive away the enemy from the breaches. On the other side, however, the fifth division had commenced the false attack on the Pardaleras, and on the right of the Guadiana the Portuguese were sharply engaged at the bridge; thus the town was girdled with fire, for General Walker's brigade, having passed on during the feint on the Pardaleras, was escalading the distant bastion of San Vincente. His troops had advanced along the banks of the river, and reached the French guard-house at the barrier gate undiscovered, for the ripple of the waters smothered the sound of their footsteps; but just then the explosion at the breaches took place, the moon shone out, and the French sentinels, discovering the columns, fired. The British troops, immediately springing forward under a sharp musketry, began to hew down the wooden barrier at the covered way, while the Portuguese, being panic-stricken, threw down the scaling ladders. Nevertheless the others snatched them up again, and forcing the barrier, jumped into the ditch; but the guiding engineer officer was killed, and there was a *cunette* which embarrassed the column, and when the foremost men succeeded in rearing the ladders the latter were found too short, for the walls were generally above 30 feet high. Meanwhile the fire of the French was deadly, a small mine was sprung beneath the soldiers' feet; beams of wood and live shells were rolled over on their heads, showers of grape from the flank swept the ditch, and man after man dropped dead from the ladders.

Fortunately some of the defenders having been called away to aid in recovering the castle, the ramparts were not entirely manned, and the assailants, having discovered a corner of the bastion where the scarp was only 20 feet high, placed three ladders there under an embrasure which had no gun, and was only stopped with a gabion. Some men got up, but with difficulty, for the ladders were still too short, and the first man who gained the top was pushed up by his comrades, and then drew others after him, until many had gained the summit; and though the French shot heavily against them from both flanks, and from a house in front, they thickened, and could not be driven back; half the 4th Regiment entered the town itself to dislodge the enemy from the houses, while the others pushed along the rampart towards the breach, and by dint of hard fighting successively won three bastions.

In the last of these combats General Walker, leaping forward sword in hand at the moment when one of the enemy's cannoneers was discharging a gun, fell covered with so many wounds that it was wonderful how he could survive, and some of the soldiers immediately after, perceiving a lighted match on the ground, cried out, "A mine!" At that word, such is the power of imagination, those troops whom neither the strong barrier nor the deep ditch, nor the high walls, nor the deadly fire of the enemy could stop, staggered back appalled by a chimera of their own raising, and in this disorder a French reserve under General Viellande drove on them with a firm and rapid charge, and pitching some men over the walls, and killing others outright, again cleansed the ramparts even to the San Vincente. There, however, Leith had placed Colonel Nugent with a battalion of the 38th as a reserve, and when the French came up shouting and slaying all before them, this battalion, about 200 strong, arose, and with one close volley destroyed them. Then the panic ceased, the soldiers rallied, and in compact order once more charged along the walls towards the breaches; but the French, although turned on both flanks and abandoned by fortune, did not yet yield; and meanwhile the detachment of the 4th Regiment which had entered the town when the San Vincente was first carried, was strangely situated, for the streets were empty and brilliantly illuminated, and no person was seen; yet a low buzz and whisper were heard around; lattices were now and then gently opened, and from time to time shots were fired from underneath the doors of the houses by the Spaniards. However, the troops, with bugles sounding, advanced towards the great square of the town, and in their progress captured several mules going with ammunition to the breaches; but the square itself was as empty and silent as the streets, and the houses as bright with lamps; a terrible enchantment seemed to be in operation, for they saw nothing but light, and heard only the low whispers close around them, while the tumult at the breaches was like the crashing thunder.

There, indeed, the fight was still plainly raging, and hence, quitting the square, they attempted to take the garrison in reverse by attacking the ramparts from the town side; but they were received with a rolling musketry, driven back with loss, and resumed their movement through the streets. At last the breaches were abandoned by the French; other parties entered the place; desultory combats took place in various parts, and finally General Viellande, and Phillipon, who was wounded, seeing all ruined, passed the bridge with a few hundred soldiers, and entered San Cristoval, where they all surrendered early the next morning upon summons to Lord Fitzroy Somerset, who had with great readiness pushed through the town to the drawbridge ere they had time to organize further resistance. But even in the moment of ruin the night before, the noble governor had sent some horsemen out from the fort to carry the news to Soult's army, and they reached him in time to prevent a greater misfortune.

Now commenced that wild and desperate wickedness which tarnished the lustre of the soldier's heroism. All, indeed, were not alike, for hundreds risked, and many lost their lives in striving to stop the violence; but the madness generally prevailed, and as the worst men were leaders here, all the dreadful passions of human nature were displayed. Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty, and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fires bursting from the houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the reports of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajos! On the third, when the city was sacked, when the soldiers were exhausted by their own excesses, the tumult rather subsided than was quelled. The wounded men were then looked to, the dead disposed of!

Five thousand men and officers fell during this siege, and of these, including 700 Portuguese, 3500 had been stricken in the assault, sixty officers and more than 700 men being slain on the spot. The five generals, Kempt, Harvey, Bowes, Colville, and Picton, were wounded, the first three severely; about 600 men and officers fell in the escalade of San Vincente, as many at the castle, and more than 2000 at the breaches, each division there losing 1200! And how deadly the strife was at that point may be gathered from this—the 43rd and 52nd Regiments of the light division alone lost more men than the seven regiments of the third division engaged at the castle!

Let any man picture to himself this frightful carnage taking place in a space of less than 100 square yards. Let him consider that the slain died not all suddenly, nor by one manner of death; that some perished by steel, some by shot, some by water, that some were crushed and mangled by heavy weights, some trampled upon, some dashed to atoms by the fiery explosions; that for hours this destruction was endured without shrinking, and that the town was won at last; let any man consider this, and he must admit that a British army bears with it an awful power. And false would it be to say that the French were feeble men, for the garrison stood and fought manfully and with good discipline, behaving worthily. Shame there was none on any side. Yet who shall do justice to the bravery of the soldiers? the noble emulation of the officers? Who shall measure out the glory of Ridge, of Macleod, of Nicholas, or of O'Hare of the 95th, who perished on the breach at the head of the stormers, and with him nearly all the volunteers for that desperate service? Who shall describe the springing valour of that Portuguese grenadier who was killed, the foremost man at the Santa Maria? or the martial fury of that desperate soldier of the 95th, who, in his resolution to win, thrust himself beneath the chained sword-blades, and there suffered the enemy to dash his head to pieces with the ends of their muskets? Who can sufficiently honour the intrepidity of Walker, of Shaw, of Canch, or the resolution of Ferguson of the 43rd, who having in former assaults received two deep wounds, was here, with his hurts still open, leading the stormers of his regiment, the third time a volunteer, and the third time wounded! Nor would I be understood to select these as pre-eminent; many and signal were the other examples of unbounded devotion, some known, some that will never be known; for in such a tumult much passed unobserved, and often the observers fell themselves ere they could bear testimony to what they saw; but no age, no nation, ever sent forth braver troops to battle than those who stormed Badajos.

When the extent of the night's havoc was made known to Lord Wellington, the firmness of his nature gave way for a moment, and the pride of conquest yielded to a passionate burst of grief for the loss of his gallant soldiers.

JOHN D. FRASER.

BORN 1809—DIED 1849.

[John D. Fraser—who is perhaps better known by his *nom de plume* of J. de Jean—was born in Birr, King's county. He was one of those who are poets in spite of adverse circumstances. He was by trade a cabinet-maker, and the hours he devoted to verse were only such as he could spare from those spent at the bench. The nature of his occupation, and the subject of many of his poems, procured for him the appellation of the "Poet of the Workshop." His difficulties were immensely increased by ill-health and straitened circumstances. He died in his fortieth year. Many of his poems are descriptive of quiet rural beauty; and the best of that class is "Brosna's Banks," in which he recalls, with simple pathos, his early hopes in his rural home. Others of his verses are of a political character, and are full of the fiery spirit of the excited times in which his last years were cast. His collected works, entitled *Poems for the People*, are published in a small volume by Mr. J. Brown, Dublin.]

BROSNA'S BANKS.

Yes, yes, I idled many an hour—
Oh! would that I could idle now,
In wooing back the withered flower
Of health into my wasted brow!
But from my life's o'ershadowing close,
My unimpassioned spirit ranks
Among its happiest moments those
I idled on the Brosna's Banks.

For there upon my boyhood broke
The dreamy voice of nature first;
And every word that vision spoke,
How deeply has my spirit nursed!
A woman's love, a lyre, or pen,
A rescued land, a nation's thanks;
A friendship with the world, and then
A grave upon the Brosna's Banks.

For these I sued, and sought, and strove;
But now my youthful days are gone,
In vain, in vain; for woman's love
Is still a blessing to be won;
And still my country's cheek is wet,
The still unbroken fetter clanks,
And I may not forsake her yet
To die upon the Brosna's Banks.

Yet, idle as those visions seem,
They were a strange and faithful guide,
When Heaven itself had scarce a gleam
To light my darkened life beside;
And if, from grosser guilt escaped,
I feel no dying dread, the thanks
Are due unto the power that shaped
My visions on the Brosna's Banks.

And love, I feel, will come at last,
Albeit too late to comfort me;
And fetters from the land be cast,
Though I may not survive to see.
If then the gifted, good, and brave
Admit me to their glorious ranks,
My memory may, though not my grave,
Be green upon the Brosna's Banks.

THE HOLY WELLS.

The holy wells—the living wells—the cool, the fresh, the pure—
A thousand ages rolled away, and still those founts endure,
As full and sparkling as they flowed ere slave or tyrant trod
The Emerald garden, set apart for Irishmen by God.
And while their stainless chastity and lasting life have birth
Amid the oozy cells and caves of gross material earth,
The Scripture of creation holds no fairer type than they—
That an immortal spirit can be linked with human clay.

How sweet of old the bubbling gush—no less to antlered race,

Than to the hunter and the hound that smote them in the chase!
In forest depths the water-fount beguiled the Druid's love,
From that adored high fount of fire which sparkled far above;
Inspired apostles took it for a centre to the ring,
When sprinkling round baptismal life—salvation—from the spring;
And in the sylvan solitude, or lonely mountain cave,
Beside it passed the hermit's life, as stainless as its wave.

The cottage hearth, the convent's wall, the battlemented tower,
Grew up around the crystal springs, as well as flag and flower;
The brooklime and the water-cress were evidence of health
Abiding in those basins, free to poverty and wealth:
The city sent pale sufferers there the faded brow to dip,
And woo the water to depose some bloom upon the lip;
The wounded warrior dragged him towards the unforgotten tide,
And deemed the draught a heavenlier gift than triumph to his side.

The stag, the hunter, and the hound, the Druid and the saint,
And anchorite are gone, and even the lineaments grown faint
Of those old ruins into which, for monuments, had sunk
The glorious homes that held, like shrines, the monarch and the monk.
So far into the heights of God the mind of man has ranged,
It learned a lore to change the earth—it's very self it changed
To some more bright intelligence; yet still the springs endure,
The same fresh fountains, but become more precious to the poor!

For knowledge has abused its powers, an empire to erect
For tyrants, on the rights the poor had given them to protect;
Till now the simple elements of nature are their *all*,
That from the cabin is not filched, and lavished in the hall—
And while night, noon, or morning meal no other plenty brings,
No beverage than the water-draught from old, spontaneous springs;
They, sure, may deem them holy wells, that yield from day to day,
One blessing that no tyrant hand can taint or take away.

SONG FOR JULY 12TH, 1843.

Come—pledge again thy heart and hand—
One grasp that ne'er shall sever;
Our watchword be—"Our native land"—
Our motto—"Love for ever."
And let the Orange lily be
Thy badge, my patriot brother—
The everlasting Green for *me;*
And we for one another.

Behold how green the gallant stem
On which the flower is blowing;
How in one heavenly breeze and beam
Both flower and stem are glowing.
The same good soil, sustaining both,
Makes both united flourish;
But cannot give the Orange growth,
And cease the Green to nourish.

Yea, more—the hand that plucks the flow'r
Will vainly strive to cherish;
The stem blooms on—but in that hour
The flower begins to perish.
Regard them, then, of equal worth
While lasts their genial weather;
The time's at hand when into earth
The two shall sink together.

Ev'n thus be, in our country's cause,
Our party feelings blended;
Till lasting peace, from equal laws,
On both shall have descended.
Till then the Orange lily be
Thy badge, my patriot brother—
The everlasting Green for *me;*
And—we for one another.

OUR COURSE.

We looked for guidance to the *blind!*
We sued for counsel to the *dumb!*
Fling the vain fancy to the wind—
Their hour is past and *ours* is come;
They gave, in that propitious hour,
Nor kindly look nor gracious tone;
But Heaven has not denied us pow'r
To do their duty, and our own.

And is it true that tyrants throw
Their shafts among us steeped in gall?
And every arrow, swift or slow,
Points foremost still, ascent or fall?
Still sure to wound us, though the aim
Seem ta'en remotely, or amiss?
And men with spirits feel no shame
To brook so dark a doom as this?

Alas! the nobles of the land
Are like our long-deserted halls;
No living voices, clear and grand,
Respond when foe or freedom calls.
But ever and anon ascends
Low moaning, when the tempest rolls—
A tone that desolation lends
Some crevice of their ruined souls!

So be it—yet shall we prolong
Our prayers, when deeds would serve our need?
Or wait for woes, the swift and strong
Can ward by strength or 'scape by speed?
The vilest of the vile of earth
Were nobler than our proud array,
If, suffering bondage from our birth,
We will not burst it when we may.

And has the bondage not been borne
Till all our softer nature fled—
Till tyranny's dark tide had worn
Down to the stubborn rock its bed?
But if the current, cold and deep,
That channel through all time retain,
At worst, by heaven! it shall not sweep
Unruffled o'er our hearts again!

Up for the land!—'tis ours—'tis ours!
The proud man's sympathies are all
Like silvery clouds, whose faithless show'rs
Come frozen to hailstones in their fall.
Our freedom and the sea-bird's food
Are hid beneath deep ocean waves,
And who should search and sound the flood
If not the sea-birds and the slaves?

THE GATHERING OF THE NATION.

Those scalding tears—those scalding tears
Too long have fallen in vain—
Up with the banners and the spears,
And let the gathered grief of years
Show sterner stuff than rain.
The lightning, in that stormy hour
When forth defiance rolls,
Shall flash to scathe the Saxon pow'r,
But melt the links our long, long show'r
Had rusted round our souls.

To bear the wrongs we can redress,
To make *a thing of time*—
The tyranny we can repress—
Eternal by our dastardness,
Were crime—or worse than crime!
And we, whose *best* and *worst* was shame,
From first to last, alike,
May take, at length, a loftier aim,
And struggle, since it is the same
To *suffer*—or to *strike.*

What hatred of perverted might
The cruel hand inspires
That robs the linnet's eye of sight,
To make it sing both day and night!
Yet thus they robbed our sires,
By blotting out the ancient lore
Where every loss was shown—
Up with the flag! we stand before
The Saxons of the days of yore
In Saxons of our own.

Denial met our just demands,
And hatred met our love;
Till now, by heaven! for grasp of hands
We'll give them clash of battle-brands,
And gauntlet 'stead of glove.
And may the Saxon stamp his heel
Upon the coward's front
Who sheathes his own unbroken steel
Until for mercy tyrants kneel,
Who forced us to the brunt!

DIONYSIUS LARDNER, D.C.L.

Born 1793 — Died 1859.

[Dionysius Lardner was a pioneer in an important branch of literature. He was the first English writer who grasped the idea that even the abstrusest problems of science may be made intelligible and interesting to the general public. This may appear a very obvious truth to a generation which is familiar with the readable manuals of Professor Huxley, and the entrancing lectures of Dr. Tyndall; but to the generation which Lardner instructed, it came as a novel and gratifying discovery. He was born in Dublin on the 3d of April, 1793. His father, who was a solicitor, placed young Lardner in his own office when about fourteen, with the idea of training him to the law. But the boy evinced such a marked taste for science that his father at length entered him at Trinity College, and there he took his degree of A.B. in 1816, A.M. in 1819, LL.B. and LL.D. in 1827. He also entered into holy orders.

While at college he wrote several mathematical treatises, and delivered a series of scientific lectures before the Royal Dublin Society. For these lectures the society awarded him their gold medal. He first made himself known to the scientific world by a *Treatise on Algebraical Geometry* which he published in 1823, and by a work on the *Differential and Integral Calculus* (1825). In 1828 he accepted from Lord Brougham the professorship of natural philosophy and astronomy in the London University. This appointment afforded him the opportunity for carrying out his long-cherished projects for popularizing science; and his great work, under the title of *Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia,* which ultimately extended to 133 volumes, contained from his own pen papers on Hydrostatics and Pneumatics, on Mechanics, on Heat, on Arithmetic, on Geometry, on Electricity, Magnetism, and Meteorology. Besides this work he wrote *Lectures on the Steam Engine,* 1828; *Lectures on Locke's Essays,* 1847; *Railway Economy,* 1850; a series of much-esteemed hand-books on Natural Philosophy and Astronomy, 1854–56; *The Great Exhibition,* and *London in 1851,* 1852; *Popular Essays on Scientific Subjects,* 1852; an excellent and very popular exposition of the physical sciences called the *Museum of Science and Art,* 1854–6. Dr. Lardner contributed to the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia,* the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana,* the *Library of Useful Knowledge,* the *Edinburgh Review,* and *London Times.*

In his great work, *The Cabinet Cyclopædia,* he was assisted by contributions from Sir Walter Scott, Sir James Mackintosh, Sir John Herschel, Sir H. Harris Nicolas, Sir David Brewster, Robert Southey, and other writers of distinguished eminence. "It is gratifying to observe with what unflagging spirit this series of publications is carried on by Dr. Lardner," says the *London Examiner.* "It is the first instance of a literary undertaking of such vast extent having proved thoroughly successful in our country, and it is an instance in which success has been well and thoroughly deserved." In 1840 Dr. Lardner visited France, and afterwards the United States, where he was well received. He delivered courses of lectures in the principal cities, which were well attended and highly appreciated. In 1845 he returned to Europe, and settled permanently in Paris. Here he brought out a French version of his *Museum of Science and Art.* He died in Naples at the age of sixty-six, on the 29th of April, 1859.]

THE UNIVERSAL AGENCY OF HEAT.

(FROM "A TREATISE ON HEAT."[1])

While almost every other branch of physical science has been made the subject of systematic treatises without number, and some have been, as it were, set apart from the general mass of natural philosophy, and raised to the rank of distinct sciences by the badge of some characteristic title, heat alone has been left to form a chapter of chemistry, or to receive a passing notice in treatises on general physics. *Light* has long enjoyed the exclusive attention of philosophers, and has been elevated to the dignity of a science, under the name of optics. *Electricity* and *magnetism* have also been thought worthy subjects for separate treatises; yet can any one who has observed the part played by heat on the theatre of nature, doubt that its claims to attention are equal to those of light, and superior to those of electricity and magnetism? It is possible for organized matter to exist without light. Innumerable operations of nature proceed as regularly and as effectually in its absence as when it is present. The want of that sense which it is designed to affect in the animal economy in no degree impairs the other powers of the body, nor in man does such a defect interfere in any way with the faculties of the mind. Light is, so to speak, an object rather of luxury than of positive necessity. Nature supplies it, therefore, not in unlimited abundance, nor at all times and places, but rather with that thrift and economy which she is wont to observe in dispensing the objects of our pleasures, compared with those which are necessary to our being. But heat, on the contrary, she has yielded in the most unbounded plenteousness. Heat is everywhere present. Every body that exists contains it in quantity without known limit. The most inert and rude masses are pregnant with it. Whatever we see, hear, smell, taste, or feel, is full of it. To its influence is due that endless variety of forms which are spread over and beautify the surface of the globe. Land, water, air, could not for a single instant exist as they do, in its absence; all would suddenly fall into one rude formless mass—solid and impenetrable. The air of heaven, hardening into a crust, would envelop the globe, and crush within an everlasting tomb all that it contains. Heat is the parent and the nurse of the endless beauties of organization; the mineral, the vegetable, the animal kingdom are its offspring. Every natural structure is either immediately produced by its agency, maintained by its influence, or intimately dependent on it. Withdraw heat, and instantly all life, motion, form, and beauty will cease to exist, and it may be literally said, "Chaos has come again."

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[1] By permission of Messrs. Longmans and Co.

Nor is heat less instrumental in the processes of art than in the operations of nature. All that art can effect on the productions of nature is to change their form or arrangement—to separate or to combine them. Bodies are moulded to forms which our wants or our tastes demand;—compounds are decomposed, and their obnoxious or useless elements expelled, in obedience to our wishes:—in all such processes heat is the agent. At its bidding the most obdurate masses soften like wax, and are fashioned to suit our most wayward caprices. Elements of bodies knit together by the most stubborn affinities—by forces which might well be deemed invincible—are torn asunder by this omnipotent solvent, and separately presented for the use or the pleasure of man, the great master of art.

If we turn from art to science, we find heat assisting, or obstructing, as the case may be, but always modifying, the objects of our inquiry. The common spectator, who on a clear night beholds the firmament, thinks he obtains a just notion of the position and arrangement of the brilliant objects with which it is so richly furnished. The more exact vision of the astronomer discovers, however, that he beholds this starry vault through a distorting medium; that in fact he views it through a great lens of air, by which every object is removed from its proper place; nay more, that this distortion varies from night to night, and from hour to hour,—varies with the varying heat of the atmosphere which produces it. Such distortion, and the variations to which it is subject, must then be accurately ascertained before any inference can be made respecting the motion, position, magnitude, or distance of any object in the heavens; and ascertained it cannot be unless the laws which govern the phenomena of heat be known.

But the very instruments which the same astronomer uses to assist his vision, and to note and measure the positions and mutual distances of the objects of his inquiry, are themselves eminently subject to the same distorting influence. The metal of which they are formed swells and contracts with every fluctuation in the heat to which it is exposed. A sunbeam, a blast of cold air, nay, the very heat of the astronomer's own body, must produce effects on the figure of the brazen arch by whose divided surface his measurements and his observations are effected. Such effects must therefore be known, and taken into account, ere he can hope to attain that accuracy which the delicacy of his investigations renders indispensably necessary.

The chemist, in all his proceedings, is beset with the effects of heat aiding or impeding his researches. Now it promotes the disunion of combined elements; now fuses into one uniform mass the most heterogeneous materials. At one time he resorts to it as the means of arousing dormant affinities—at another he applies its powers to dissolve the strongest bonds of chemical attraction. Composition and decomposition are equally attended by its evolution and absorption; and often to such an extent as to produce tremendous explosions on the one hand, or cold, exceeding the rigours of the most severe polar winter, on the other.[1]

But why repair to the observatory of the astronomer, or to the laboratory of the chemist for examples of a principle which is in never-ceasing operation around us! Sleeping or waking, at home or abroad, by night or by day, at rest or in motion, in the country or in the town, traversing the burning limits of the tropics or exploring the rigours of the pole, we are ever under its influence. We are at once its slaves and its masters.

We are its slaves. Without it we cannot for a moment live. Without its well-regulated quantity we cannot for a moment enjoy life. It rules our pleasures and our pains; it lays us on the sick-bed, and raises us from it. It is our disease and our physician. In the ardour of summer we languish under its excess, and in the rigour of winter we shiver under its defect. Does it accumulate around us in undue quantity?—we burn with fever. Does it depart from us with unwonted rapidity?—we shake with ague, or writhe under the pains of rheumatism and the tribe of maladies which it leaves behind when it quits us.

We are its masters. We subdue it to our will, and dispose it to our purposes. Amid arctic snows we *confine it* around our persons, and prevent its escape by a clothing impervious to it. Under a tropical sun we *exclude it* by like means.[1] We extort it from water to obtain the luxury of ice in hot seasons; and we force it into water to warm our apartments in cold ones.[2] Do we traverse the seas? It lends wings to the ship, and bids defiance to the natural opponents, the winds and the tides. Do we traverse the land? It is harnessed to the chariot, and we outstrip the flight of the swiftest bird, and equal the fury of the tempest.[3]

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[1] The explosion of gunpowder is an effect of chemical combination. By freezing-mixtures a degree of cold may be produced as much below that of ice as the temperature of the human body is below that of boiling water.

If we sleep—our chamber and our couch are furnished with contrivances for its due regulation. If we eat—our food owes its savour and its nutrition to heat. From this the fruit receives its ripeness, and by this the viands of the table are fitted for our use. The grateful infusion which forms our morning repast might remain for ever hidden in the leaf of the tree,[4] the berry of the plant,[5] or the kernel of the nut,[6] if heat did not lend its power to extract them. The beverage that warms and cheers us, when relaxed by labour or overcome by fatigue, is distilled, brewed, or fermented by the agency of heat. The productions of nature give up their sanative principles to this all-powerful agent; and hence the decoction, or the pill, is produced to restore health to the sinking patient.

When the sun hides his face, and the heavens are veiled in darkness, whence do we obtain light? Heat confers light upon air,[7] and the taper burns, and the lamp blazes, producing artificial day, guiding us in the pursuits of business or of pleasure, and thus adding to the sum of life by rendering hours pleasant and useful which must otherwise have been lost in torpor or in sleep.

THOMAS CROFTON CROKER.

Born 1798—Died 1854.

[Thomas Crofton Croker, the son of Major Croker of the 38th regiment of Foot, was born in Buckingham Square, Cork, on the 15th of January, 1798. It seems that when a mere child he displayed a singular taste for antiquities. His biographer in the *Dublin University Magazine* relates that, when his sister was shown some toy which she believed to be curious and interesting, she suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, pray give me that, sir, for my brother; he is such an antiquarian." In 1813 young Croker, by the advice of his relative Sir William Dillon, was placed in a counting-house; yet, while engaged in the firm of Messrs. Lecky and Mark of Cork, he found time to take occasional rambles in company with a Quaker gentleman of tastes similar to his own, for the purpose of sketching the many objects of interest in that picturesque county. It was in these excursions that he gained that intimate knowledge of the people, their ideas, traditions, and tales, which he was afterwards destined to turn to such good account. The first literary effort of his that attracted attention was a poem translated from the Irish which appeared in the *Morning Post*, the poet Crabbe, amongst others, being favourably impressed with the merit of these verses. To Tom Moore, who, at this time, was collecting airs for his songs, Croker supplied a great number; which service the poet gratefully acknowledged. It was about this time, too, he drew the sketch in a lady's album of "Sunday's Well," near Cork, o'ershadowed by some fine old trees. It was on the page opposite to this sketch that Father Prout, some years afterwards, penned the well-known lines in which are sung the beauties of a spot dear to him as well as to Croker, in a style highly characteristic of the gifted and eccentric writer.[8]

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[1] Clothing, in general, is composed of non-conducting substances, which in cold weather prevents the heat produced by the body from escaping, and preserves its temperature; and in hot weather excludes the heat from the body, so as to prevent undue warmth.

[2] Buildings are warmed by hot water carried through the apartments in pipes.

[3] The swiftest flight of a carrier-pigeon does not exceed the rate of twenty-six miles an hour. It is calculated that the velocity of a high wind is at the rate of about thirty to thirty-five miles an hour. The steam-carriages on the Manchester and Liverpool Railway have been known to travel about six-and-thirty miles an hour; and it is stated, in the evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons, that steam-carriages have run on common roads at a speed exceeding forty miles an hour.

[4] The tea-tree. [5] Coffee. [6] Chocolate.

[7] Flame is gas or air rendered *white hot.*

[8] The lines are—

"In yonder well there lurks a spell;
It is a fairy font.
Croker himself, poetic elf,
Might fitly write upon't.

"The summer day of childhood gay
Was spent beside it often;

In 1817 we find Croker exhibiting as an artist in the Fine Art Exhibition of his native city. As an artist, too, he took a place in the *Literary Examiner*, a periodical which had a short-lived existence in Cork. In this publication it was Irish antiquities which worthily furnished subjects for his pencil.

On his father's death in 1818 he bade farewell to his native country and proceeded to London, and at once received an appointment in the admiralty from his well-known namesake, John Wilson Croker. Three years afterwards he visited Ireland, and the result was the production, in 1824, of his *Researches in the South of Ireland.* This work was modestly represented by the author as merely an arrangement of notes made during several excursions in the south of Ireland. An eminent critic, less diffident than Croker, states that the "volume contains a large amount of valuable information respecting the manners and superstitions of the Irish peasantry, scenery, architectural remains, &c." *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland* appeared in 1825. This work sold so rapidly that in a few days the first edition was disposed of, and Mr. Murray, the publisher, advised his departure for Ireland forthwith, as the author put it, "to glean the remainder of the fairy legends and traditions which he suspected were still to be found lurking among its glens." Mr. Croker tells us he started from London with a determination to make the acquaintance of O'Donoghue's shade on May morning at sunrise, and "till the day previous to that fixed on for our personal introduction, making the most of my time in hunting up and bagging all the old 'gray superstitions' I could fall in with."

In 1828 *Legends of the Lakes*, a new arrangement of *A Tour to the Lakes*, which had been published in 1825, appeared, followed by *Daniel O'Rourke.* This tale met with great success, and during the same year was translated into both French and German. Mr. Croker was a member of the Society of Antiquaries, and in the year 1828 he was elected president. *Barney Mahoney*, *My Village versus Our Village*, both of which appeared in 1832, though published in Croker's name, were, we are told by his son, written by his wife; she, with wifely affection, insisting that the stories should be put to the credit of her husband.

Mr. Croker took an active part in the formation of two literary associations, namely, the Camden Society, founded in 1839, and the Percy Society in 1840; and *Historical Songs of Ireland, with an Introduction and Notes by T. Crofton Croker*, formed part of the third year's issue by the former of those two learned bodies.

The Popular Songs of Ireland appeared in 1839. The *Naval and Military Gazette* describes this book as "a publication of real value as illustrative of the past and present condition, both mental and moral, of the most *singular people of the world.*" So much for the critic's opinion of the "ancient race." *The Memoir of Joseph Holt, General of the Irish Rebels in '98,* edited from the original MS. in the possession of Sir William Bentham, next appeared, and "is wild, eccentric, and adventurous," says the *New Monthly Magazine*, "as the adventures of an Irish rebel ought to be." "We heartily recommend the general and his editor, whose notes are copious and interesting," says the *Athenæum.* In 1844 the *Tour of M. Boullaye le Gouz through Ireland* was published. Mr. Croker also contributed sixteen drawings to the first volume of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's *Ireland.* An *Autobiography of Mary, Countess of Warwick,* from a manuscript in the possession of Lord Brooke, published as the May issue for 1848 of the Percy Society—and a lost play, supposed to be the production of Massinger, also issued by the same society in 1849—were both edited by Mr. Croker.

"Yet, with all these pursuits," says his biographer, "literary, scientific, antiquarian, and pictorial, Mr. Crofton Croker has obtained the character of being a good man of business, and an active, intelligent, and efficient officer of the admiralty. Literature and art may be considered merely as the playthings used by him wherewith to relax his mind from the strain of the duties of office, and yet how much has perseverance and industry effected with such noble toying."

Mr. Croker retired from his official post in 1850 on a pension of £580 a year. Four years afterwards he died at his residence in Gloucester Road, Old Brompton, London, on the

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I loved its brink, so did, I think,
Maginn, Maclise, and Crofton.

"Of early scenes, too oft begins
The memory to grow fainter;
Not so with me—Crofton, nor thee,
The doctor or the painter.

"There is a trace time can't efface,
Nor years of absence dim;
It is the thought of yon sweet spot,
Yon fountain's fairy brim."

The "doctor" alluded to in the last line of the third verse is, of course, Maginn; the "painter," Maclise.

8th of August, 1854, aged fifty-six, and was buried in the Brompton Cemetery. An interesting memoir, on which we have drawn largely, by his son, Mr. T. F. Dillon Croker, is prefixed to Tegg's edition of his *Fairy Legends.*]

THE SOUL CAGES.

(FROM "FAIRY LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS.")

Jack Dogherty lived on the coast of the county Clare. Jack was a fisherman, as his father and grandfather before him had been. Like them, too, he lived all alone (but for the wife), and just in the same spot. People used to wonder why the Dogherty family were so fond of that wild situation, so far away from all human kind, and in the midst of huge shattered rocks, with nothing but the wide ocean to look upon. But they had their own good reasons for it.

The place was just the only spot on that part of the coast where anybody could well live; there was a neat little creek, where a boat might lie as snug as a puffin in her nest, and out from this creek a ledge of sunken rocks ran into the sea. Now when the Atlantic, according to custom, was raging with a storm, and a good westerly wind was blowing strong on the coast, many a richly laden ship went to pieces on these rocks; and then the fine bales of cotton and tobacco, and suchlike things, and the pipes of wine, and the puncheons of rum, and the casks of brandy, and the kegs of hollands that used to come ashore! Dunbeg Bay was just like a little estate to the Doghertys.

Not but they were kind and humane to a distressed sailor, if ever one had the good luck to get to land; and many a time indeed did Jack put out in his little *corragh* (which, though not quite equal to honest Andrew Hennessy's canvas life-boat, would breast the billows like any gannet), to lend a hand towards bringing off the crew from a wreck. But when the ship had gone to pieces, and the crew were all lost, who would blame Jack for picking up all he could find?

"And who is the worse of it?" said he. "For as to the king, God bless him! everybody knows he's rich enough already without getting what's floating in the sea."

Jack, though such a hermit, was a good-natured, jolly fellow. No other, sure, could ever have coaxed Biddy Mahony to quit her father's snug and warm house in the middle of the town of Ennis, and to go so many miles off to live among the rocks, with the seals and sea-gulls for next-door neighbours. But Biddy knew that Jack was the man for a woman who wished to be comfortable and happy; for, to say nothing of the fish, Jack had the supplying of half the gentlemen's houses of the country with the *Godsends* that came into the bay. And she was right in her choice; for no woman ate, drank, or slept better, or made a prouder appearance at chapel on Sundays, than Mrs. Dogherty.

Many a strange sight, it may well be supposed, did Jack see, and many a strange sound did he hear, but nothing daunted him. So far was he from being afraid of Merrows, or such beings, that the very first wish of his heart was to fairly meet with one. Jack had heard that they were mighty like Christians, and that luck had always come out of an acquaintance with them. Never, therefore, did he dimly discern the Merrows moving along the face of the waters in their robes of mist, but he made direct for them; and many a scolding did Biddy in her own quiet way bestow upon Jack for spending his whole day out at sea, and bringing home no fish. Little did poor Biddy know the fish Jack was after!

It was rather annoying to Jack that, though living in a place where the Merrows were as plenty as lobsters, he never could get a right view of one. What vexed him more was that both his father and grandfather had often and often seen them; and he even remembered hearing, when a child, how his grandfather, who was the first of the family that had settled down at the creek, had been so intimate with a Merrow that, only for fear of vexing the priest, he would have had him stand for one of his children. This, however, Jack did not well know how to believe.

Fortune at length began to think that it was only right that Jack should know as much as his father and grandfather did. Accordingly, one day when he had strolled a little farther than usual along the coast to the northward, just as he turned a point, he saw something, like to nothing he had ever seen before, perched upon a rock at a little distance out to sea: it looked green in the body, as well as he could discern at that distance, and he would have sworn, only the thing was impossible, that it had a cocked hat in its hand. Jack stood for a good half-hour straining his eyes and wondering at it, and all the time the thing did not stir hand or foot. At last Jack's patience was quite worn out, and he gave a loud whistle and a hail, when the Merrow (for such it was) started up, put the cocked hat on its head, and dived down, head foremost, from the rock.

Jack's curiosity was now excited, and he constantly directed his steps towards the point; still he could never get a glimpse of the sea-gentleman with the cocked hat; and with thinking and thinking about the matter, he began at last to fancy he had been only dreaming. One very rough day, however, when the sea was running mountains high, Jack Dogherty determined to give a look at the Merrow's rock (for he had always chosen a fine day before), and then he saw the strange thing cutting capers upon the top of the rock, and then diving down, and then coming up, and then diving down again.

Jack had now only to choose his time (that is, a good blowing day), and he might see the man of the sea as often as he pleased. All this, however, did not satisfy him—"much will have more;" he wished now to get acquainted with the Merrow, and even in this he succeeded. One tremendous blustering day before he got to the point whence he had a view of the Merrow's rock, the storm came on so furiously that Jack was obliged to take shelter in one of the caves which are so numerous along the coast; and there, to his astonishment, he saw sitting before him a thing with green hair, long green teeth, a red nose, and pig's eyes. It had a fish's tail, legs with scales on them, and short arms like fins: it wore no clothes, but had the cocked hat under its arm, and seemed engaged thinking very seriously about something.

Jack, with all his courage, was a little daunted; but now or never, thought he: so up he went boldly to the cogitating fishman, took off his hat, and made his best bow.

"Your servant, sir," said Jack.

"Your servant, kindly, Jack Dogherty," answered the Merrow.

"To be sure, then, how well your honour knows my name!" said Jack.

"Is it I not know your name, Jack Dogherty? Why, man, I knew your grandfather long before he was married to Judy Regan your grandmother! Ah, Jack, Jack, I was fond of that grandfather of yours; he was a mighty worthy man in his time: I never met his match above or below, before or since, for sucking in a shellful of brandy. I hope, my boy," said the old fellow, with a merry twinkle in his little eyes, "I hope you're his own grandson!"

"Never fear me for that," said Jack; "if my mother had only reared me on brandy, 'tis myself that would be a sucking infant to this hour!"

"Well, I like to hear you talk so manly; you and I must be better acquainted, if it were only for your grandfather's sake. But, Jack, that father of yours was not the thing! he had no head at all."

"I'm sure," said Jack, "since your honour lives down under the water, you must be obliged to drink a power to keep any heat in you in such a cruel, damp, *could* place. Well, I've often heard of Christians drinking like fishes: and might I be so bold as to ask where you get the spirits?"

"Where do you get them yourself, Jack?" said the Merrow, twitching his red nose between his forefinger and thumb.

"Hubbubboo," cries Jack, "now I see how it is; but I suppose, sir, your honour has got a fine dry cellar below to keep them in."

"Let me alone for the cellar," said the Merrow, with a knowing wink of his left eye.

"I'm sure," continued Jack, "it must be mighty well worth the looking at."

"You may say that, Jack," said the Merrow; "and if you meet me here next Monday, just at this time of the day, we will have a little more talk with one another about the matter."

Jack and the Merrow parted the best friends in the world. On Monday they met, and Jack was not a little surprised to see that the Merrow had two cocked hats with him, one under each arm.

"Might I take the liberty to ask, sir," said Jack, "why your honour has brought the two hats with you to-day? You would not, sure, be going to give me one of them, to keep for the *curosity* of the thing?"

"No, no, Jack," said he, "I don't get my hats so easily, to part with them that way; but I want you to come down and dine with me, and I brought you the hat to dive with."

"Lord bless and preserve us!" cried Jack in amazement, "would you want me to go down to the bottom of the salt-sea ocean? Sure, I'd be smothered and choked up with the water, to say nothing of being drowned! And what would poor Biddy do for me, and what would she say?"

"And what matter what she says, you *pinkeen?* Who cares for Biddy's squalling? It's long before your grandfather would have talked in that way. Many's the time he stuck that same hat on his head, and dived down boldly after me; and many's the snug bit of dinner and good shellful of brandy he and I have had together below, under the water."

"Is it really, sir, and no joke?" said Jack; "why, then, sorrow from me for ever and a day after, if I'll be a bit worse man nor my grandfather was! Here goes—but play me fair now. Here's neck or nothing!" cried Jack.

"That's your grandfather all over," said the old fellow; "so come along, then, and do as I do."

They both left the cave, walked into the sea, and then swam a piece until they got to the rock. The Merrow climbed to the top of it, and Jack followed him. On the far side it was as straight as the wall of a house, and the sea beneath looked so deep that Jack was almost cowed.

"Now, do you see, Jack," said the Merrow: "just put this hat on your head, and mind to keep your eyes wide open. Take hold of my tail, and follow after me, and you'll see what you'll see."

In he dashed, and in dashed Jack after him boldly. They went and they went, and Jack thought they'd never stop going. Many a time did he wish himself sitting at home by the fireside with Biddy. Yet, where was the use of wishing now, when he was so many miles, as he thought, below the waves of the Atlantic? Still he held hard by the Merrow's tail, slippery as it was; and at last, to Jack's great surprise, they got out of the water, and he actually found himself on dry land at the bottom of the sea. They landed just in front of a nice house that was slated very neatly with oyster shells! and the Merrow, turning about to Jack, welcomed him down.

Jack could hardly speak, what with wonder, and what with being out of breath with travelling so fast through the water. He looked about him and could see no living things, barring crabs and lobsters, of which there were plenty walking leisurely about on the sand. Overhead was the sea like a sky, and the fishes like birds swimming about in it.

"Why don't you speak, man?" said the Merrow: "I dare say you had no notion that I had such a snug little concern here as this? Are you smothered, or choked, or drowned, or are you fretting after Biddy, eh?"

"Oh! not myself, indeed," said Jack, showing his teeth with a good-humoured grin; "but who in the world would ever have thought of seeing such a thing?"

"Well, come along and let's see what they've got for us to eat?"

Jack really was hungry, and it gave him no small pleasure to perceive a fine column of smoke rising from the chimney, announcing what was going on within. Into the house he followed the Merrow, and there he saw a good kitchen, right well provided with everything. There was a noble dresser, and plenty of pots and pans, with two young Merrows cooking. His host then led him into the room, which was furnished shabbily enough. Not a table or a chair was there in it; nothing but planks and logs of wood to sit on, and eat off. There was, however, a good fire blazing on the hearth—a comfortable sight to Jack.

"Come now, and I'll show you where I keep—you know what," said the Merrow, with a sly look; and opening a little door, he led Jack into a fine cellar, well filled with pipes, and kegs, and hogsheads, and barrels.

"What do you say to that, Jack Dogherty? Eh! may be a body can't live snug under the water?"

"Never the doubt of that," said Jack, with a convincing smack of his under lip, that he really thought what he said.

They went back to the room, and found dinner laid. There was no table-cloth, to be sure—but what matter? It was not always Jack had one at home. The dinner would have been no discredit to the first house of the country on a fast-day. The choicest of fish, and no wonder, was there. Turbots, and sturgeons, and soles, and lobsters, and oysters, and twenty other kinds, were on the planks at once, and plenty of the best of foreign spirits. The wines, the old fellow said, were too cold for his stomach.

Jack ate and drank till he could eat no more: then, taking up a shell of brandy, "Here's to your honour's good health, sir," said he; "though, begging your pardon, it's mighty odd that as long as we've been acquainted I don't know your name yet."

"That's true, Jack," replied he; "I never thought of it before, but better late than never. My name's Coomara."

"And a mighty decent name it is," cried Jack, taking another shellful: "here's to your good health, Coomara, and may you live these fifty years to come!"

"Fifty years!" repeated Coomara; "I'm obliged to you, indeed! If you had said five hundred it would have been something worth the wishing."

"By the laws, sir," cries Jack, "*youz* live to a powerful age here under the water! You knew my grandfather, and he's dead and gone better than these sixty years. I'm sure it must be a healthy place to live in."

"No doubt of it; but come, Jack, keep the liquor stirring."

Shell after shell did they empty, and to Jack's exceeding surprise he found the drink never got into his head, owing, I suppose, to the sea being over them, which kept their noddles cool.

Old Coomara got exceedingly comfortable, and sung several songs; but Jack, if his life had depended on it, never could remember more than

"Rum fum boodle boo,
Ripple dipple nitty dob;
Dumdoo doodle coo,
Raffle taffle chittibob!"

It was the chorus to one of them; and to say the truth, nobody that I know has ever been able to pick any particular meaning out of it; but that, to be sure, is the case with many a song now-a-days.

At length said he to Jack, "Now, my dear boy, if you follow me, I'll show you my *curosities!*" He opened a little door and led Jack into a large room, where Jack saw a great many odds and ends that Coomara had picked up at one time or another. What chiefly took his attention, however, were things like lobster-pots ranged on the ground along the wall.

"Well, Jack, how do you like my *curosities?*" said old Coo.

"Upon my *sowkins*, sir," said Jack, "they're mighty well worth the looking at; but might I make so bold as to ask what these things like lobster-pots are?"

"Oh! the Soul Cages, is it?"

"The what? sir!"

"These things here that I keep the souls in."

"*Arrah!* what souls, sir?" said Jack in amazement; "sure, the fish have got no souls in them?"

"Oh! no," replied Coo, quite coolly, "that they have not; but these are the souls of drowned sailors."

"The Lord preserve us from all harm!" muttered Jack, "how in the world did you get them?"

"Easily enough: I've only, when I see a good storm coming on, to set a couple of dozen of these, and then, when the sailors are drowned and the souls get out of them under the water, the poor things are almost perished to death, not being used to the cold; so they make into my pots for shelter, and then I have them snug, and fetch them home, and keep them here dry and warm; and is it not well for them, poor souls, to get into such good quarters?"

Jack was so thunderstruck he did not know what to say, so he said nothing. They went back into the dining-room, and had a little more brandy, which was excellent, and then, as Jack knew that it must be getting late, and as Biddy might be uneasy, he stood up, and said he thought it was time for him to be on the road.

"Just as you like, Jack," said Coo, "but take a *duc an durrus* before you go; you've a cold journey before you."

Jack knew better manners than to refuse the parting glass. "I wonder," said he, "will I be able to make out my way home?"

"What should ail you," said Coo, "when I'll show you the way?"

Out they went before the house, and Coomara took one of the cocked hats, and put it upon Jack's head the wrong way, and then lifted him up on his shoulder that he might launch him up into the water.

"Now," says he, giving him a heave, "you'll come up just in the same spot you came down in; and, Jack, mind and throw me back the hat."

He canted Jack off his shoulder, and up he shot like a bubble—whirr, whirr, whiz—away he went up through the water, till he came to the very rock he had jumped off, where he found a landing-place, and then in he threw the hat, which sunk like a stone.

The sun was just going down in the beautiful sky of a calm summer's evening. *Feascor* was seen dimly twinkling in the cloudless heaven, a solitary star, and the waves of the Atlantic flashed in a golden flood of light. So Jack, perceiving it was late, set off home; but when he got there, not a word did he say to Biddy of where he had spent his day.

The state of the poor souls cooped up in the lobster-pots gave Jack a great deal of trouble, and how to release them cost him a great deal of thought. He at first had a mind to speak to the priest about the matter. But what could the priest do, and what did Coo care for the priest? Besides, Coo was a good sort of an old fellow, and did not think he was doing any harm. Jack had a regard for him too, and it also might not be much to his own credit if it were known that he used to go dine with Merrows. On the whole he thought his best plan would be to ask Coo to dinner, and to make him drunk, if he was able, and then to take the hat and go down and turn up the pots. It was first of all necessary, however, to get Biddy out of the way; for Jack was prudent enough, as she was a woman, to wish to keep the thing secret from her.

Accordingly, Jack grew mighty pious all of a sudden, and said to Biddy that he thought it would be for the good of both of their souls if she was to go and take her rounds at Saint John's Well, near Ennis. Biddy thought so too, and accordingly off she set one fine morning at day-dawn, giving Jack a strict charge to have an eye to the place. The coast being clear, away went Jack to the rock to give the appointed signal to Coomara, which was throwing a big stone into the water. Jack threw, and up sprang Coo!

"Good morrow, Jack," said he; "what do you want with me?"

"Just nothing at all to speak about, sir," returned Jack, "only to come and take a bit of dinner with me, if I might make so free as to ask you, and sure I'm now after doing so."

"It's quite agreeable, Jack, I assure you; what's your hour?"

"Any time that's most convenient to you, sir—say one o'clock, that you may go home, if you wish, with the daylight."

"I'll be with you," said Coo, "never fear me."

Jack went home, and dressed a noble fish dinner, and got out plenty of his best foreign spirits, enough for that matter to make twenty men drunk. Just to the minute came Coo, with his cocked hat under his arm. Dinner was ready, they sat down, and ate and drank away manfully. Jack, thinking of the poor souls below in the pots, plied old Coo well with brandy, and encouraged him to sing, hoping to put him under the table, but poor Jack forgot that he had not the sea over his own head to keep it cool. The brandy got into it and did his business for him, and Coo reeled off home, leaving his entertainer as dumb as a haddock on a Good Friday.

Jack never woke till the next morning, and then he was in a sad way. "'Tis to no use for me thinking to make that old Rapparee drunk," said Jack, "and how in this world can I help the poor souls out of the lobster-pots?" After ruminating nearly the whole day, a thought struck him. "I have it," says he, slapping his knee; "I'll be sworn that Coo never saw a drop of *poteen*, as old as he is, and that's the *thing* to settle him! Oh! then, is not it well that Biddy will not be home these two days yet; I can have another twist at him."

Jack asked Coo again, and Coo laughed at him for having no better head, telling him he'd never come up to his grandfather.

"Well, but try me again," said Jack, "and I'll be bail to drink you drunk and sober, and drunk again."

"Anything in my power," said Coo, "to oblige you."

At this dinner Jack took care to have his own liquor well watered, and to give the strongest brandy he had to Coo. At last says he, "Pray, sir, did you ever drink any poteen?—any real mountain dew?"

"No," says Coo; "what's that, and where does it come from?"

"Oh, that's a secret," said Jack, "but it's the right stuff—never believe me again, if 'tis not fifty times as good as brandy or rum either. Biddy's brother just sent me a present of a little drop, in exchange for some brandy, and as you're an old friend of the family, I kept it to treat you with."

"Well, let's see what sort of thing it is," said Coomara.

The *poteen* was the right sort. It was first-rate, and had the real smack upon it. Coo was delighted: he drank and he sung *Rum bum boodle boo* over and over again; and he laughed and he danced, till he fell on the floor fast asleep. Then Jack, who had taken good care to keep himself sober, snapt up the cocked hat—ran off to the rock—leaped in, and soon arrived at Coo's habitation.

All was as still as a churchyard at midnight—not a Merrow old or young was there. In he went and turned up the pots, but nothing did he see, only he heard a sort of a little whistle or chirp as he raised each of them. At this he was surprised, till he recollected what the priests had often said, that nobody living could see the soul, no more than they could see the wind or the air. Having now done all that he could do for them he set the pots as they were before, and sent a blessing after the poor souls to speed them on their journey wherever they were going. Jack now began to think of returning; he put the hat on, as was right, the wrong way; but when he got out he found the water so high over his head that he had no hopes of ever getting up into it, now that he had not old Coomara to give him a lift. He walked about looking for a ladder, but not one could he find, and not a rock was there in sight. At last he saw a spot where the sea hung rather lower than anywhere else, so he resolved to try there. Just as he came to it, a big cod happened to put down his tail. Jack made a jump and caught hold of it, and the cod, all in amazement, gave a bounce and pulled Jack up. The minute the hat touched the water away Jack was whisked, and up he shot like a cork, dragging the poor cod, that he forgot to let go, up with him, tail foremost. He got to the rock in no time, and without a moment's delay hurried home, rejoicing in the good deed he had done.

But, meanwhile, there was fine work at home; for our friend Jack had hardly left the house on his soul-freeing expedition, when back came Biddy from her soul-saving one to the well. When she entered the house and saw the things lying *thrie-na-helah* on the table before her,—"Here's a pretty job!" said she; "that blackguard of mine—what ill-luck I had ever to marry him! He has picked up some vagabond or other, while I was praying for the good of his soul, and they've been drinking all the *poteen* that my own brother gave him, and all the spirits, to be sure, that he was to have sold to his honour." Then hearing an outlandish kind of grunt, she looked down, and saw Coomara lying under the table. "The blessed Virgin help me," shouted she, "if he has not made a real beast of himself! Well, well, I've often heard of a man making a beast of himself with drink! Oh hone, oh hone—Jack, honey, what will I do with you, or what will I do without you? How can any decent woman ever think of living with a beast?"

With such-like lamentations Biddy rushed out of the house, and was going she knew not where, when she heard the well-known voice of Jack singing a merry tune. Glad enough was Biddy to find him safe and sound, and not turned into a thing that was like neither fish nor flesh. Jack was obliged to tell her all, and Biddy, though she had half a mind to be angry with him for not telling her before, owned that he had done a great service to the poor souls. Back they both went most lovingly to the house, and Jack wakened up Coomara; and perceiving the old fellow to be rather dull, he bid him not be cast down, for 'twas many a good man's case; said it all came of his not being used to the *poteen*, and recommended him, by way of cure, to swallow a hair of the dog that bit him. Coo, however, seemed to think he had had quite enough: he got up, quite out of sorts, and without having the manners to say one word in the way of civility, he sneaked off to cool himself by a jaunt through the salt water.

Coomara never missed the souls. He and Jack continued the best friends in the world, and no one, perhaps, ever equalled Jack at freeing souls from purgatory; for he contrived fifty excuses for getting into the house below the sea, unknown to the old fellow, and then turning up the pots and letting out the souls. It vexed him, to be sure, that he could never see them; but as he knew the thing to be impossible, he was obliged to be satisfied.

Their intercourse continued for several years. However, one morning, on Jack's throwing in a stone as usual, he got no answer. He flung another, and another, still there was no reply. He went away, and returned the following morning, but it was to no purpose. As he was without the hat, he could not go down to see what had become of old Coo, but his belief was, that the old man, or the old fish, or whatever he was, had either died, or had removed away from that part of the country.

THE LORD OF DUNKERRON.

(FROM "FAIRY LEGENDS.")

The lord of Dunkerron—O'Sullivan More,
Why seeks he at midnight the sea-beaten shore?
His bark lies in haven, his hounds are asleep;
No foes are abroad on the land or the deep.

Yet nightly the lord of Dunkerron is known
On the wild shore to watch and to wander alone;
For a beautiful spirit of ocean, 'tis said,
The lord of Dunkerron would win to his bed.

When, by moonlight, the waters were hushed to repose,
That beautiful spirit of ocean arose;
Her hair, full of lustre, just floated and fell
O'er her bosom, that heaved with a billowy swell.

Long, long had he loved her—long vainly essay'd
To lure from her dwelling the coy ocean maid;
And long had he wander'd and watch'd by the tide,
To claim the fair spirit O'Sullivan's bride!

The maiden she gazed on the creature of earth,
Whose voice in her breast to a feeling gave birth:
Then smiled; and abash'd as a maiden might be,
Looking down, gently sank to her home in the sea.

Though gentle that smile, as the moonlight above,
O'Sullivan felt 'twas the dawning of love,
And hope came on hope, spreading over his mind,
As the eddy of circles her wake left behind.

The lord of Dunkerron he plunged in the waves,
And sought, through the fierce rush of waters, their caves;

The gloom of whose depths, studded over with spars,
Had the glitter of midnight when lit up by stars.

Who can tell or can fancy the treasures that sleep
Intombed in the wonderful womb of the deep?
The pearls and the gems, as if valueless thrown
To lie 'mid the sea-wreck conceal'd and unknown.

Down, down went the maid,—still the chieftain pursued;
Who flies must be follow'd ere she can be woo'd.
Untempted by treasures, unawed by alarms,
The maiden at length he has clasped in his arms!

They rose from the deep by a smooth-spreading strand,
Whence beauty and verdure stretch'd over the land.
'Twas an isle of enchantment! and lightly the breeze,
With a musical murmur, just crept through the trees.

The haze-woven shroud of that newly-born isle
Softly faded away from a magical pile,
A palace of crystal, whose bright-beaming sheen
Had the tints of the rainbow—red, yellow, and green.

And grottoes, fantastic in hue and in form,
Were there, as flung up—the wild sport of the storm;
Yet all was so cloudless, so lovely, and calm,
It seem'd but a region of sunshine and balm.

"Here, here shall we dwell in a dream of delight,
Where the glories of earth and of ocean unite!
Yet, loved son of earth! I must from thee away;
There are laws which e'en spirits are bound to obey!

"Once more must I visit the chief of my race,
His sanction to gain ere I meet thy embrace.
In a moment I dive to the chambers beneath:
One cause can detain me—one only—'tis death!"

They parted in sorrow, with vows true and fond;
The language of promise had nothing beyond.
His soul all on fire, with anxiety burns:
The moment is gone—but no maiden returns.

What sounds from the deep meet his terrified ear—
What accents of rage and of grief does he hear?
What sees he? what change has come over the flood—
What tinges its green with a jetty of blood?

Can he doubt what the gush of warm blood would explain?
That she sought the consent of her monarch in vain!—
For see all around, in white foam and froth,
The waves of the ocean boil up in their wrath!

The palace of crystal has melted in air,
And the dyes of the rainbow no longer are there;
And grottoes with vapour and clouds are o'ercast,
The sunshine is darkness—the vision has past!

Loud, loud was the call of his serfs for their chief;
They sought him with accents of wailing and grief:
He heard, and he struggled—a wave to the shore,
Exhausted and faint, bears O'Sullivan More!

EDWARD WALSH.

Born 1805—Died 1850.

[The career of Edward Walsh was a singularly sad one. Endowed with high poetic talent, he passed nearly all his days as that most ill-paid of drudges—a schoolmaster; and his life, which might have been long and rich in literary production, was cut off abruptly in his forty-fifth year. His father, a county Cork man and a small farmer, had, under the pressure of want, joined the militia; and while the regiment was stationed at Londonderry, Edward was born (1805). The militiaman having doffed his uniform on the disbandment of the corps, returned to Cork, and here his son received a good education. He devoted a great deal of time and attention to the Irish language; and, partly from books and partly from intercourse with persons who could speak it, he became thoroughly acquainted with the ancient tongue. The knowledge thus acquired exercised great influence over his career; for it was in translating poems from the Irish that Walsh chiefly gained his poetic reputation. While engaged at various places as tutor or schoolmaster he produced a number of translations and poems. These, finding their way into the periodicals of the day, attracted the attention of men of intelligence, and gained for the poet the friendship of Charles Gavan Duffy, who procured him the post of sub-editor of the *Dublin Monitor*. Here at last was release from the hideous din of the schoolroom: here was the prospect of such work as a man of a strong literary turn might most willingly accept. But the interiors of newspaper offices are very different from the pictures which float before the fancies of inexperienced aspirants to journalistic occupation; and the duties of a sub-editor are frequently of a mechanical much more than of a literary character. Such was, in all probability, the discovery which Walsh soon made; but whatever the cause, the fact is that he gave up the position. He was then engaged in some fugitive literary work, and collected a number of his own poems and translations, which afterwards appeared under the title of *Jacobite Poetry.* When next we meet Walsh he is engaged in tasks far different; and not only is he back again at the old occupation of teaching, but he is so engaged under circumstances as drear as can possibly be imagined — he is a schoolmaster on Spike Island! Here it was that there occurred the interview between him and John Mitchel, of which the latter has given a touching account in his *Jail Journal:*—"A tall gentleman-like person in black but rather over-worn clothes, came up to me and grasped my hands with every demonstration of reverence. I knew his face, but could not at first remember who he was—he was Edward Walsh, author of *Mo Craoibhin Cno,* and other sweet songs, and of some very musical translations from Irish ballads. Tears stood in his eyes as he told me he had contrived to get an opportunity of seeing and shaking hands with me before I should leave Ireland. I asked him what he was doing in Spike Island, and he told me he had accepted the office of teacher to a school they kept here for small convicts—a very wretched office, indeed, and to a shy, sensitive creature like Walsh it must be daily torture. He stooped down and kissed my hands. 'Ah!' he said, 'you are now the man in all Ireland most *to be envied.*' I answered that I thought there might be room for difference of opinion about that: and then after another kind word or two, being warned by my turnkey, I bid farewell, and retreated into my own den. Poor Walsh! He has a family of young children; he seems broken in health and spirits; ruin has been on his tracks for years, and I think has him in the wind at last. There are more contented galley-slaves moiling at Spike than the schoolmaster. Perhaps this man does really envy me, and most assuredly I do not envy him."

The gloomy prophecies of Mitchel were realized; for, not long after this interview between the two—in the August of 1850—poor Walsh's earthly troubles were all over. At the time of his death he was schoolmaster in the Cork workhouse. Seven years after he had ceased to live, a graceful monument to his memory was raised by a number of the working-men of Cork. He has left two volumes of poetical translations from the Irish, with the original text. Some of the most popular of these are appended. A memoir of Walsh in the *Irishman* has supplied us with the greater part of the materials for our sketch.]

BRIGHIDIN BAN MO STORE.[1]

I am a wand'ring minstrel man,
  And Love my only theme;
I've stray'd beside the pleasant Bann,
  And eke the Shannon's stream;
I've piped and played to wife and maid
  By Barrow, Suir, and Nore,
But never met a maiden yet
  Like *Brighidin ban mo store.*

My girl hath ringlets rich and rare,
  By Nature's fingers wove—
Loch-Carra's swan is not so fair
  As is her breast of love;
And when she moves, in Sunday sheen,
  Beyond our cottage door,
I'd scorn the high-born Saxon queen
  For *Brighidin ban mo store.*

It is not that thy smile is sweet,
  And soft thy voice of song—
It is not that thou fleest to meet
  My comings lone and long!
But that doth rest beneath thy breast
  A heart of purest core,
Whose pulse is known to me alone,
  My *Brighidin ban mo store.*

AILEEN THE HUNTRESS.[2]

Fair Aileen M'Cartie, O'Connor's young bride,
Forsakes her chaste pillow with matronly pride,
And calls forth her maidens (their number was
    nine)
To the bawn of her mansion, a-milking the kine.

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[1] *Brighidin ban mo store* is, in English, *fair young bride,* or *Bridget my treasure.* The proper name Brighit, or Bride, signifies *a fiery dart,* and was the name of the goddess of poetry in the pagan days of Ireland—*Walsh.*

[2] The incident related in the above ballad happened about the year 1731. Aileen, who is celebrated in the traditions of the people for her love of hunting, was the wife of James O'Connor of Cluain-Tairbh, grandson of David, the founder of the *Siol-t Da,* a well-known sept at this day in Kerry.—*Walsh.*

They came at her bidding, in kirtle and gown,
And braided hair, jetty, and golden, and brown,
And form like the palm-tree, and step like the fawn,
And bloom like the wild rose that circled the bawn.

As the Guebre's round tower o'er the fane of Ardfert—
As the white hind of Brandon by young roes begirt—
As the moon in her glory 'mid bright stars outhung—
Stood Aileen M'Cartie her maidens among.
Beneath the rich kerchief, which matrons may wear,
Strayed ringletted tresses of beautiful hair;
They wav'd on her fair neck, as darkly as though
'Twere the raven's wing shining o'er Mangerton's snow!

. . . . . .

Around her went bounding two wolf-dogs of speed,
So tall in their stature, so pure in their breed;
While the maidens awake, to the new-milk's soft fall,
A song of O'Connor in Carraig's proud hall.
As the milk came outpouring, and the song came outsung,
O'er the wall 'mid the maidens a red-deer outsprung,
Then cheer'd the fair lady—then rush'd the mad hound—
And away with the wild stag in air-lifted bound!

The gem-fastened *falluinn*[1] is dash'd on the bawn—
One spring o'er the tall fence—and Aileen is gone!
But morning's rous'd echoes to the deep dells proclaim
The course of that wild stag, the dogs, and the dame!
By Cluain Tairbh's green border, o'er moorland and height,
The red-deer shapes downward the rush of his flight—
In sunlight his antlers all-gloriously flash,
And onward the wolf-dogs and fair huntress dash!

By Sliabh-Mis now winding (rare hunting I ween!)
He gains the dark valley of Scota the queen,
Who found in its bosom a cairn-lifted grave,
When Sliabh-Mis first flow'd with the blood of the brave![2]
By Coill-Cuaigh's[3] green shelter, the hollow rocks ring—
Coill-Cuaigh, of the cuckoo's first song in the spring,
Coill-Cuaigh of the tall oak and gale-scenting spray—
God's curse on the tyrants that wrought thy decay!

Now Maing's lovely border is gloriously won,
Now the towers of the island[4] gleam bright in the sun,
And now Ceall-an Amanach's portals are pass'd,
Where headless the Desmond found refuge at last![5]
By Ard-na greach[6] mountain, and Avonmore's head,
To the Earl's proud pavilion the panting deer fled—
Where Desmond's tall clansmen spread banners of pride,
And rush'd to the battle, and gloriously died!

The huntress is coming, slow, breathless, and pale,
Her raven locks streaming all wild in the gale;
She stops—and the breezes bring balm to her brow—
But wolf-dog and wild deer, oh! where are they now?
On Réidhlán-Tigh-an-Eárla,[7] by Avonmore's well,
His bounding heart broken, the hunted deer fell,
And o'er him the brave hounds all gallantly died,
In death still victorious—their fangs in his side.

'Tis evening—the breezes beat cold on her breast,
And Aileen must seek her far home in the west;
Yet weeping, she lingers where the mist-wreaths are chill,
O'er the red-deer and tall-dogs that lie on the hill!
Whose harp at the banquet told distant and wide,
This feat of fair Aileen, O'Connor's young bride?
O'Daly's—whose guerdon tradition hath told,
Was a purple-crown'd wine-cup of beautiful gold!

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

FROM THE IRISH.

Once I bloom'd a maiden young;
A widow's woe now moves my tongue;
My true-love's barque ploughs ocean's spray,
Over the hills and far away.

Chorus—
Oh! had I worlds I'd yield them now,
To place me on his tall barque's prow,
Who was my choice through childhood's day,
Over the hills and far away!

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[1] *Falluinn*—the Irish mantle.

[2] Sliabh-Mis, in Kerry, where Scota, an Egyptian princess, and the relict of Milesius, was said to have been slain in battle, 1300 years before the Christian era.

[3] *Coill-Cuaigh*,—the Wood of the Cuckoo—now a bleak desolate moor.

[4] Castle Island—the stonghold of the Fitzgeralds.

[5] It was in this churchyard that the headless remains of the unfortunate Gerald, the 16th Earl of Desmond, were privately interred.

[6] *Ard-na Greach*—the Height of the Spoils or Armies.

[7] The Plain of the Earl's House.

Oh! may we yet our lov'd one meet,
With joy-bells' chime and wild drums' beat;
While summoning war-trump sounds dismay,
Over the hills and far away!
Oh! had I worlds, &c.

Oh! that my hero had his throne,
That Erin's cloud of care were flown,
That proudest prince would own his sway,
Over the hills and far away!
Oh! had I worlds, &c.

My bosom's love, that prince afar,
Our king, our joy, our orient star;
More sweet his voice than wild bird's lay,
Over the hills and far away!
Oh! had I worlds, &c.

A high green hill I'll quickly climb,
And tune my heart in song sublime,
And chant his praise the live-long day,
Over the hills and far away!
Oh! had I worlds, &c.

MO CRAOIBHIN CNO.[1]

My heart is far from Liffey's tide
And Dublin town;
It strays beyond the southern side
Of Cnoc-Maol-Donn,[2]
Where Capa-chuinn hath woodlands green,
Where Amhan-mhor's[3] waters flow,
Where dwells unsung, unsought, unseen,
Mo craoibhin cno,
Low clustering in her leafy screen,
Mo craoibhin cno!

The high-bred dames of Dublin town
Are rich and fair,
With wavy plume and silken gown,
And stately air;
Can plumes compare thy dark brown hair?
Can silks thy neck of snow?
Or measur'd pace thine artless grace,
Mo craoibhin cno,
When harebells scarcely show thy trace,
Mo craoibhin cno?

I've heard the songs by Liffey's wave
That maidens sung—
They sung their land the Saxon's slave,
In Saxon tongue—
Oh! bring me here that Gaelic dear
Which cursed the Saxon foe,
When thou didst charm my raptured ear,
Mo craoibhin cno!
And none but God's good angels near,
Mo craoibhin cno!

I've wandered by the rolling Lee!
And Lene's green bowers—
I've seen the Shannon's wide-spread sea,
And Limerick's towers—
And Liffey's tide, where halls of pride
Frown o'er the flood below;
My wild heart strays to Amhan-mhor's side,
Mo craoibhin cno!
With love and thee for aye to bide,
Mo craoibhin cno!

MAIRGRÉAD NI CHEALLEADH.[4]

At the dance in the village
Thy white foot was fleetest;
Thy voice 'mid the concert
Of maidens was sweetest;
The swell of thy white breast
Made rich lovers follow;
And thy raven hair bound them,
Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

Thy neck was, lost maid!
Than the *ceanabhan*[5] whiter;
And the glow of thy cheek
Than the *monadan*[6] brighter;
But death's chain hath bound thee,
Thine eye's glazed and hollow,
That shone like a sunburst,
Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

No more shall mine ear drink
Thy melody swelling;
Nor thy beamy eye brighten
The outlaw's dark dwelling;
Or thy soft heaving bosom
My destiny hallow,
When thine arms twine around me,
Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

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[1] *Mo craoibhin cno* literally means *my cluster of nuts*, but it figuratively signifies *my nut-brown maid.*

[2] A lofty mountain between the counties of Tipperary and Waterford.

[3] The Blackwater.

[4] This ballad is founded on the story of Daniel O'Keefe, an outlaw, famous in the traditions of the county of Cork, where his name is still associated with several localities. It is related that O'Keefe's beautiful mistress, Margaret Kelly (*Mairgréad ni Chealleadh*), tempted by a large reward, undertook to deliver him into the hands of the English soldiers; but O'Keefe, having discovered in her possession a document revealing her perfidy, in a frenzy of indignation stabbed her to the heart with his *skian.* He lived in the time of William III., and is represented to have been a gentleman and a poet.—*Walsh.*

[5] A plant found in bogs, the top of which bears a substance resembling cotton and as white as snow.

[6] The red berry of a creeping plant found on wild marshy mountains.

The moss couch I brought thee
To-day from the mountain,
Has drank the last drop
Of thy young heart's red fountain—
For this good *skian* beside me
Struck deep and rung hollow
In thy bosom of treason,
Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

With strings of rich pearls
Thy white neck was laden,
And thy fingers with spoils
Of the Sassanach maiden:
Such rich silks enrob'd not
The proud dames of Mallow—
Such pure gold they wore not
As Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

Alas! that my loved one
Her outlaw would injure—
Alas! that he e'er proved
Her treason's avenger!
That this right hand should make thee
A bed cold and hollow,
When in Death's sleep it laid thee,
Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh!

And while to this lone cave
My deep grief I'm venting,
The Saxon's keen bandog
My footsteps is scenting;
But true men await me
Afar in Duhallow.
Farewell, cave of slaughter,
And Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

WILLIAM THOMPSON.

BORN 1805—DIED 1852.

[William Thompson, author of *The Natural History of Ireland*, was the son of a linen merchant of Belfast, in which city he was born on the 2d November, 1805. During his early youth he followed the business of his father, devoting all his leisure moments to reading and mental culture, and from boyhood evidencing a thoughtful turn of mind, and a taste for books of a solid and useful character. A copy of *Bewick's Birds* which fell into his hands probably aroused that desire for the study of natural history which afterwards developed into the conception and execution of the great work of his life. After conducting business on his own account for some years he abandoned merchandise for the more congenial pursuit of science. In 1826 he became a member of the Natural History Society of his native town, and won some notoriety by a number of articles on various subjects connected with his favourite study, which appeared in the leading scientific magazines of the day. In 1832 he commenced the systematic collection and arrangement of specimens of the Irish fauna, and when this purpose became widely known he received much assistance and information from all parts of Ireland. On the retirement of Dr. Drummond in 1843, Mr. Thompson succeeded him as president of the Natural History Society, which position he retained until his death. He regularly contributed papers, embracing a wide range of subjects, to the learned societies of England and Scotland, his researches extending over all the departments of zoology, botany, and many other branches of natural history.

In order to obtain the relaxation rendered necessary by his close attention to scientific investigation, and at the same time to develop a more extensive knowledge, Mr. Thompson paid an annual visit to London, where he sought the society of men of similar tastes to his own. In 1840 he read a paper on the Vertebrata of Ireland before the Glasgow meeting of the British Association, and in the following year accompanied his friend Mr. Forbes, who, in the capacity of naturalist, proceeded in her Majesty's ship *Beacon* for the purpose of making a survey of the island of Candia. During this voyage Mr. Thompson wrote his interesting account of the migratory birds seen between Malta and the Morea, which appeared afterwards in the appendix to *The Birds of Ireland*. The remaining years of his life were chiefly occupied in the preparation of his great work, occasional productions from his pen also appearing in Dr. W. H. Harvey's *Phycologia Britannica*. About this time also he contributed to the *Annals of Natural History* the well-known papers on the Irish fauna. The first volume of *The Natural History of Ireland* appeared in 1849, and was followed by the second in 1850, and the third in 1851. In February, 1852, Mr. Thompson visited London to make arrangements for a meeting in Belfast of the British Association, of which he had been appointed vice-president. Though ailing when he left home, he apprehended no immediate danger, but in London he suddenly changed for the worse, and expired on the 17th of February, 1852. The members of the society over which he had so long presided added a memorial room to their museum, and in the "Thompson Room" was deposited the private collection he had bequeathed to them. He had also made provision for the publication of the fourth and last volume of his *Natural History*, by desiring the materials to be handed to his friends Messrs. Patterson and Garrett, and under the editorship of the former the work was completed and published in 1856, together with a memoir, from which are selected the principal facts contained in this sketch.]

THE MAGPIE.

(FROM "THE NATURAL HISTORY OF IRELAND.")

Magpies are very generally persecuted with us on account of their evil propensities. One friend complains that his garden has suffered much from their depredations on cherries and other fruit; another, that the eggs of game, &c., are greatly destroyed by them:—their propensity for eggs is taken advantage of for their destruction, and they become victims to the trap baited with those of our domestic fowl. Grain, too, they certainly consume, but their numbers are not anywhere so great as to do much injury to it. That they do considerable good I have had positive evidence from an examination of the contents of their stomachs (supplied me by bird-preservers) at various times, but particularly in winter; when almost every one contained insects (chiefly *Coleoptera*), or the remains of mice and slugs (the internal shell of these, constituting the genus *Limacellus*, Brard., only remaining), mixed with which occasionally appeared oats and other grain. In winter, the magpie, as well as others of the *Corvidæ*, is of great service to the public, by resorting in numbers to such meadows as are manured with the offensive refuse of the slaughter-house, and feeding on the tit-bits. On the 1st of Sept. 1847, I was interested in observing one of these handsome birds perched on a tall rowan or mountain-ash tree, close to Holywood House, picking off and eating the ripe scarlet berries as eagerly as any of the thrush genus could have done. On mentioning the circumstance to my friends resident there, they remarked, that in former years several of these birds were seen perched at the same time in this tree, when the berries were ripe, though no attention was given to whether they were feeding on them or not; judging from what I observed they doubtless were so.

By the late George Matthews, Esq., I was informed that a trustworthy warrener at Springvale, county of Down (the seat of his grandfather, Major Matthews), assured him that he once saw a magpie fly some distance out to sea with a stoat or weasel fastened to it, when he, with some other men, launched a boat and followed to observe the issue. They found the magpie lying dead upon the water. The quadruped had disappeared, and as they conjectured, had been drowned; but Mr. Matthews thought it might have made its way ashore, as he had often seen these animals swim admirably. Montagu, in the supplement to his *Ornithological Dictionary*, mentions his having been witness to a weasel killing a carrion-crow on the ground, the latter being in the first instance the aggressor.

Once, in the month of May, when driving between Larne and Glenarm, I was surprised to observe a lesser black-backed gull (*Larus fuscus*) hovering very low over, and making a stoop at a ditch-bank near the road. On looking attentively, however, a magpie was discovered changing its position from whatever side of the bush the gull hovered over, to the other side. After a short time the gull took its departure, and then the magpie flew along the bank with some whitish-coloured object in its bill. The gull returned and played the same part over again, as the magpie likewise did; the object of the latter, from the commencement, being evidently to conceal itself from the gull's observation. On seeing the food in the magpie's bill I had no doubt of its being the gull's prey, which having been accidentally dropped, was carried off by the magpie, whose thievish cunning it was amusing to witness, though I pitied the honest sea-bird for being thus *gulled.*

Magpies are so bold as apparently, through mere wantonness, to persecute birds that would seem to be more than a match for them: the beautiful kestrel or windhover they occasionally annoy. Towards the peregrine falcon they dare hardly show any impertinence, but the curiosity which I once saw exhibited by a pair of them towards a bird of this species was highly amusing. A trained falcon at Fort William, near Belfast, on being given its liberty, alighted, after taking a few circuits through the air, in a small tree, where first one, and then another magpie, likewise perched, without exhibiting the least fear, and with the intention only, to all appearance, of examining it more closely. They gradually approached until almost touching the hawk; one indeed seemed to strike it, immediately after which they both flew to a tree close by, and commenced an incessant chattering. This was continued so earnestly for some time that it could be nothing less than a discussion upon the merits of the strange bird. When in the tree with the hawk they maintained a respectful silence. At the same place a tame magpie and a sheep of a peculiar variety, whose fleece hung nearly to the ground, were great friends, and generally associated together. The favourite perch of the bird was on the back of the sheep, which animal became innocently a receiver of stolen goods, as the magpie concealed his pilferings in the thick wool of its body. It sometimes hopped after the sheep, biting at its legs; and, through mischief, or a natural carnivorous propensity, was very partial to pecking at the bare heels of beggars who came about the house, very much, as may be supposed, to their annoyance. Here, also, two magpies were proficients in talking. One, without any teaching, learned all the phrases of a parrot kept in a neighbouring cage. The other was taught several words and short sentences by their being repeated to it by its master; the most comical perhaps of which was "pretty-poll," as passing strangers, on hearing the well-known words, turned round to look at the parrot, and saw only impudent "mag" instead.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Born 1784 — Died 1862.

[James Sheridan Knowles, dramatic author, actor, schoolmaster, and lecturer, was born in Anne Street, Cork, on the 12th of May, 1784. His family were noted for talent of a high order, Richard Brinsley Sheridan being his second cousin, and his father, James Knowles, a schoolmaster, was author of the *New Expositor*, and of an at one time well-known and highly popular edition of *Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary*. In 1793, when Sheridan Knowles was only nine years old, his father removed to London. In the school at which he was placed he had a remarkable foretaste of the dramatic victories he was afterwards destined to achieve. It was usual at this school to produce annually a play, and the poetic talent Knowles had already displayed led to his being unanimously selected as the author for his year. The play was written; a number of the pupils took parts; and its success was so great that on their return from their holidays the companions of the young dramatist would not suffer it to be forgotten; and during the long winter evenings it was frequently performed before a sincerely admiring audience.

Stimulated by the appreciation of his companions Knowles continued to write, and at fourteen he published an opera entitled *The Chevalier de Grillon*, *The Welsh Harper*, a ballad, *The Spanish Story*, a tragedy, and *Hersila*, a drama. The precocious genius soon gained recognition from men of talent, and Coleridge, Lamb, and Hazlitt became his intimate friends. The latter he styled his "mental father," and the knowledge he gained from this clever critic on literary matters well justified the name. In 1808 he visited Dublin, where he determined to become an actor, rightly concluding that to be a perfect dramatist he must be well acquainted with the practical business of the stage. The Le Fanus, to whom he was related, opposed his resolve; but he was not to be shaken from his purpose, and he made his first appearance in Crow Street Theatre, Dublin. As has happened to so many theatrical aspirants, the nervousness and awkwardness of the débutant were so great that he completely failed. He nevertheless determined to persevere, and in the same year we hear of him acting successfully in Waterford in company with Edmund Kean. Here he sustained characters in tragedy, comedy, and opera—the latter he was peculiarly fitted for, as to his other gifts nature had added a sweet voice. On a tour through Ireland with this company he wrote a number of poems, which on his return to Waterford he published by subscription. These were appropriately called *Fugitive Pieces*, and he hoped to reap a little pecuniary advantage from their sale, his finances being in anything but a flourishing condition. At this time also he wrote a play called *Leo, or the Gypsy*, in which Edmund Kean played the principal part with great success. This would have seemed sufficient inducement to keep him with the company; but he bade good-bye for a while to the stage, went to Belfast, where his father had a school, and became his assistant as a teacher of grammar and elocution.

With the leisure which this comparatively quiet life brought him his passion for dramatic composition returned, and under the title *Brian Boroihme*—a name well calculated to warm every Irish heart—he brought out a play at the Belfast Theatre in 1815. It met with an enthusiastic reception. Encouraged by this he soon after produced *Caius Gracchus*, which also proved successful. Acting under encouraging suggestion from Edmund Kean he set to work on a third drama, and the result was his great tragedy *Virginius*. This was first produced before a Glasgow audience, where it ran for fifteen nights, and in 1820 it was performed at Covent Garden.

The fame of Knowles was now established, and at thirty-six he found all his most ambitious dreams realized. He worked on, however, and did not relax in the slightest his care in composition. His *William Tell*, which appeared at Drury Lane in 1825, was a sample of this, and fully maintained his well-won reputation. In 1823 *Caius Gracchus*, first presented—as has been already said—to the public in Belfast, appeared at the same theatre. In both these dramas Macready took the principal parts. In 1828 appeared *The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green*, followed by *Alfred the Great*, played at Drury Lane in 1831, and *The Hunchback*, played at Covent Garden in 1832. In 1833 at the latter theatre was produced *The Wife, A Tale of Mantua*, and at the former *The Daughter*, in 1836. In *The Hunchback* and *The Wife* Sheridan Knowles himself took the principal parts; thus supporting at the same time his fame as author and actor. About this time he made a tour through the United Kingdom, visiting the principal theatres, and everywhere adding to his laurels.

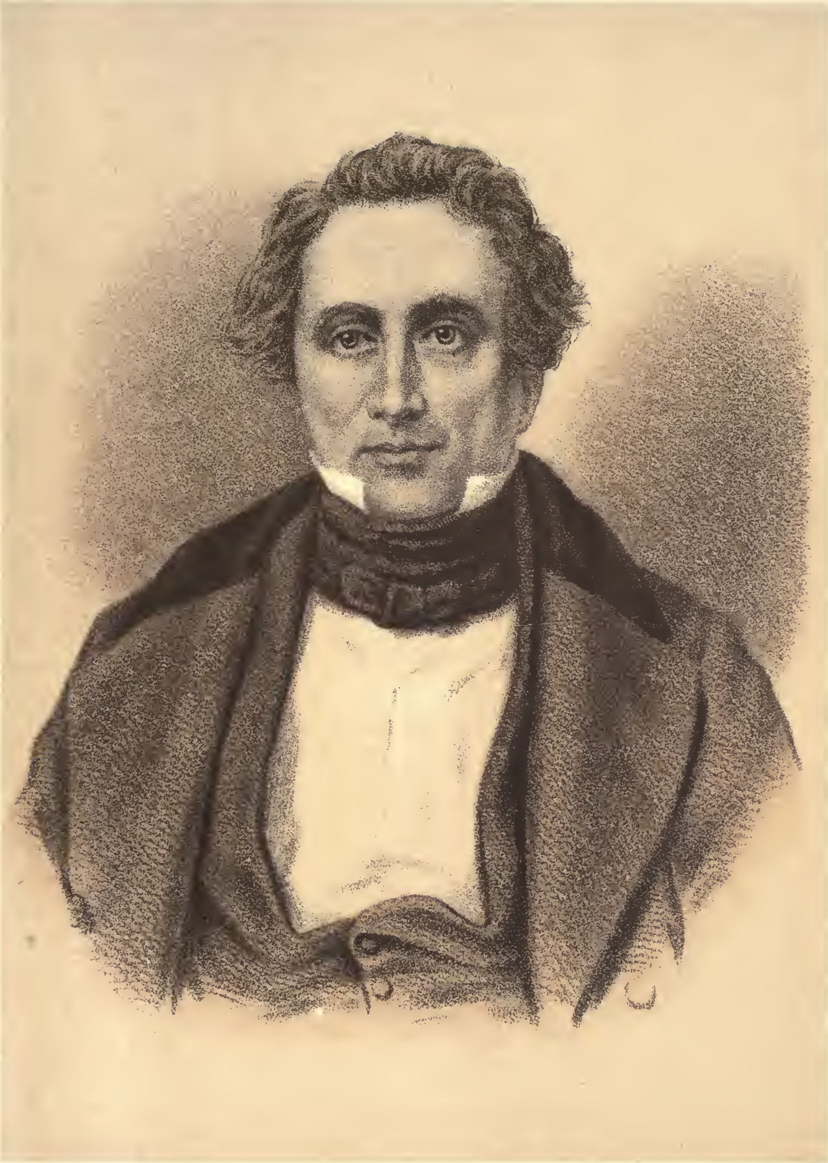
In the course of his wanderings he passed through his birthplace, the lovely and literary city of Cork. Here his townsmen gave him an enthusiastic reception, and his progress on this occasion has been compared to that of a victorious monarch. In 1836 he visited America, where, acting in his own plays, he everywhere met with the most flattering welcome, especially from the Irish settlers, who were proud of a countryman whose genius acted as a spell upon entranced thousands. The great excitement and fatigue consequent upon this journey told heavily upon his health, and on his return home he was forced to give up the stage.

His dramatic works, besides those already mentioned, were, *The Love Chase*, 1837; *Woman's Wit*, 1838; *The Maid of Mariendorpt*, 1838; *Love*, 1839; *John of Procida*, 1840; *Old Maids*, 1841; *The Rose of Arragon*, 1842; *The Secretary*, 1843. In the last year was published a collected edition of his dramatic works, which appeared in revised form in two volumes, 1856. Mr. Knowles in his retirement produced two novels, *Fortescue* and *George Lovell*, which were published in 1847. At this period of his life religious topics specially engaged his attention, and as controversy is unfortunately the usual outlet for piety with our nation, he presented to the public *The Rock of Rome*, in 1849, and *The Idol Demolished* in 1851, the latter being in answer to a work by Cardinal Wiseman. From 1847 to 1849 Mr. Knowles did good service as a lecturer on the drama and oratory, and in the latter year his long literary services were rewarded by a pension of £200 a year from the civil list. During the latter part of his life he resided in Scotland, and ultimately became a Baptist preacher, in which calling he continued till his death. That event took place in Torquay, where he had gone for his health, on December 1st, 1862. His plays have received high commendation from the best dramatic critics, but there is stronger testimony to the merits of the dramas of Sheridan Knowles than the eulogies of critics, however great. That is the fact that still, years after the author, and the fashions and ideas of his time, have passed away, his works occupy an honoured place on the stage, and supply to actors and actresses of eminence some of their most popular parts.]

THE DEATH OF VIRGINIA.

(FROM "VIRGINIUS.")

[Appius is a Roman decemvir, Claudius his friend. They plot to get Virginia in their power while her father Virginius and her betrothed husband Icilius are absent. Their plot almost succeeds, when her uncle Numi-



JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY T. WAGEMAN.

BLACKIE, & SON. LONDON, GLASGOW. & EDINBURGH.

torius demands that she shall be given into his safe-keeping till her father, whom he has sent for, arrives. A time is fixed for this, and should her father fail to appear Virginia is to be given into the hands of the tyrant.]

NUMITORIUS'S *House.*

Enter NUMITORIUS.—VIRGINIA *looks at him inquisitively for some time.*

Virginia. Not come! not come! I am sure of it!
He will not come! Do you not think he'll come?
Will not my father come? What think you, uncle?
Speak to me, speak—O give me any words,
Rather than what looks utter!
Num. Be compos'd!
I hope he'll come!
Virginia. A little while ago
You were sure of it—from certainty to hope
Is a poor step. You hope he'll come—One hope,
One little hope to face a thousand fears!
Do you not know he'll come? O uncle, wherefore
Do you not know he'll come? Had I been you,
I had made sure of it.
Num. All has been done
That could be done.
Virginia. Poor all, that does so little!
One would imagine little needs be done
To bring a father to the succour of
His child! 'Tis near the time!
Num. It is, indeed!
Virginia. Must I go forth with you? Must I again
Be dragg'd along by Claudius, as his slave,
And none again to succour me? Icilius!
Icilius! Does your new betrothèd wife
Call on you, and you hear not? My Icilius!
Am I to be your wife, or Claudius' slave?
Where—where are you, Icilius!

ICILIUS, *entering.*

Icil. My Virginia!
What's to be done, my friend? 'tis almost time.
(*To Numitorius.*)
Virginia. I hear what you are saying—it is time—
O, who could have believed it, that Icilius
Should ever say 'twas time to yield me to
Another's claim—And will you give me up?
Can you devise no means to keep me from him?
Could we not fly?
(*Icilius looks earnestly at Numitorius, who fixes his eyes steadfastly on the ground: Icilius droops his head.*)
I see!—Your pledge
Must be redeem'd, although it cost you your
Virginia!

VIRGINIUS (*without*).

Vir. Is she here?
Virginia. Ah!
(*Shrieks and rushes into her father's arms, who enters at the moment.*)
Vir. My child! my child!
Virginia. I am! I feel I am! I know I am!
My father! my dear father. I despair'd
Of seeing you! You're come! and come in time.
And, O! how much the more in time, when hope
Had given you up. O! welcome, welcome foot,
Whose wishèd step is heard when least expected!
Vir. Brother! Icilius! thank you! thank you—All
Has been communicated to me. Ay!
And would they take thee from me? Let them try it!
You've ta'en your measures well—I scarce could pass
Along, so was I check'd by loving hands
Ready to serve me—Hands with hearts in them!
So thou art Claudius' slave? And if thou art,
I'm surely not thy father! Blister'd villain!
You have warn'd our neighbours, have you not, to attend
As witnesses? To be sure you have. A fool
To ask the question. Dragg'd along the streets, too!
'Twas very kind in him to go himself
And fetch thee—such an honour should not pass
Without acknowledgment. I shall return it
In full! in full!
Num. Pray you be prudent, brother.
Virginia. Dear father, be advised—Will you not, father?
Vir. I never saw you look so like your mother
In all my life!
Virginia. You'll be advised, dear father?
Vir. It was her soul—her soul, that play'd just then
About the features of her child, and lit them
Into the likeness of her own. When first
She plac'd thee in my arms—I recollect it
As a thing of yesterday!—she wish'd, she said,
That it had been a man. I answer'd her,
It was the mother of a race of men,
And paid her for thee with a kiss. Her lips
Are cold now—could they be but warm'd again,
How they would clamour for thee!
Virginia. My dear father!
You do not answer me! Will you not be advised?
Vir. I will not take him by the throat and strangle him!
But I could do it! I could do it! Fear not:
I will not strike while any head I love
Is in the way. It is not now a time
To tell thee—but, would'st thou believe it!—Honest
Siccius Dentatus has been murder'd by them!

Icil. Murder'd!
Num. Dentatus murder'd!
Virginia. O! how much
Have we to fear!
Vir. We have the less to fear!
I spread the news at every step—A fire
Is kindled, that will blaze at but a breath
Into the fiercest flame!
Num. 'Tis time. Let's haste
To the Forum.
Vir. Let the Forum wait for us!
Put on no show of fear, when villany
Would wrestle with you! It can keep its feet
Only with cowards! I shall walk along
Slowly and calmly, with my daughter thus
In my hand—though with another kind of gripe
Than that which Claudius gave her—Well, I say,
I'll walk along thus, in the eyes of Rome.
Go you before, and what appeal soe'er
You please, make you to rouse up friends. For me,
I shall be mute—my eloquence is here—
Her tears—her youth—her innocence—her beauty!
If orators like these can't move the heart,
Tongues surely may be dumb.
Icil. A thousand hearts
Have spoke already in her cause!
Vir. Come on!
Fear not! it is your father's grasp you feel,
O, he'll be strong as never man was yet,
That takes thee from it. Come, Virginia;
We trust our cause to Rome and to the gods!
(*They go out.*)

The Forum.

Enter Appius *and Lictors.*

App. See you keep back the people! Use your fasces
With firmer hands, or hearts. Your hands are firm
Enough, would but your hearts perform their office,
And leave your hands at liberty; not hang
Upon them with unseemly fears and clamours!
Look to it! Time! hadst thou the theme that I have
For speed, thou wouldst not move this cripple's gait:
But there's no urging thee, and thou wast ever
Dull fellow-traveller to young Impatience,
Dragging him back upon the road he pants
To end, but cannot run without thee.

Enter Marcus, *a friend of* Appius.

Well?
Marc. News has arrived, that speaks as if Dentatus
Was murder'd by the order of your colleagues!
There's not a face I meet but lowers with it:
The streets are filled with thronging groups, that, as
I pass'd, grew silent, and look'd sullen round,
Then fell again to converse.
App. 'Tis ill-timed.
Marc. What say you, Appius?
App. Murder's ill-timed, I say,
Happen when 'twill: but now is most ill-timed,
When Rome is in a ferment, on account
Of Claudius, and this girl, he calls his slave;
For come when evil will, or how it will,
All's laid to our account! Look out and see
If Claudius be approaching yet.
(*Marcus goes out.*)
My wish,
Like an officious friend, comes out of time
To tell me of success. I had rather far
The plot had fail'd. The waves run high enough;
There needed not this squall on squall to raise them
Above the present swell:
But such a haven,
If won, can never be too dearly won.
Marc. (*Entering.*) Claudius is here!

Enter Claudius.

App. Well, Claudius, are the forces
At hand?
Claud. They are, and timely, too! The people
Are in unwonted ferment.
App. Marcus says
That news has come of old Dentatus' death;
Which, as I hear, and wonder not to hear it,
The mutinous citizens lay to our account!
Claud. That's bad enough; yet—
App. Ha! what's worse?
Claud. 'Tis best
At once to speak what you must learn at last,
Yet last of all would learn.
App. Virginius!
Claud. Yes!
He has arriv'd in Rome.
Marc. They are coming, Appius!
Claud. Fly, Marcus, hurry down the forces!
(*Marcus goes out.*)
Appius,
Be not o'erwhelm'd!
App. There's something awes me at
The thought of looking on her father!
Claud. Look
Upon her, my Appius! Fix your gaze upon
The treasures of her beauty, nor avert it
Till they are thine. Haste! Your tribunal! Haste!

Appius *ascends the Tribunal.—Enter* Numitorius, Virginius *leading his Daughter,* Servia *her nurse, and* Citizens.—*A dead silence prevails.*

Vir. Does no one speak? I am defendant here.
Is silence my opponent? Fit opponent

To plead a cause too foul for speech! What brow,
In blank defiance both of gods and men,
Is bold enough to back the knave, whose tongue
Advanced the forgèd claim that stirs this suit
To compass the dishonour of my child—
For that's the game!—and now the trial's come,
Through shame or fear, has lost the power to wage
And ope the villain pleadings!
App. You had better,
Virginius, wear another kind of carriage:
This is not of the fashion that will serve you.
Vir. The fashion, Appius! Appius Claudius, tell me
The fashion it becomes a man to speak in,
Whose property in his own child—the offspring
Of his own body, near to him as is
His hand, his arm—yea, nearer—closer far,
Knit to his heart—I say, who has his property
In such a thing, the very self of himself,
Disputed—and I'll speak so, Appius Claudius;
I'll speak so.—Pray you tutor me!
App. Stand forth,
Claudius! If you lay claim to any interest
In the question now before us, speak; if not,
Bring on some other cause.
Claud. Most noble Appius—
Vir. And are you the man
That claims my daughter for his slave?—Look at me,
And I will give her to thee.
Claud. She is mine, then:
Do I not look at you?
Vir. Your eye does, truly,
But not your soul.—I see it through your eye
Shifting and shrinking—turning every way
To shun me. You surprise me, that your eye,
So long the bully of its master, knows not
To put a proper face upon a lie,
But gives the port of impudence to falsehood,
When it would pass it off for truth. Your soul
Dares as soon show its face to me.—Go on,
I had forgot; the fashion of my speech
May not please Appius Claudius.
Claud. I demand
Protection of the Decemvir!
App. You shall have it.
Vir. Doubtless!
App. Keep back the people, lictors! What's
Your plea? You say the girl's your slave—Produce
Your proofs.
Claud. My proof is here, which, if they can,
Let them confront. The mother of the girl—
(*Virginius, stepping forward to speak, is withheld by Numitorius.*)
Num. Hold, brother! Hear them out, or suffer me
To speak.
Vir. Man, I must speak, or else go mad!
And if I do go mad, what then will hold me
From speaking? Were't not better, brother, think you,
To speak and not go mad, than to go mad
And then to speak? She was thy sister, too!
Well, well, speak thou. I'll try, and if I can
Be silent. (*Retires.*)
Num. Will she swear she is her child?
Vir. (*Starting forward.*) To be sure she will—a most wise question that!
Is she not his slave! Will his tongue lie for him—
Or his hand steal—or the finger of his hand
Beckon, or point, or shut, or open for him?
To ask him if she'll swear!—Will she walk or run,
Sing, dance, or wag her head; do anything
That is most easy done? She'll as soon swear!
What mockery it is to have one's life
In jeopardy by such a barefaced trick!
Is it to be endured? I do protest
Against her oath!
App. No law in Rome, Virginius,
Seconds you. If she swear the girl's her child.
The evidence is good, unless confronted
By better evidence. Look you to that,
Virginius. I shall take the woman's oath.
Virginia. Icilius!
Icil. Fear not, love; a thousand oaths
Will answer her.
App. (*To the Slave.*) You swear the girl's your child,
And that you sold her to Virginius' wife,
Who pass'd her for her own? Is that your oath?
Slave. It is my oath.
App. Your answer now, Virginius?
Vir. Here it is! (*Brings Virginia forward.*)
Is this the daughter of a slave? I know
'Tis not with men, as shrubs and trees, that by
The shoot you know the rank and order of
The stem. Yet who from such a stem would look
For such a shoot? My witnesses are these—
The relatives and friends of Numitoria,
Who saw her, ere Virginia's birth, sustain
The burden which a mother bears, nor feels
The weight, with longing for the sight of it!
Here are the ears that listen'd to her sighs
In nature's hour of labour, which subsides
In the embrace of joy!—the hands, that when
The day first look'd upon the infant's face,
And never look'd so pleased, help'd her up to it,
And thanked the gods for her, and pray'd them send
Blessing on blessing on her.—Here, the eyes
That saw her lying at the generous
And sympathetic fount, that at her cry
Sent forth a stream of liquid living pearl
To cherish her enamell'd veins. The lie
Is most abortive then, that takes the flower—
The very flower our bed connubial grew—
To prove its barrenness! Speak for me, friends;
Have I not spoke the truth?
Women and Citizens. You have, Virginius.

App. Silence!—keep silence there! No more of that!
You're ever ready for a tumult, citizens.
(*Troops appear behind.*)
Lictors, make way to let these troops advance.
We've had a taste of your forbearance, masters,
And wish not for another!
Vir. Troops in the Forum!
App. Virginius, have you spoken?
Vir. If you have heard me,
I have: if not, I'll speak again.
App. You need not,
Virginius; I have evidence to give,
Which, should you speak a hundred times again,
Would make your pleading vain!
Vir. Your hand, Virginia!
Stand close to me.
App. My conscience will not let me
Be silent. 'Tis notorious to you all,
That Claudius' father, at his death, declared me
The guardian of his son. This cheat has long
Been known to me. I know the girl is not
Virginius' daughter.
Vir. Join your friends, Icilius,
And leave Virginia to my care. (*Aside.*)
App. The justice
I should have done my client, unrequired,
Now cited by him, how shall I refuse?
Vir. Don't tremble, girl! don't tremble. (*Aside.*)
App. Nay, Virginius,
I feel for you; but, though you were my father,
The majesty of justice should be sacred—
Claudius must take Virginia home with him.
Vir. And if he must, I should advise him, Appius,
To take her home in time, before his guardian
Complete the violation, which his eyes
Already have begun.
Friends! Fellow-citizens!
Look not on Claudius—look on your Decemvir!
He is the master claims Virginia!
The tongues that told him she was not my child
Are these—the costly charms he cannot purchase,
Except by making her the slave of Claudius,
His client! his purveyor! that caters for
His pleasures—markets for him—picks, and scents,
And tastes, that he may banquet—serves him up
His sensual feast, and is not asham'd,
In the open, common street, before your eyes—
Frighting your daughters' and your matrons' cheeks
With blushes they ne'er thought to meet—to help him
To the honour of a Roman maid!—my child!
Who now clings to me, as you see, as if
This second Tarquin had already coil'd
His arms around her. Look upon her, Romans!
Befriend her! Succour her! See her not polluted
Before her father's eyes!—He is but one!
Tear her from Appius and his lictors, while
She is unstain'd. Your hands! your hands! your hands!
Citizens. They're yours, Virginius.
App. Keep the people back!
Support my lictors, soldiers! Seize the girl,
And drive the people back.
Icil. Down with the slaves!
(*The people make a show of resistance, but, upon the advancing of the soldiers, retreat, and leave Icilius, Virginius, and his Daughter, &c, in the hands of Appius and his party.*)
Deserted!—Cowards! Traitors! Let me free
But for a moment! I relied on you!
Had I relied upon myself alone,
I had kept them all at bay! I kneel to you—
Let me but loose a moment, if 'tis only
To rush upon your swords!
Vir. Icilius, peace!
You see how 'tis! we are deserted, left
Alone by our friends, surrounded by our enemies,
Nerveless and helpless.
App. Take Icilius hence; away with him!
Icil. Tyrant!—Virginia!
App. (*Icilius is forced off.*) Separate Virginius and the girl!—Delay not, slaves.
Vir. Let them forbear awhile, I pray you, Appius:
It is not very easy. Though her arms
Are tender, yet the hold is strong, by which
She grasps me, Appius. Forcing them will hurt them.
They'll soon unclasp themselves. Wait but a little:
You know you're sure of her!
App. I have not time
To idle with thee; give her to my lictors.
Vir. Appius, I pray you wait! If she is not
My child, she hath been like a child to me
For fifteen years. If I am not her father,
I have been like a father to her, Appius,
For ev'n so long a time. They that have liv'd
For such a space together, in so near
And dear society, may be allow'd
A little time for parting! Let me take
The maid aside, I pray you, to confer
A moment with her nurse; perhaps she'll give me
Some token, will unloose a tie, so twined
And knotted round my heart, that if you break it
So suddenly, my heart breaks with it!
App. Well, look to them, lictors!
Virginia. Do you go from me!
Do you leave me! Father! father!
Vir. No, my child;
No, my Virginia—come along with me.
Virginia. Will you not leave me? Will you take me with you?
Will you take me home again? O, bless you, bless you!

My father, my dear father! Art thou not
My father?
(*Virginius, perfectly at a loss what to do, looks anxiously around the Forum; at length his eye falls on a butcher's stall with a knife upon it.*)
Vir. This way, my Virginia! This way!
Virginia. Go we home?
Vir. Don't fear! Don't fear, I am not going to leave thee, my Virginia!
I'll not leave thee.
App. Keep back the people, soldiers! Let them not
Approach Virginius! Keep the people back!
(*Virginius secures the knife.*)
Well, have you done?
Vir. Short time for converse, Appius;
But I have.
App. I hope you are satisfied.
Vir. I am—
I am—that she is my daughter!
App. Take her, lictors!
(*Virginia shrieks, and falls half dead upon her father's shoulder.*)
Vir. Another moment, pray you. Bear with me
A little—'Tis my last embrace. 'Twon't try
Your patience beyond bearing, if you're a man!
Lengthen it as I may I cannot make it
Long! My dear child! My dear Virginia!
(*Kissing her.*)
There is one only way to save thine honour—
'Tis this—
(*Stabs her, and draws out the knife. Icilius breaks from the soldiers that held him, and catches her.*)
Lo, Appius! with this innocent blood
I do devote thee to the infernal gods!
Make way there!
App. Stop him! Seize him!
Vir. If they dare
To tempt the desperate weapon that is madden'd
With drinking my daughter's blood, why let them: Thus
It rushes in amongst them. Way there! Way!
[*Goes out through the soldiers.*

THE RETURN OF LEONARDO.

(FROM "THE WIFE.")

[Leonardo Gonzaga, returning to his native city of Mantua after a long absence, meets an acquaintance, one Lorenzo, an advocate, who has been summoned from Rome by his uncle, a priest named Antonio, to defend the cause of a lady named Mariana. Her uncle, who is also her guardian, wishes to force her to marry Count Florio, and has engaged all the legal talent in Mantua on his side. The trial is to take place before the Duke Ferrardo Gonzaga, and, Lorenzo's clerk in the suit having been assassinated, Leonardo offers to fill the vacant place.]

Leonardo Gonzaga *and* Lorenzo.

Leon. Your clerk, you said, opposing vain resistance,
The hot-brained robber slew. Suppose me him.
I have a smattering of his vocation,
A notion of the mystery of yours;
And I would hear, by their own lips recited,
This worthy priest and beauteous damsel's cause,
For reasons which—you smile?
Lor. A thought just cross'd me.
Leon. I know thy thought—'Tis wrong!—'Tis not the heat
Of youthful blood which prompts—You smile again?
Lor. Your pardon.—If I did, you have to thank
The quickness of your apprehension.
Leon. Mark me!—
I have loved my last—and that love was my first!
A passion like a seedling that did spring,
Whose germ the winds had set; of stem so fine,
And leaf so small, to inexperienced sight
It pass'd for nought,—until with swelling trunk,
And spreading branches, bowing all around,
It stood a goodly tree! Are you content?
This was my sadness, signor, which the sight
Of my dear native city briefly banished!
Which thy misgiving hath brought back again;
And which will be the clothing of my heart,
While my heart calls this breast of mine its house.
Lor. I pray you, pardon me!
Leon. I pray you, peace!
Time presses.—Once again, have confidence,
And take me with you to your uncle's home.
More than you credit me, I may bestead you.
Wilt take my hand?
Lor. I will!
Leon. Have with you, then!
[*They go out.*

Antonio's *House.—Enter* Stephano.

Steph. May it please you,
Two strangers, craving audience, wait below.
Antonio. Admit them!
'Tis my nephew! Worthy Pietro,
Have all in readiness, that we appear
Before the duke when cited.
[*Pietro goes out.*

Enter Leonardo Gonzaga *and* Lorenzo.

So, Lorenzo!
Lor. Save you, my reverend uncle!

Antonio. Now a week
I've looked for you—but waive we explanations.
Thou'rt come!—and to the business that has brought thee:—
I have possessed thee of the damsel's cause
In all its bearings—Art prepared to plead it?
Lor. I am, so please your reverence;—but, with us,
That evidence is best which is direct.
That the Count Florio seeks the damsel's hand,—
That wills her guardian she bestow it on him,—
That she resists her uncle and the count,—
I know; but not the cause of her dissent.
Children to guardians should obedience pay;
A match, so lofty, warrants some enforcement,
Which, not on slight grounds, should the maid resist.
Ant. Ground know I none, save strong aversion.
Lor. Pray you
Vouchsafe us conference with the maid herself.
Her deposition shall this gentleman
That's come with me—my trusty clerk—set down.
Ant. I'll bring her to you;—but, I charge you, boy,
You keep in mind you are her advocate;
For she, indeed, of those rare things of earth,
Which of the debt that's due to it, rob Heaven,
That men set earth before it, is the rarest!
Then guard thee, nephew!—rather with thine ears
And tongue discourse with her, than with thine eyes,
Lest thou forget it was her cause, not she,
That summon'd thee to Mantua!
Lor. Fear me not!
[*Antonio goes out.*
Leon. A service of some danger, it should seem,
Your reverend uncle has engaged you in;
And, by his pardon, for your safety uses
Means which your peril more enhance than lessen.
The soldier that is taught to fear his foe,
Is half o'ercome before he takes the field.
Lor. Is't from your own misgivings you doubt me?
Leon. No!—as I said before, my heart is safe—
Love-proof, with love!—which, if it be not, signor,
A passion that can only once be felt—
Hath but one object—lives and dies with us—
And, while it lives, remains itself, while all
Attachments else keep changing—it is nothing!
I used to laugh at love, and deem it fancy.
My heart would choose its mistress by mine eyes;
Whom scarce they found before I sought a new one.
I wooed not then the beauty of the soul—
The passing loveliness which lodgeth there—
A world beyond the charms of face or form!
I found it! When or where—for weal or woe—
It matters not! I found it! wedded it!
Never to be divorced from that true love
Which taught me love, indeed!
Lor. You wedded it?—
Then was your passion blest?
Leon. No, signor, no!
Question no further, prithee! Here's your uncle!

Enter Antonio *and* Mariana.

nt. Lo, nephew! here's the maid,
To answer for herself!
Lor. (*To Leonardo.*) She's fair, indeed!
Description ne'er could give her out the thing,
One only glance avows her!—Prithee, look!
Leon. Show her to him who has not seen the fairest!
Remember, signor, time's no gazer, but
A traveller, whose eye is on his road,
And feet in motion ever!—Noon's at hand!
Lor. I thank you. Note my questions—her replies.
Your guardian—is he your relation too?
Mar. No,—would he were! That stay had needs be strong,
Which failing, we've none other left to cling to.
Leon. Oh, music!—
Lor. What's the matter?
Leon. 'Twas a bird!—
Whose throat, for sweetness, beggars all the grove!
Yea, of its rich and famèd minstrel makes
A poor and common chorister!
Lor. Hear *her!*
You'll have no ear for any other bird:
Look at her, and you'll have no ear for her,
Your trancèd vision every other sense
Absorbing!—Gave you promise to the count?
Mar. None!
Lor. Nor encouragement?
Mar. Such as aversion
Gives to the thing it loathes!
Lor. Have you a vow
Or promise to another?—That were a plea
To justify rejection. You are silent.
And yet you speak—if blushes speak—and all
Confess they do. Come, come, I know you love!
Tell me, I pray, the story of your love!
That, thereon, I may found my proper plea
To show your opposition not a thing
Of fantasy, caprice, or frowardness;
But such as all men should commend you for.
Prove it the joint result of heart and reason,
Each other's act approving. Was't in Mantua
You met?
Mar. No, signor, in my native land!
Lor. And that is—
Mar. Switzerland!
Lor. *His* country too?
Mar. No, signor, he belong'd to Mantua.
Lor. That's right!—You are collected and direct
In your replies. I dare be sworn your passion
Was such a thing, as by its neighbourhood
Made even piety and virtue richer
Than e'er they were before. How grew it? Come,

Thou know'st thy heart! Look calmly into it,
And see how innocent a thing it is
Thou fear'st so much to show.—I wait your answer.
How grew your passion?
Mar. As my stature grew,
Which rose without my noting it, until
They said I was a woman. I kept watch
Beside what seem'd his death-bed. From beneath
An avalanche my father rescued him,
The sole survivor of a company
Who wander'd through our mountains. A long time
His life was doubtful, signor, and he call'd
For help, whence help alone could come, which I,
Morning and night, invoked along with him.—
Thus 'gan our souls to mingle!
Lor. I perceive.
You mingled souls until you mingled hearts?
You loved at last.—Was't not the sequel, maid?
Mar. I lov'd indeed! If I but nursed a flower
Which, to the ground the rain and wind had beaten,
That flow'r of all our garden was my pride!
What then was he to me, for whom I thought
To make a shroud; when, tending on him, still,
With hope that, baffled still, still lost not heart,
I saw at last the ruddy dawn of health
Begin to mantle o'er his pallid form,
And glow—and glow—till forth at last it burst
Into confirmèd, broad, and glorious day!
Lor. You loved, and were beloved?
Mar. To say I was,
Were to affirm what oft his eyes avouch'd,
What many an action testified—and yet—
What wanted confirmation of his tongue.
But if he loved—it brought him not content!
'Twas now abstraction—now a start—anon
A pacing to and fro—anon, a stillness,
As nought remain'd of life, save life itself,
And feeling, thought, and motion, were extinct!
Then all again was action!—Disinclined
To converse, save he held it with himself;
Which oft he did, in gloomy mood discoursing,
And ever and anon invoking Honour—
As some high contest there were pending, 'twixt
Himself and him, wherein her aid he needed.
Lor. This spoke impediment! Or he was bound,
By promise to another; or had friends
Whom it behoved him to consult, and doubted;
Or 'twixt you lay disparity, too wide
For love itself to leap.
Mar. I saw a struggle,
But knew not what it was!—I wonder'd still,
That what to me was all content, to him
Was all disturbance; but my turn arrived.
At length he talked of leaving us! At length,
He fix'd the parting day!—but kept it not—
How my heart bounded!—Then I knew how low
It had been sinking. Deeper still it sank
When next he fix'd the day to go; and, then,
It sank, to bound no more! He went indeed!
Lor. To follow him, you came to Mantua?
Mar. What could I do but follow him, with whom
My heart had gone; and, with it, everything—
Cot, garden, vineyard, rivulet, and wood,
Lake, sky, and mountain—e'en my father, signor,—
Could I remain behind? That father found
His child was not at home; he loved me, signor,
And ask'd me one day whither we should go?
I said, "To Mantua." I follow'd him
To Mantua!—to breathe the air he breathed,
To walk upon the ground he walk'd upon,
To look upon the things he look'd upon,
To look, perchance, on him! perchance to hear him,
To touch him!—never to be known to him,
Till he was told, perhaps, I died, his love.
Lor. I pray you, signor, how do you get on?
I see you play the woman well as I!
And, sooth to say, the eye were stone itself
From which her story could not call a tear!
How get you on? indite you word for word
As she delivers it? How's this!—The page
As blank as first you found it!—All our pains
Have gone to lose our time!
Leon. I have a gift
Of memory, signor, which belongs to few.
What once I hear, stands as a written page
Before me; which, if questioned, I could read
Letter for letter.—You shall have anon
The proof of this. I have a friend or two
I fain would snatch a word with—that despatch'd
I'll meet you at the duke's, and bring with me
The damsel's story, word for word set down,
And win your full content; or give you leave
To brand me an impostor, or aught else
A man should blush to pass for! Will you trust me?
Lor. I will.
Leon. You may, for you shall ne'er repent you.
I'll bring you aid you little count upon. (*Aside.*)
[*Goes out.*
Ant. Daughter, come.
Some effort has it cost to tell your story,
But profit comes of it. Your cause is strong.
Your vows, which virtually are another's,
Heaven doth itself forbid you give the count!
Is't not so, nephew?
Lor. There I'll found the plea,
Which to the conscience of the duke I'll put.
Knows he whom, at his death—which I'm advised
Took place in Mantua—your father named
Your guardian—knows the commissary this,
Which thou hast now related?
Mar. Not from me.
My father's death was sudden.—Long time since!
He and the commissary were mere acquaintance.
What pass'd between them, save the testament
Which left me ward unto the commissary,
I am a stranger to.

Lor. Since you came hither
Have you seen him, for sake of whom you came?
Mar. No!
Lor. Nor hast clue direct, or indirect,
To find him out?
Mar. No, signor.
Lor. And how long
Have you sojourned in Mantua?
Mar. Two years.
Lor. And is your love the same?
Mar. Am I the same?
Lor. Such constancy should win a blessing.
Ant. Yes!
And strange as 'tis, what seems to us affliction
Is oft the hand that helps us to our wish.
So may it fall with thee—if Heaven approves!
[*They go out.*

Hall of Justice in the Duke's Palace.

On one side BARTOLO, BERNARDO, CARLO, *and others; on the other, Lords and Ladies, &c. &c.*

Bar. Silence, signors! Keep order! The parties in the cause are coming—Here they are!

Enter MARIANA, *leaning on* ANTONIO, *attended by* LORENZO; *after them the* COUNT FLORIO, *and various Doctors of the Law.*

Bar. That is the maiden; and that the curate, upon whom she leans.
Ber. And where's the count?
Bar. Yonder surrounded by the Doctors of the Law.
Ber. The maid is very fair!
Bar. Yes, for a burgher's daughter. Hush! The duke approaches.
The cause will straight come on.

Enter the DUKE FERRARDO GONZAGA *and Attendants; the whole assembly rise.*

Fer. Your seats! your seats!
(*The assembly sit.*)
Bring on this cause! Who answers for our friend,
The count?
Advocate. My lord, so please you, I.
Fer. Proceed.
Advocate. The question lies between the count, and this,
The guardian of the maid—whose froward act
Your highness is possess'd of—on the one side;
The maid herself, and that, the reverend man,
Who countenances her resistance, on
The other. Hereupon the count defends
His right unto the maiden's hand—the will
Her father left—the promise of the man
Therein declared her guardian, unto whom
Behoves her choice to bow—for choice herself
The maid, of right, hath none.—This were the case,
Proposed her guardian to affiance her
To one in rank as far beneath the maid
As is the maid beneath the count. But lo
The difference! By this alliance gains
The maid a consort of a rank so high
And wealth so broad, he were pretender fit
To the hand of any maid in Italy!
Such is our cause. In the first place, the right
To give away the maid: and in the next,
That right exerted for her highest good.
Bar. He is a fair spokesman—The duke deliberates.
Lor. My friend is lost, almost as soon as found.
He has deceived me! No! he comes at last,
And keeps indeed the promise, if he brings
Such friends as these to back us!

Enter LEONARDO GONZAGA *as clerk to* LORENZO; *followed by several persons of distinction.*

Fer. Count, on what plea claim you the maiden's hand?
Count Florio. Her guardian hath affianced her to me.
Fer. Speak you, her guardian,—states the count the fact?
Hugo. He does, so please your highness!
Fer. What's her age?
Hugo. She lacks a year of her majority.
Fer. Her rank?
Hugo. Her father was a burgher.
Fer. Wealth has she been left?
Hugo. What, charily enjoy'd,
From manual labour might, perhaps, exempt her.
Fer. And stoops the count so low to be despised—
Rejected—spurn'd! For shame! The maid be given
Back to her guardian's custody; and if
Obedience be refused let him enforce it!
The cause is judged.
Lor. Your highness' pardon, but
The other side's to hear.
Fer. Who's he that speaks?
Lor. The counsel for the maid.
Fer. I'll hear no more!—The cause is judged—the maid
Her rightful guardian take!
Mar. (*Advancing to centre.*) And if he does,
He takes a corse! Lo! death is at my lips;
(*Taking a small phial from her bosom.*)
The hand or foot that offers to approach,
Commits a murder! In this phial bides
The bane of fifty lives! Pass but a drop,
Were now the sexton told to dig my grave,
Were now his foot upon the shovel set,
Ere he began, I should be ready for it!
Who stirs? Lo, here I sink upon my knee!
Or let the count his hateful suit forego,
Or let my guardian his consent revoke,

Or let the duke recall his foul decree,
Or hence, by mine own limbs, I never rise!
Fer. Why to the count this strong repugnance, girl?
Mar. Giv'st thou thy oath that none shall stir, I'll tell thee.
Fer. I give it thee.
Mar. I am a maid betrothed!
All but the rites, a wife! A wedded heart
Although unwedded hand! Reflect on that!
Making me give my hand unto the count,
You make me give what is another's right;—
Constraining me to an unrighteous act,
Contenting him where it is base to wish,
And doing violence to Heaven itself,
Which curses lips that move 'gainst consciences!
Fer. Lives he of whom you speak in Mantua?
Mar. In Mantua, he told me he did live.
Fer. What! know you not the place of his sojourn?
Mar. Yes! where he still sojourns, where'er he is!
Fer. And where is that?
Mar. My heart! Though travels he
By land or sea—though I'm in Mantua,
And he as distant as the pole away—
I look but into that, and there he is,
Its king enthroned, with every thought, wish, will,
In waiting at his feet!
Fer. This is the mood—
The fantasy—of girlhood! Do we hold
Our power of sufferance of a baby-maid,
Who mocks us with a threat she durst not keep!
Secure her!
Mar. Lo, the phial's at my lips!
Let him who would do a murder, do it!
Had he a thousand hands to wait upon thee,
The slightest movement of this little one
Would make them useless all!
Leon. My Mariana!
Fer. She has dropp'd the phial.
Leon. (*Coming forward.*) Stir not on your lives!
My Mariana!
Mar. 'Tis he!
Leon. It is, my love!
'Tis he who won thy heart, not seeking it!
'Tis he whose heart thou wonn'st, not knowing it!
Who saw thee rich in all but fortune's gifts,
And—servant unto men, though lord of them—
Balanced their poor esteem against thy wealth,
Which kingdoms could not match! Accountable
To others, never I reveal'd the love
I did not see the way for thee to bless,
As only thou wouldst bless it! Now that way
Is clear!—is open!—lies before my sight,
Without impediment, or anything
Which, with the will, I cannot overleap!
And now, my love before! my love till now!
And still my love!—now, now, I call thee wife,
And wed thee here—here—here—in Mantua!
Fer. Remove that slave who knows not where he is!
Leon. Descend, great duke, who know'st not where thou sitt'st!
Fer. Where do I sit?
Leon. Why, in thy cousin's seat!
Fer. He's dead!
Leon. He's not! He lives, and claims his seat,
Back'd by his kinsmen, friends, and everyone
That owns a loyal heart in Mantua!
(*Throws off his gown.*)
Do you not know me, cousin?
Fer. Leonardo!
Leon. Six years have we been strangers, but I see
You know my father's face, if not your cousin's.
Fer. I do, and yield to you that father's seat.
Leon. Cousin, the promptness of your abdication
Invests it with a grace to which we bow.
We'll spare your sight the pain of our accession,
And pray that with the parties in this cause—
I mean the count and guardian of the maid—
You now withdraw, and at your former mansion
Wait intimation of our further pleasure.
I would not have you speak, so please you, now;
When we confer, it must be privily.
Yet, out of honour to our common blood,
Well as in pledge of no unkind intent,
Your hand before we go! (*They shake hands.*)
Fer. Nay, let me speak
At least my welcome, and my thanks, your highness—
Before I take my leave.
(*Ferrardo, Florio, and Hugo go out.*)
Ant. Rise, signors, rise!
Live, Leonardo, Duke of Mantua!
Leon. We thank you, friends! This welcome is of the heart
For you we take this seat. Thou reverend man,
Be confessor unto the Duke of Mantua;
Thou man of law and honour, be his friend,
And advocate of state; and both of you
Lead hither that abstracted maid! But no!
That office should be mine. (*Descends.*) In Italy
Shines there a brow on which my coronet
Could find so proud a seat? My Mariana,
Wilt be my bride? Nay, do not tax thy tongue
With that, thy looks have scarce the power to speak!
Come!—share my throne with me! Come, Mariana!
The consort of the Duke of Mantua!
(*She faints in his arms as the scene closes.*)

MRS. JAMESON.

BORN 1794—DIED 1860.

[Anna Jameson was born in Dublin in 1794. Her father, Mr. Brownell Murphy, attained eminence as a miniature painter, and, among other marks of distinction, was appointed painter in ordinary to the Princess Charlotte. He was also a man of high intelligence and superior education, and carefully superintended his daughter's training. It was soon evident that she not only inherited from her father a love of art, but a strength of mind far beyond that possessed by ordinary women. While she was still a child her parents left Ireland, and for some years resided in the north of England.

When only in her sixteenth year Anna Murphy became governess in the family of the Marquis of Winchester, where she remained for some years. During this time she made the acquaintance of her future husband, Robert Jameson, a young barrister; and entered into an engagement of marriage with him. For some reason the engagement was broken off. In 1821 she accepted the position of governess in the family of Lord Hatherton, with whom she travelled in Italy. It was during this period *The Diary of an Ennuyée* was written. A second meeting with Mr. Jameson was followed by a renewal of the engagement, and in 1824 Anna Murphy was married. In 1826 *The Diary of an Ennuyée* was published. This delightful book at once took its place as a popular favourite. During the four years following her marriage she wrote *The Loves of the Poets*, published in 1829, and *Celebrated Female Sovereigns*, which appeared in 1831.

In 1829 Mr. Jameson was appointed to a puisne judgeship in Dominica, an island in the West Indies. He proceeded alone to his new and distant home, but it was understood that his wife would follow him after the lapse of a certain period. This was the first of many separations between husband and wife. It should be said that these separations were made by mutual arrangement, and were due to no worse cause than incompatibility of temperament, for Mr. Jameson, as is proved by his letters, always retained for his wife deep respect. In the meantime Mrs. Jameson resided with her father, and shortly afterwards accompanied him on a continental tour. On her return to England she again resumed her pen, and in 1832 her important work, *Characteristics of Women, Moral, Poetical, and Historical*, appeared. In this work Mrs. Jameson has analysed and criticised the female characters of Shakspere in a style both penetrating and brilliant, and with that keen perception of woman's nature of which a woman alone is capable. In 1833 appeared *Beauties of the Court of Charles II.*, a work enriched by copies of the portraits by Sir Peter Lely. A second continental tour partially supplied the materials for *Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad*, which appeared in 1834, and added to her popularity.

In 1836 Mrs. Jameson joined her husband in Canada, whither he had been transferred. Here she wrote her delightfully fresh and fanciful *Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada*, published in 1838. Before quite a year had elapsed husband and wife again agreed to separate, and Mrs. Jameson returned to England and settled down quietly to a life of literary labour. *Tales and Miscellanies* appeared in 1838, being a collection in one volume of short stories and articles contributed to various periodicals. She next undertook her translations from the dramas of the Princess Amelia of Saxony—which were produced in 1840 as *Pictures of Social Life in Germany*. To each drama were added an introduction and notes. Another translation, from the German of Dr. Waagen, followed, entitled *Rubens, his Life and Genius.*

The industry of this authoress was untiring, and as a kind of relaxation to her labour she wrote Handbooks to all the principal public and private Art-galleries in and near London. These books are spoken of in the *Athenæum* as being "of singular unity, clearness, and value." *Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters and of the Progress of Painting in Italy* appeared in 1845, followed by the useful work entitled *Memoirs and Essays on Art, Literature, and Social Morals. Sacred and Legendary Art* was published in 1848. The *Edinburgh Review* pronounces this work to be deserving of "a high place regarded only as a book of antiquarian inquiry. With admirable taste and judgment, both of pen and pencil, she has opened a curious branch of learning well-nigh forgotten among us." *A Commonplace*

Book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies, Original and Selected, appeared in 1854, followed by *Sisters of Charity, Catholic and Protestant, at Home and Abroad,* 1855.

Mrs. Jameson devoted the latter part of her life to the amelioration and improvement of the position of women, and in her *Lectures on the Social Employments of Women* and *The Communion of Labour* she evinces clear and deep thought, draws logical conclusions, and sympathizes with woman's labour as only an earnest worker could do. For some years before her death Mrs. Jameson was in receipt of a well-deserved pension on the civil list. Her latest work was *The History of Our Lord as exemplified in Works of Art; with that of his Types, St. John the Baptist, and other Persons of the Old and New Testament.* This she did not live to complete. She died of a severe attack of bronchitis at her residence in London, 17th March, 1860. The work was afterwards finished by Lady Eastlake, and appeared in 1864.]

A VISIT TO MOUNT VESUVIUS.

(FROM "THE DIARY OF AN ENNUYÉE.")

Monday night.—I am not in a humour to describe, or give way to any poetical flights, but I must endeavour to give a faithful, sober, and circumstantial account of our last night's expedition while the impression is yet fresh on my mind; though there is, I think, little danger of my forgetting. We procured horses, which, from the number of persons proceeding on the same errand with ourselves, was a matter of some difficulty. We set out at seven in the evening in an open carriage, and almost the whole way we had the mountain before us, spouting fire to a prodigious height. . . . I was almost breathless with wonder and excitement, and impatience to be nearer the scene of action. While my eyes were fixed on the mountain, my attention was from time to time excited by regular rows of small shining lights, six or eight in number, creeping, as it seemed, along the edge of the stream of lava; and when contrasted with the red blaze which rose behind, and the gigantic black back-ground, looking like a procession of glow-worms. These were the torches of travellers ascending the mountain, and I longed to be one of them.

We reached Resina a little before nine, and alighted from the carriage; the ascent being so rugged and dangerous that only asses and mules accustomed to the road are used. Two only were in waiting at the moment we arrived, which L—— immediately secured for me and himself; and though reluctant to proceed without the rest of the party, we were compelled to go on before, that we might not lose time or hazard the loss of our *monture.* We set off then, each with two attendants, a man to lead our animals, and a torch-bearer. The road, as we ascended, became more and more steep at every step, being over a stream of lava intermixed with stones and ashes, and the darkness added to the difficulty. But how shall I describe the scene and the people who surrounded us? the landscape partially lighted by a fearful red glare, the precipitous and winding road bordered by wild-looking gigantic aloes, projecting their huge spear-like leaves almost across our path, and our lazzaroni attendants with their shrill shouts and strange dresses, and wild jargon, and striking features, and dark eyes flashing in the gleam of the torches, which they flung round their heads to prevent their being extinguished, formed a scene so new, so extraordinary, so like romance, that my attention was frequently drawn from the mountain, though blazing in all its tumultuous magnificence. . . .

Before eleven o'clock we reached the Hermitage, situated between Vesuvius and the Somma, and the highest habitation on the mountain. A great number of men were assembled within, and guides, lazzaroni, servants, and soldiers were lounging round. I alighted, for I was benumbed and tired, but did not like to venture among those people, and it was proposed that we should wait for the rest of our party a little further on. We accordingly left our donkeys and walked forward upon a kind of high ridge which serves to fortify the Hermitage and its environs against the lava. From this path as we slowly ascended we had a glorious view of the eruption; and the whole scene around us, in its romantic interest and terrible magnificence, mocked all power of description. There were at this time five distinct torrents of lava rolling down like streams of molten lead, one of which extended above two miles below us and was flowing towards Portici. The showers of red-hot stones flew up like thousands of sky-rockets; many of them being shot up perpendicularly fell back into the crater, others falling on the outside bounded down the side of the mountain with a velocity which would have distanced a horse at full speed; these stones were of every size, from two to ten or twelve feet in diameter.

My ears were by this time wearied and stunned by the unceasing roaring and hissing of the flames, while my eyes were dazzled by the glare of the red, fierce light; now and then I turned them for relief to other features of the picture,—to the black shadowy masses of the landscape stretched beneath us, and speckled with shining lights, which showed how many were up and watching that night; and often to the calm vaulted sky above our heads, where thousands of stars (not twinkling as through our hazy or frosty atmosphere, but shining out of "heaven's profoundest azure," with that soft steady brilliance peculiar to a highly rarefied medium), looked down upon this frightful turmoil in all their bright and placid loveliness. Nor should I forget one other feature of a scene on which I looked with a painter's eye. Great numbers of the Austrian forces, now occupying Naples, were on the mountain, assembled in groups, some standing, some sitting, some stretched on the ground and wrapped in their cloaks, in various attitudes of amazement and admiration; and as the shadowy glare fell on their tall martial figures and glittering accoutrements I thought I had never beheld anything so wildly picturesque.

The remainder of our party not yet appearing, we sent back for our asses and guides, and determined to proceed. About half a mile beyond our companions came up, and here a division took place, some agreeing to go forward, the rest turning back to wait at the Hermitage. I was of course one of those who advanced. My spirits were again raised, and the grand object of all this daring and anxiety was to approach near enough to a stream of lava to have some idea of its consistency, and the manner in which it flowed or trickled down. The difficulties of our road now increased—"if *road* that might be called which road was none," but black loose ashes, and masses of scoria and lava heaped in ridges, or broken into hollows in a manner not to be described. Even my animal, though used to the path, felt his footing at every step, and if the torch was by accident extinguished he stopped, and nothing could make him move. My guide, Andrea, was very vigilant and attentive, and, in the few words of Italian that he knew, encouraged me, and assured me there was no danger. I had, however, no fear; in fact I was infinitely too much interested to have been alive to danger had it really existed. Salvador, well known to all who have visited Mount Vesuvius, had been engaged by Mr. R. as his guide. He is the principal cicerone on the mountain. It is his business to despatch to the king every three hours a regular account of the height of the eruption, the progress, extent, and direction of the lava, and, in short, the most minute particulars. He also corresponds, as he assured me, with Sir Humphry Davy,[1] and is employed to inform him of every interesting phenomenon which takes place on the mountain. This man has resided at the foot of it and been principal guide for thirty-three years, and knows every inch of its territory.

As the lava had overflowed the usual footpath leading to that conical eminence which forms the summit of the mountain and the exterior of the crater, we were obliged to alight from our sagacious steeds, and, trusting to our feet, walked over the ashes for about a quarter of a mile. The path, or the ground rather, for there was no path, was now dangerous to the inexperienced foot, and Salvador gallantly took me under his peculiar care. He led me on before the rest, and I followed with confidence. Our object was to reach the edge of a stream of lava formed of two currents united in a point. It was glowing with an intense heat, and flowing, not with such rapidity as to alarm us, but rather slowly and by fits and starts. *Trickling*, in short, is the word which expresses its motion, if one can fancy it applied to any object on so large a scale.

At this time the eruption was at its extreme height. The column of fire was from a quarter to a third of a mile high, and the stones were thrown up to the height of a mile and a quarter. I passed close to a rock about four feet in diameter, which had rolled down some time before; it was still red hot, and I stopped to warm my hands at it. At a short distance from it lay another stone or rock, also red hot, but six times the size. I walked on first with Salvador till we were within a few yards of the lava; at this moment a prodigious stone, followed by two or three smaller ones, came rolling down upon us with terrific velocity. The gentlemen and guides all ran; my first impulse was to run too, but Salvador called me to stop and see what direction the stone would take. I saw the reason of his advice and stopped. In less than a second he seized my arm and hurried me back five or six yards.

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[1] Was the letter addressed "Alla Sua Excellenza *Seromfridevi*," which caused so much perplexity at the Post-office and British Museum, and exercised the acumen of a minister of state, from Salvador to his illustrious correspondent?

I heard the whizzing sound of the stone as it rushed down behind me. A little further on it met with an impediment, against which it bolted with such force that it flew up into the air to a great height, and fell in a shower of red-hot fragments. All this passed in a moment; I have shuddered since when I have thought of that moment, but at the time I saw the danger without the slightest sensation of terror. I remember the ridiculous figures of the men as they scrambled over the ridges of scoria, and was struck by Salvador's exclamation, who shouted to them in a tone which would have become Cæsar himself,—"Che tema!—Sono Salvador!"[1]

We did not attempt to turn back again, which I should have done without any hesitation if any one had proposed it. To have come thus far and to be so near the object I had in view, and then to run away at the first alarm! it was a little provoking. The road was extremely dangerous in the descent. I was obliged to walk part of the way, as the guides advised, and but for Salvador and the interesting information he gave me from time to time I think I should have been overpowered. He amused and fixed my attention by his intelligent conversation, his assiduity and solicitude for my comfort, and the naïveté and self-complacency with which his information was conveyed. He told me he had visited Mount Ætna (*en amateur*) during the last great eruption of that mountain, and acknowledged with laudable candour that Vesuvius in its grandest moments was a mere bonfire in comparison; the whole cone of Vesuvius, he said, was not larger than some of the masses of rock he had seen whirled from the crater of Mount Ætna, and rolling down its sides. He frequently made me stop and look back; and here I should observe that our guides seemed as proud of the performances of the mountain, and as anxious to show it off to the best advantage, as the keeper of a menagerie is of the tricks of his dancing bear, or the proprietor of "Solomon in all his glory" of his raree-show. Their enthusiastic shouts and exclamations would have kept up my interest had it flagged. "O veda, signora! O bella! O stupenda!" The last great burst of fire was accompanied by a fresh overflow of lava, which issued from the crater on the west side in two broad streams, and united a few hundred feet below, taking the direction of Torre del Greco. After this explosion the eruption subsided, and the mountain seemed to repose; now and then showers of stones flew up, but to no great height, and unaccompanied by any vivid flames. There was a dull red light over the mouth of the crater, round which the smoke rolled in dense tumultuous volumes, and then blew off towards the south-west.

WILLIAM HAMILTON DRUMMOND.

BORN 1778 — DIED 1865.

[Dr. Drummond was born in the month of August, 1778, at Larne, county Antrim. His father was by profession a surgeon, and in the discharge of his duty he caught a malignant fever, of which he died while yet a young man. His death left his family entirely unprovided for. The mother, however, was a woman of energy, and, removing to Belfast, she managed by her industry to educate and provide for her three children. Of these William Hamilton Drummond was the eldest. His first education he received at the Belfast Academy, and in his sixteenth year he entered the Glasgow University. While going through his course of studies here he was busy with original composition, and a poetical production published in the troublous year 1798, entitled "The Man of the Age," almost brought him under the notice of the regular law courts, or of that still less merciful tribunal presided over by Judge Lynch: for he narrowly escaped mobbing as well as imprisonment. After passing through the usual undergraduate course he became a tutor, and in that capacity remained for two years awaiting a call to the ministry. This arrived in due course, and in the year 1800 he became pastor of the Second Congregation in Belfast. With an energy which was characteristic of him, he, besides attending to his ministerial duties, was a frequent lecturer, established a boarding-school, and at the same time was busy with his pen. About this period he published a *Poetical Translation of the First Book of*

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[1] Quid times? &c.

Lucretius; Trafalgar, a poem; and *The Giant's Causeway.* In 1810 he received from the University of Aberdeen the degree of Doctor of Divinity, owing to the representations of his friend Bishop Percy of Dromore. In 1815 he changed the scene of his labours to Strand Street, Dublin, where he had the advantage, not only of less burdensome ministerial duties, but also of a wider field for the exercise of his literary ability. He set down ardently to work, which was congenial to him, taking part in the polemical discussions of the time, and publishing a great number of essays and controversial sermons. Among his productions was an "Elegiac Ballad" on the death of the Princess Charlotte. He also wrote "Who are the Happy?" 1818; "Clontarf," a poem, 1822; "Bruce's Invasion of Ireland," 1826; an "Essay on the Doctrine of the Trinity;" "The Pleasures of Benevolence," 1835. The *Autobiography of Archibald Hamilton Rowan*, with additions, was published in 1840, and the *Life of Michael Servetus, the Spanish Physician*, in 1848. Dr. Drummond's nature was purely a religious one, and all his labours tended to the forwarding of what he believed to be the truth. He was also, like most of his educated countrymen, eminently patriotic. Of this there is proof in his *Ancient Irish Minstrelsy*, in which appear versified translations of over twenty poems relating to Fionn and his companions, the heroes of the Gaelic race. This work was published in 1852.

Dr. Drummond was peculiarly happy in his domestic life. One of his sons, the Rev. Robert Blackley Drummond, is the author of *Erasmus, his Life and Character*, 2 vols. 1873; and the other, the Rev. James Drummond, M.A., professor of ecclesiastical history, has produced *Spiritual Religion*, and other works.

Dr. Drummond died October 16, 1865, at the too seldom attained age of eighty-seven. A volume containing a number of sermons on general subjects, and also a poem entitled "The Preacher," has been published since his death. To this volume an interesting memoir by the Rev. J. Scott Porter is prefixed.]

THE BED OF OCEAN.

(FROM "THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.")

Amazing world! how vain the thoughts of man,
Thy depths, thy terrors, and thy wealth to scan!
Down, down unfathomably deep are laid,
Where plummet never dropped, where thought ne'er strayed.
Earth's vast foundations—wrecks of worlds unknown,
By central shocks dismembered and o'erthrown.
What fissures, gulfs, and precipices dread,
And dismal vales with ivory bones o'erspread;
Vast cemet'ries, where Horror holds his court,
Prowls the fell shark, and monstrous krakens sport.
What mines of gold and gems of emerald ray,
What floors of pearl the coral grots inlay!
Here, still as death, the oak-ribbed vessel lies,
Wedged in the grasping rocks no more to rise;
Sent hissing down, as through the sulphurous air
Rang the mixed shouts of triumph and despair;
Now sluggish limpets on the decks repose;
Through the rent ports the oozy tangle grows
And climbs the poop, where Glory's hands unfurled
The red cross flag that awed the watery world.
The victor here and vanquished side by side
Sleep ghastly pale, sad wrecks of human pride;
Their nerveless hands yet grasp the fatal steel,
And yet the warriors' ire they seem to feel.
Unhallow'd ire! oh, guilt! oh, rage unblest!
Here, here, Ambition come, and plume thy crest;
Here see thy trophies, relics of the brave,
Untimely slain, and whelm'd beneath the wave.
See children, husbands, fathers, long deplored,
Unshrouded, gashed, and mangled by the sword;
Here build the proud memorial of thy fame,
And down to hell thy triumphs loud proclaim.
All-righteous Heaven! how long shall murderous war
O'er slaughtered hosts impel his ruthless car;
And cursed Ambition, drunk with folly, plan
The guilt, the crimes, and miseries of man!

BENEVOLENCE OF THE GOOD MAN TO THE INFERIOR ANIMALS.

What soil or clime, or barrier raised by pride,
Or prejudice, can bound the good man's love?
For man and misery, wherever found,
It freely springs. Expanding wide it spreads
E'en to infinitude;—now greets the race
That people heaven, then downward to the worm,
Insect or shell-fish, e'en to lifeless things,
With sacred flow descends. If Nature bids
To kill or eat,—the life-destroying steel
He edges with compassion. He, the friend
And guardian, not the tyrant of whate'er
Inhales the vital breeze, ne'er issues forth
Breathing dismay and slaughter in the paths
Where happy creatures sport. Ye feathered tribes,
Sing unmolested in your leafy bowers;
Ye finny nations, in your streams and lakes
And pearly grottoes play; ye insect swarms,

Murmur melodious, turn your burnished wings
Bright-twinkling to the sun; at morn and eve,
With all your sportive myriads in the air,
Reel thro' the mazy dance—for in your mirth
His soul participates.—Around your cliffs,
In many a playful curve, ye sea-birds, wheel;
Preen your gray wings; along the level brine
Quick-diving plunge; or on the sunny swell
Float like small islets of embodied foam;
Stars of the sea, ye stud and beautify
Its azure waste, as the empyrean fires
Gem and illumine the ebon vault of night.
Who would not deem it an offence to Heaven
To harm your joys, or from one little nook,
Their heritage from God, your wingless brood
Cruel dislodge? Like man, from God ye spring,
Are God's dependants—ratified as his,
Your rights to share the bounty Nature gives,
Sport in the waves, or on your native rocks
To congregate and clamour as ye will.

CUCHULLIN'S CHARIOT.[1]

(FROM "ANCIENT IRISH MINSTRELSY.")

The car—light-moving I behold
Adorned with gems and studs of gold,
Ruled by the hand of skilful guide,
Swiftly—and swiftly see it glide!
Sharp formed before, through dense array
Of foes to cut its onward way,
While o'er its firm-fixed seat behind
Swells the green awning in the wind.
It mates in speed the swallow's flight,
Or roebuck bounding fleet and light,
Or fairy breeze of viewless wing,
That in the joyous day of spring
Flies o'er the champaign's grassy bed
And up the cairn-crowned mountain's head.
Comes thundering on, unmatched in speed,
The gallant gray high-bounding steed,
His four firm hoofs at every bound
Scarce seem to touch the solid ground,
Out-flashing from their flinty frame
Flash upon flash of ruddy flame.
 The other steed of equal pace,
Well shaped to conquer in the race,
Of slender limb, firm knit, and strong,
 His small light head he lifts on high,
Impetuous as he scours along,
 Red lightning glances from his eye.
Flung on his curving neck and chest,
Toss his crisped manes like warrior's crest,
Of the wild chafer's dark-brown hues
The colour that his flanks imbues.
The charioteer, of aspect fair,
 In front, high-seated rides,
He holds the polished reins with care,
 And safe and swiftly guides
With pliant will, and practised hand,
Obedient to his lord's command—
That splendid chief, whose visage glows
As brilliant as the crimson rose;
Around his brows, in twisted fold,
A purple satin band is rolled
All sparkling bright with gems and gold.
And such his majesty and grace
As speak him born of royal race,
Worthy by deeds of high renown
To win and wear a monarch's crown.

GEORGE PETRIE, LL.D.

BORN 1789—DIED 1866.

[This distinguished antiquary and excellent artist was born in Dublin in 1789. His father, James Petrie, was not only a noted portrait painter, but a man of intellect and cultivation. When a boy George was sent to the school of Mr. Whyte in Dublin, where so many of our illustrious countrymen took their first lessons—notably Sheridan and Moore. It was intended that young Petrie should become a surgeon, but he preferred to follow in his father's footsteps, and too wise to force his son's inclinations, his parent sent him to the drawing-school of the Dublin Society, where he made rapid progress; when he was but fifteen the silver medal was awarded him for a group of figures he had designed and executed.

When about nineteen years of age he began to make excursions into the country to find subjects for his pencil. These came plentifully to his hand in the round towers, cromlechs, raths, ruined monasteries, &c., in which Ireland abounds. But Petrie was more than an artist. Endowed with the true spirit of an antiquarian, he did not content himself with merely sketching from this mine of treasures, but pushed his researches into the origin, history, and uses of these remains, and by his notes and observations he was able during these excursions to accumulate such valuable information as afterwards gained for him the reputation of an accomplished antiquary. His love of music also led him to collect, as he wandered through the cottages of the peasantry, the old national airs which, in the process of being handed down from father to son, were rapidly dying out before more flimsy and less worthy music of modern times.

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[1] This poem is extracted from an Irish romance entitled *Bristeach Mhuige Muirthemney*—Breach of the Plain of Muirhebney.

He married in 1821, and settled down to the regular work of an artist; several of his large water-colour drawings, such as "Walks in Connemara," "Shruel Bridge," "Pilgrims at Clonmacnoise," "The Home of the Herons," "Dun Ængus," "Gougane Barra," &c., appeared from time to time on the walls of the Royal Hibernian Academy, of which he was elected an associate in 1826. He also contributed some landscapes to the Royal Academy in London. In 1830 he was chosen president of the Academy of his own county. It is from this period we must date his most important efforts to improve and put in order the antiquities, which he found in a state of neglect and decay. He adopted every means possible for carrying out this praiseworthy object. He succeeded in having a proper museum established; he assisted in the formation of a library, and he induced the purchase of ancient Irish manuscripts. He also contributed himself numerous and valuable papers on archæology, the principal among them being *On the Origin and Uses of the Round Towers of Ireland*, for which he gained a prize of £50 and a gold metal from the Royal Irish Academy. In 1832 he became editor of *The Dublin Penny Journal*, in connection with Cæsar Otway, Carleton's earliest patron, and in this his notes, sketches, and articles on the antiquities of Ireland were a marked and valuable feature. In 1833 he was employed to superintend the topographical department connected with the Ordnance Survey of Ireland. A staff of intelligent and learned men were placed at his disposal, among the number John O'Donovan and Eugene O'Curry. To his methodical training and intellectual culture were owing in a great measure the constant advance in antiquarian science, and the substitution of true and well proven theory for the imaginary hypotheses too frequently proposed without the preliminary trouble of investigating facts. Petrie also edited *The Irish Penny Journal* during its brief existence, having around him as contributors a brilliant coterie in the persons of Ferguson, O'Curry, Anster, Mangan, Aubrey de Vere, Carleton, and Wills.

When the scheme of the Irish Ordnance Survey was abandoned, after one volume on the city of Londonderry and its vicinity had been published and much valuable historical and antiquarian material collected, Petrie returned once more to his brush as a means of support, but shortly afterwards a pension on the civil list relieved him from difficulty, and sufficed for his modest wants. The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by the Dublin University as a mark of the value of his labours. He continued his tours through Ireland, visiting occasionally Scotland and Wales, seeking everywhere subjects for pen and pencil, and adding bells, croziers, coins, &c., to the store of antiquities he had collected from an early period. This collection was purchased after his death by government, and now rests in the Royal Irish Academy. He was a proficient performer on the violin, and although appreciating the works of the Italian and German masters, he loved most the ancient and pathetic melodies of his native country; and the closing years of his life were devoted to their collection and to the arrangement of what he had already collected. He organized a society for the purpose, which ultimately published one volume and supplement, containing about one hundred and eighty-three airs, with curious and interesting annotations.

After a useful and happy life he died peacefully at his house, Rathmines, Dublin, 17th January, 1866. He was interred in Mount Jerome Cemetery. His great work, *The Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland anterior to the Anglo-Norman Invasion*—in which is included the essay already mentioned on "The Origin and Uses of the Round Towers"—was published in 1845. He also wrote a number of essays, which have never made their appearance in collected form. One lasting service which Dr. Petrie rendered the Irish Academy deserves to be specially recorded. In 1831 he secured for it a hitherto uncared-for and neglected autograph copy of the second part of the *Annals of the Four Masters*.

His friend Dr. William Stokes, a distinguished medical practitioner of Dublin, published in 1869 his *Life and Labours in Art and Archæology*, and from this volume we glean our principal facts. To his many accomplishments Dr. Petrie added the modesty and refinement of a true-hearted gentleman. He is described as having a face handsome and sensitive, with dark blue eyes and white hair;

his figure was slender and elegant, and his remarkably sweet kindly voice was just tinged with the brogue.]

ANCIENT IRISH ECCLESIASTICAL REMAINS.

(FROM "THE ROUND TOWERS."[1])

"An opinion has long prevailed, chiefly countenanced by Mr. Somner, that the Saxon churches were mostly built with timber; and that the few they had of stone consisted only of upright walls, without pillars or arches; the construction of which it is pretended they were entirely ignorant of" (Grose). Yet this opinion is now universally acknowledged to be erroneous, and I trust I shall clearly prove that the generally adopted conclusion as to the recent date of our ecclesiastical stone buildings is erroneous also.

It is by no means my wish to deny that the houses built by the Scotic race in Ireland were usually of wood, or that very many of the churches erected by that people, immediately after their conversion to Christianity, were not of the same perishable material. I have already proved these facts in my essay on the *Ancient Military Architecture of Ireland anterior to the Anglo-Norman Conquest.* But I have also shown in that essay that the earlier colonists in the country, the Firbolg and Tuatha De Danann tribes, which our historians bring hither from Greece at a very remote period, were accustomed to build, not only their fortresses, but even their dome-roofed houses and sepulchres, of stone without cement, and in the style now usually called Cyclopean and Pelasgic. I have also shown that this custom, as applied to their forts and houses, was continued in those parts of Ireland in which those ancient settlers remained, even after the introduction of Christianity, and, as I shall presently show, was adopted by the Christians in their religious structures. As characteristic examples of these ancient religious structures still remaining in sufficient preservation to show us perfectly what they had been in their original state, I may point to the monastic establishment of St. Molaise, on Inishmurry, in the bay of Sligo, erected in the sixth century; to that of St. Brendan, on Inishglory, off the coast of Erris, in the county of Mayo, erected in the beginning of the same century; and to that of St. Fechin, on Ard-Oilean, or High Island, off the coast of Connamara, in the county of Galway, erected in the seventh century. In all these establishments the churches alone, which are of the simplest construction, are built with lime cement. The houses or cells erected for the use of the abbot and monks are of a circular or oval form, having dome roofs, constructed like those of the ancient Greek and Irish sepulchres, without a knowledge of the principle of the arch, and without the use of cement; and the whole are encompassed by a broad wall composed of stones of great size, without cement of any kind.

Such also or very nearly appears to have been the monastic establishment constructed on the island of Farne, in Northumberland, in the year 684, by St. Cuthbert, bishop of Lindisfarne, who is usually reputed to have been an Irishman, and, at all events, received his education from Irish ecclesiastics. This monastery, as described by Venerable Bede in the seventeenth chapter of his Life of that distinguished saint, was almost of a round form, four or five perches in diameter from wall to wall. This wall was on the outside of the height of a man, but was on the inside made higher by sinking the natural rock, to prevent the thoughts from rambling by restraining the sight to the view of the heavens only. It was not formed of cut stone, or brick cemented with mortar, but wholly of rough stones and earth, which had been dug up from the middle of the inclosure; and of these stones, which had been carried from another place, some were so large that four men could scarcely lift one of them. Within the inclosure were two houses, of which one was an oratory or small chapel, and the other for the common uses of a habitation; and of these the walls were in great part formed by digging away the earth inside and outside, and the roofs were made of unhewn timber thatched with hay. Outside the inclosure, and at the entrance to the island, was a larger house for the accommodation of religious visitors, and not far from it a fountain of water. . . .

That these buildings were, as I have already stated, erected in the mode practised by the Firbolg and Tuatha De Danann tribes in Ireland, must be at once obvious to any one who has seen any of the Pagan circular stone forts and beehive-shaped houses, still so frequently to be met with along the remote coasts, and on the islands of the western and south-western parts of Ireland—into which little change of manners and customs had penetrated that would have destroyed the reverence paid by the people to their ancient monuments—the only differences observable between these buildings and those introduced in the primitive Christian times being the presence of lime cement, the use of which was wholly unknown to the Irish in Pagan times—and the adoption of a quadrangular form in the construction of the churches, and, occasionally, in the interior of the externally round houses of the ecclesiastics, the forts and houses of the Firbolg and Tuatha De Danann colonies being invariably of a rotund form, both internally and externally. . . .

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[1] By permission of Messrs. Hodges, Foster, and Co.

It is remarkable, however, that the early Irish Christians do not appear to have adopted all at once the quadrangular form and upright walls characteristic of the houses of the Romans, and observable in the churches still existing, the erection of which is ascribed to St. Patrick and his successors. In the remote barony of Kerry called Corcaguiny, and particularly in the neighbourhood of Smerwick Harbour, where the remains of stone fortresses and circular stone houses are most numerously spread through the valleys and on the mountains, we meet with several ancient oratories exhibiting only an imperfect development of the Roman mode of construction, being built of uncemented stones admirably fitted to each other, and their lateral walls converging from the base to their apex in curved lines;—indeed their end walls, though in a much lesser degree, converge also. Another feature in these edifices worthy of notice, as exhibiting a characteristic which they have in common with the Pagan monuments, is, that none of them evince an acquaintance with the principle of the arch, and that, except in one instance, that of Gallerus, their doorways are extremely low, as in the Pagan forts and houses. . . .

Having now, as I trust, sufficiently shown that the Irish erected churches and cells of stone, without cement, at the very earliest period after the introduction of Christianity into the country,—and, if it had been necessary I might have adduced a vastly greater body of evidence to substantiate the fact, I may, I think, fairly ask:—Is it probable that they would remain much longer ignorant of the use of lime cement in their religious edifices, a knowledge of which must necessarily have been imparted to them by the crowds of foreign ecclesiastics, Egyptian, Roman, Italian, French, British, and Saxon who flocked to Ireland as a place of refuge in the fifth and sixth centuries? Of such immigration there cannot possibly exist a doubt; for, not to speak of the great number of foreigners who were disciples of St. Patrick, and of whom the names are preserved in the most ancient Lives of that saint, nor of the evidences of the same nature so abundantly supplied in the Lives of many other saints of the primitive Irish Church, it will be sufficient to refer to that most curious ancient document, written in the year 799, the "Litany of St. Aengus the Culdee," in which are invoked such a vast number of foreign saints buried in Ireland. Copies of this ancient litany are found in the Book of Leinster, a MS. undoubtedly of the twelfth century preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. . . .

That the Saxons at a very early period, through the instruction of foreign missionaries, acquired the art of building with stone and lime cement, and also that in the erection of their most distinguished churches they even employed foreign architects and workmen, is a fact now so fully established that it is unnecessary for me to quote any of the evidences from which it can be proved. But it may be worthy of remark that the first church built of lime and stone in the Roman style—"insolito Britonibus more," as Bede expresses it—in Scotland, that of Candida Casa, now Withern, erected by Ninian, the apostle of the Picts, about the year 412, being on the shore of Galloway, immediately opposite Ireland, and within sight of it, must have been an object familiar to at least the northern Irish; and, what is more to the point, it appears from an ancient Irish Life of St. Ninian, as quoted by Ussher, that this saint afterwards deserted Candida Casa, at the request of his mother and relations, and passed over to Ireland, where, at a beautiful place called Cluain-Coner, granted him by the king, he built a large monastery, in which he died many years afterwards.

Independently of the preceding considerations—which, however, must be deemed of great weight in this inquiry—a variety of historical evidences can be adduced from the Lives of the Irish saints and other ancient documents to prove that the Irish were in the habit of building their churches of lime and stone, though it is most probable that, in their monastic houses and oratories, they generally continued the Scotic mode of building with wood, in most parts of Ireland, till the twelfth or thirteenth century.

EUGENE O'CURRY.

BORN 1796—DIED 1862.

[Eugene O'Curry, an indefatigable collector and transcriber of Irish manuscripts and a highly-cultivated scholar, was born in Dunaha, county Clare, in the year 1796. His father was thoroughly acquainted with the Irish language, and had a wonderful knowledge of the traditions and antiquities of his country. He possessed, besides, as an heirloom handed down from his ancestors, a number of Irish manuscripts. He did not, as Irish parents have too frequently done, keep this knowledge to himself, but taught his son Eugene the Irish language, and stored his young mind with the legends and stories of his native country. A slight lameness with which the boy was afflicted tended to increase his delight in study. While still a youth he could read and write Irish fluently. On account of this accomplishment he was chosen in 1834, in conjunction with O'Donovan, and under the direction of Dr. George Petrie, to make extracts from Irish manuscripts in the various museums. His labours in this congenial pursuit were unremitting, and when government in a fit of economy put a stop to the work, over four hundred quarto volumes had been collected, relating to the laws, language, customs, antiquities, &c., of ancient Ireland, a considerable portion of the research and transcription having been accomplished by O'Curry.

He next found employment in the Royal Irish Academy, copying various Irish manuscripts and making catalogues in company with Dr. Todd, for use by the Irish Archæological Society. The Irish manuscripts in the British Museum were also placed in order and catalogued by him. He was appointed professor of Irish history and archæology to the Catholic University on the establishment of that institution. In his latter days he transcribed and translated the Irish laws, in conjunction with his learned colleague O'Donovan, for which it seems he received a very poor remuneration from the Brehon Law Commissioners who employed him.

A volume of *Lectures on the Manuscript Materials of Ancient Irish History*, delivered in his capacity of professor in the Catholic University, was published in 1861. It gave an account of the lost books of the earlier period of Irish history, namely, *The Yellow Book of Slane; The Psalters of Tara and Cashel; The Books of Cluainmic-Nois; The Speckled Book of St. Buithe's Monastery; The Book of Clonfert; The Black Book of St. Molaga.* This work contained perhaps profounder knowledge and deeper research in Irish literature than any up to that time published.

To this earnest worker also we are indebted for a translation of the oldest part of the *Annals of the Four Masters.* He continued labouring energetically both as a lecturer and a writer almost till his final hour; indeed, his last lecture was delivered only a fortnight before his death, which took place in Dublin, July 30th, 1862. Dr. W. K. Sullivan published in 1873 three volumes of his scattered writings under the title *Lectures on the Social Life, Manners, and Civilization of the People of Ancient Erinn.*

It is highly creditable to the Irish people that they appreciated duly the work of O'Curry. He received from the government but paltry acknowledgment of his great services, but it might perhaps be some recompense for this, that, quiet and retiring scholar though he was, his name was known and respected by the masses of his countrymen. His death was regarded as in some sense a national calamity. The feelings which were universally felt are well expressed in the following lines by the national poet, Mr. T. D. Sullivan:—

"In history's page to write a name—
To win the laurels or the bays—
For power, for wealth, for rank or fame,
Will mortals strive a hundred ways.

"But who will labour all alone
Till youth's and manhood's bloom are o'er,
Uncheered, unpaid, unprized, unknown,
A student of forgotten lore?—

"See life's high prizes lightly won
By little worth—yet not repine;
Hear vain pretences brawling run,
And never make an angry sign?

'But still retrace with patient hand
The blotted record of the past,
Content to think the dear old land
Will know her servant true at last?

"Oh, great old man, enough she knows
To make her feel her loss is sore;
Day after day the knowledge grows,
And Erin loves thy memory more."]

DRUIDS AND DRUIDISM.

(FROM "MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF ANCIENT ERINN.")

All that I have set down here is taken directly from our most ancient manuscripts, or those compiled from them; and they show clearly as the historical tradition of the country that each of the older colonies in Ireland was accompanied by its Druids; so that the suggestion of modern British writers that Druidism came first from Britain, or from Anglesey, into Erinn, is totally unfounded. I now proceed to select from the long list of Druidic references found in our old books, such as may serve to characterize the profession, so far, at least, as the limits of these lectures will allow. Very many other references there are, no doubt, which ought all to be gathered, all to be arranged and compared, if the subject of Irish Druidism, or indeed, of Druidism at all, is to be completely investigated. . . . I only propose to myself to give a few specimens of what was called Druidism by way of example: and I shall commence by citing from the earliest authority. The ancient tract called *Dinnseanchas* (on the Etymology of the names of several remarkable places in Erinn), gives the following singular legendary account of the origin of the names of *Midhe* (now Meath), and of *Uisnech*, in Meath.

Midhe, the son of *Brath*, son of *Detha* (says this legend), was the first that lighted a fire for the sons of the Milesians in Erinn, on the hill of *Uisnech* in Westmeath; and it continued to burn for seven years; and it was from this fire that every chief fire in Erinn used to be lighted. And his successor was entitled to a sack of corn and a pig from every house in Erinn, every year. The Druids of Erinn, however, said that it was an insult to them to have this fire ignited in the country; and all the Druids of Erinn came into one house to take counsel; but *Midhe* had all their tongues cut out, and he buried the tongues in the earth of *Uisnech*, and then sat over them; upon which his mother exclaimed: "It is *Uaisnech* (*i.e.* proudly) you sit up there this night;"—and hence the name of *Uisnech*, and of *Midhe* (or Meath).

This, I believe, is the first reference to a Druidical fire to be found in our old books.

The next remarkable allusion to this subject that is to be found is the account of King *Eochaidh Airemh*.

It was a century before the incarnation that *Eochaidh Airemh* was monarch of Erinn; and his queen was the celebrated *Edain*, a lady remarkable not only for her beauty, but for her learning and accomplishments. One day that *Eochaidh* was in his palace at *Teamair*, according to this ancient story, a stranger of remarkable appearance presented himself before him. "Who is this man who is not known to us, and what is his business?" said the king. "He is not a man of any distinction, but he has come to play a game at chess with you," said the stranger. "Are you a good chess-player?" said the king. "A trial will tell," said the stranger. "Our chess-board is in the queen's apartment, and we cannot disturb her at present," said the king. "It matters not, for I have a chess-board of no inferior kind here with me," said the stranger. "What do we play for?" said the king. "Whatever the winner demands," said the stranger. (They played then a game, which was won by the stranger.) "What is your demand now?" said the king. "*Edain*, your queen," said the stranger, "but I will not demand her till the end of a year." The king was astonished and confounded; and the stranger without more words speedily disappeared.

On that night twelve months, the story goes on to tell us, the king held a great feast at *Teamair*, surrounding himself and his queen with the great nobles and choicest warriors of his realm, and placing around his palace on the outside a line of experienced and vigilant guards, with strict orders to let no stranger pass them in. And thus secured, as he thought, he awaited with anxiety the coming night, while revelry reigned all round. As the middle of the night advanced, however, the king was horrified to see the former stranger standing in the middle of the floor, apparently unperceived by any one else. Soon he advanced to the queen, and addressed her by the name of *Bê Finn*, (fair woman), in a poem of seven stanzas. . . . At the conclusion of this poem, the stranger put his arm around the queen's body, raised her from her royal chair, and walked out with her, unobserved by any one but the king, who felt so overcome by some supernatural influence, that he was unable to offer any opposition, or even to apprise the company of what was going on. When the monarch recovered himself, he knew at once that it was some of the invisible beings who inhabited the hills and lakes of Erinn that played one of their accustomed tricks upon him. When daylight came accordingly, he ordered his chief Druid, *Dallan*, to his presence, and he commanded him to go forth immediately, and never to return until he had discovered the fate of the queen.

The Druid set out, and traversed the country for a whole year, without any success, notwithstanding that he had drawn upon all the ordinary resources of his art. Vexed and disappointed at the close of the year he reached the mountain (on the borders of the present counties of Meath and Longford) subsequently named after him *Sliabh Dallain.* Here he cut four wands of yew, and wrote or cut an *Ogam;*[1] and it was revealed to him "through his keys of science and his *ogam,*" that the queen *Edain* was concealed in the palace of the fairy chief, *Midir,* in the hill of *Bri Leith,* (a hill lying to the west of Ardagh, in the present county of Longford). The Druid joyfully returned to Tara with the intelligence; and the monarch *Eochaidh* mustered a large force, marched to the fairy mansion of *Bri Leith,* and had the hill dug up until the diggers approached the sacred precints of the subterranean dwelling; whereupon the wily fairy sent out to the hill side fifty beautiful women, all of the same age, same size, same appearance in form, face, and dress, and all of them so closely resembling the abducted lady *Edain,* that the monarch *Eochaidh* himself, her husband, failed to identify her among them, until at length she made herself known to him by unmistakable tokens,—upon which he returned with her to Tara.

This tale exhibits two curious and characteristic features of Irish Druidism; the first, that the Irish Druid's wand of divination was formed from the yew, and not from the oak, as in other countries; the second, that the Irish Druid called in the aid of actual characters, letters, or symbols,—those, namely, the forms of which have come down to our own times cut in the imperishable monuments of stone, so well known as *Ogam* stones, (many of which may be seen in the National Museum of the Royal Irish Academy).

The antiquity of this story of *Eochaidh Airemh* is unquestionable. There is a fragment of it in *Leabhar na-h-Uidhrê,* in the Royal Irish Academy, a manuscript which was actually written before the year 1106; and it is there quoted from the book of *Dromsnechta,* which was undoubtedly written before or about the vear 430.

THE OLD BOOKS OF ERINN.

(FROM "LECTURES ON MANUSCRIPT MATERIALS OF IRISH HISTORY.")

With such various causes, active and long-continued, in operation to effect its destruction, there is reason for wonder that we should still be in possession of any fragments of the ancient literature of our country, however extensive it may once have been. And that it was extensive, and comprehended a wide range of subjects—justifying the expressions of the old writers who spoke of "the hosts of the books of Erinn"—may be judged from those which have survived the destructive ravages of invasion, the accidents of time, and the other causes just enumerated. When we come to inquire concerning the fragments which exist in England and elsewhere, they will be found to be still of very large extent; and if we judge the value and proportions of the original literature of our Gaedhlic ancestors, as we may fairly do, by what remains of it, we may be justly excused the indulgence of no small feeling of national pride. . . .

The collection in Trinity College consists of over 140 volumes, several of them on vellum, dating from the early part of the twelfth down to the middle of the last century. There are also in this fine collection beautiful copies of the Gospels, known as the Books of Kells, and Durrow, and Dimma's Book, attributable to the sixth and seventh centuries; the Saltair of St. Ricemarch, Bishop of St. David's in the eleventh century, containing also an exquisite copy of the Roman Martyrology; and a very ancient ante-Hieronymian version of the Gospels, the history of which is unknown, but which is evidently an Irish MS. of not later than the ninth century; also the Evangelistarium of St. Moling, Bishop of Ferns in the seventh century, with its ancient box; and the fragment of another copy of the Gospels, of the same period, evidently Irish. In the same library will be found, too, the chief body of our more ancient laws and annals: all, with the exception of two tracts, written on vellum; and, in addition to these invaluable volumes, many historical and family poems of great antiquity, illustrative of the battles, the personal achievements, and the social habits of the warriors, chiefs, and other distinguished personages of our early history. There is also a large number of ancient historical and romantic tales, in which all the incidents of war, of love, and of social life in general, are portrayed, often with considerable power of description and great brilliancy of language: and there are besides several sacred tracts and poems, amongst the most remarkable of which is the Liber Hymnorum, believed to be more than a thousand years old. The Trinity College collection is also rich in Lives of Irish Saints, and in ancient forms of prayer; and it contains, in addition to all these, many curious treatises on medicine, beautifully written on vellum. Lastly, amongst these ancient MSS. are preserved numerous Ossianic poems relating to the Fenian heroes, some of them of very great antiquity.

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[1] Druidical inscription.

The next great collection is that of the Royal Irish Academy. . . . The most valuable of these are original Gaedhlic compositions, but there is also a large amount of translations from the Latin, Greek, and other languages. A great part of these translations is, indeed, of a religious character, but there are others from various Latin authors of the greatest possible importance to the Gaedhlic student of the present day, as they enable him by reference to the originals to determine the value of many now obsolete or obscure Gaedhlic words and phrases.

Among these later translations into Irish we find an extensive range of subjects in ancient mythology, poetry, and history, and the classical literature of the Greeks and Romans, as well as many copious illustrations of the most remarkable events of the middle ages. So that any one well read in the comparatively few existing fragments of our Gaedhlic literature, and whose education had been confined solely to this source, would find that there were but very few, indeed, of the great events in the history of the world, the knowledge of which is usually attained through the classic languages or those of the middle ages, with which he was not acquainted. I may mention by way of illustration, the Irish versions of the Argonautic Expedition, the Destruction of Troy, the Life of Alexander the Great, the Destruction of Jerusalem, the Wars of Charlemagne, including the History of Roland the Brave, the History of the Lombards, the almost contemporary translation into Gaedhlic of the Travels of Marco Polo, &c. &c.

Passing over some collections of MSS. in private hands at home, I may next notice that of the British Museum in London, which is very considerable, and contains much valuable matter; that of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, which, though consisting of but about sixteen volumes, is enriched by some most precious books, among which is the copy already alluded to of the remains of the Saltair of Cashel, made in the year 1454; and some two or three works of an older date. Next comes the Stowe Collection, now in the possession of Lord Ashburnham, and which is tolerably well described in the Stowe Catalogue by the late Rev. Charles O'Conor. There are also in England some other collections in the hands of private individuals, as that of Mr. Joseph Monck Mason in the neighbourhood of London, and that of Sir Thomas Phillips in Worcestershire. The Advocates' Library in Edinburgh contains a few important volumes, some of which are shortly described in the Highland Society's Report on MacPherson's Poems of Oisin, published in 1794.

And passing over to the Continent, in the National or Imperial Library of Paris (which, however, has not yet been thoroughly examined), there will be found a few Gaedhlic volumes; and in Belgium (between which and Ireland such intimate relations existed in past times)—and particularly in the Burgundian Library at Brussels—there is a very important collection, consisting of a part of the treasures formerly in the possession of the Franciscan College of Louvain, for which our justly celebrated friar, Michael O'Clery, collected, by transcript and otherwise, all that he could bring together at home of matters relating to the ancient ecclesiastical history of his country.

The Louvain Collection, formed chiefly, if not wholly, by Fathers Hugh Ward, John Colgan, and Michael O'Clery, between the years 1620 and 1640, appears to have been widely scattered at the French Revolution. For there are in the College of St. Isidore, in Rome, about twenty volumes of Gaedhlic MSS., which we know at one time to have formed part of the Louvain Collection. Among these manuscripts now at Rome are some of the most valuable materials for the study of our language and history—the chief of which is an ancient copy of the *Felire Aengusa*, the Martyrology, or Festology of Aengus *Céile Dé*, (pron: "Kēli Dē," incorrectly called Aengus the Culdee, who composed the original of this extraordinary work, partly at *Tamhlacht*, now Tallaght, in the county of Dublin, and partly at *Cluain Eidhnech* in the present Queen's county, in the year 798. The collection contains, besides, the Festology of Cathal M'Guire, a work only known by name to the Irish scholars of the present day; and it includes the autograph of the first volume of the *Annals of the Four Masters.* There is also a copy or fragment of the Liber Hymnorum already spoken of, and which is a work of great importance to the ecclesiastical history of Ireland; and besides these the collection contains several important pieces relating to Irish history of which no copies are known to exist elsewhere.

WILLIAM ARCHER BUTLER.

Born 1814 — Died 1848.

[The Rev. William Archer Butler was born at Annerville, near Clonmel, county Tipperary, in 1814. He came of an ancient and respectable family. When old enough he was sent to the endowed school at Clonmel, where he gained a high place in classic and scientific studies. In 1829 he entered the Dublin University, and the pages of the *Dublin University Magazine* soon brought before the world many of his well-known and brilliant poems, essays, sketches, and reviews. A number of these poems had existed in embryo in the mind of the boy in the days when he wandered through the delightful scenery of Garnavilla, on the banks of the Suir, to which his parents had removed shortly after his birth; and "constant allusions to his early home," writes his biographer, "are scattered through his poetry." As to his prose works, the same authority says, "It would be hard to point to compositions which exhibit greater variety of power in a single mind than the *Analysis of the Philosophy of Berkeley*, the *Articles on Sismondi*, on *Whewell's History of the Inductive Sciences*, and on *Oxford and Berlin Theology*.

In 1835 he was elected president of the College Historical Society. Two addresses delivered by him in this capacity are models of eloquence and power. About the time at which, in the ordinary course, he would have quitted the university, a professorship of moral philosophy was founded by Dr. Lloyd, and Mr. Butler was elected to the new chair. He shortly afterwards entered the ministry, and was presented by the board of Trinity College to the rectory of Clonehoska, in the county of Donegal and diocese of Derry. In 1842 Mr. Butler was promoted to the rectory of Raymoghy, in the diocese of Raphoe, also in Donegal, a more valuable living, though involving less onerous duties, the new parish being smaller than his former one. He still continued to discharge the duties of his professorship, and to study closely during his leisure hours; but these occupations formed almost the only relaxations from the duties connected with the claims of his sacred office. These were attended to as faithfully as ever. He, however, records a visit made in 1844 to the Rev. P. Graves, curate of Windermere, which seems to have been a sunny spot in the life of the studious professor, for here he met kindred spirits in the poet Wordsworth, Sir William Hamilton, and Archdeacon Hare. In 1845 were published his first letters *On Mr. Newman's Theory of Development.* In 1846 his parish was visited with all the horrors of the Irish famine. Mr. Butler threw aside all literary work, and devoted himself heart and soul to the relief of the suffering people. The system of trying to change the religion while relieving the distress of the afflicted people was strongly condemned by Mr. Butler, and in a letter dated February 10th, 1847, to the editor of the *Dublin Evening Mail,* he displays a spirit of wisdom and toleration too rarely observed:—"It is not," he says, "without fear and trembling I should at any time receive into the Church a convert from any of the forms of Christianity outside it, whom I had known to be sincerely devoted according to the measure of his light. . . . You have unsettled all a man's habitual convictions—are you prepared to labour night and day to replace them with others as effective over the heart and life? If not, you have done him an irreparable wrong. Motives to righteousness, low, mixed, uncertain as they may be, are greatly better than none; and there can be no doubt that he who has lost so many he once possessed, requires constant, earnest, indefatigable exertion on the part of the teacher who undertakes to supply their place." These are brave words, and do the writer honour.

In 1848 Professor Butler was appointed to preach at an ordination in the church of Dunboe on Trinity Sunday. He appeared to be in his usual health, but on returning home on the Friday following he was prostrated by fever, and died on Wednesday, the 5th of July, of that year. His loss was mourned by all classes and denominations of his parishioners. A series of his sermons, with a memoir, was published by the Rev. Thomas Woodward in 1849. *Letters on the Development of Christian Doctrine* in 1850, *A Reply to Cardinal Wiseman* in 1854, and *Lectures on the History of Ancient Philosophy*, edited, with notes, by W. H. Thompson in 1856. His poems have not yet been collected, but are to be found scattered through the pages of *Blackwood* and the *University Magazine*. It is said that in the latter publication alone there appeared, during his university career, enough poetry and essays, critical, historical, and miscellaneous, to fill several volumes.]

THE EVEN-SONG OF THE STREAMS.

Lo! couch'd within an odorous vale, where May
Had smiled the tears of April into flowers,
I was alone in thought one sunny even:
Mine eye was wandering in the cloudlets gray,
Mass'd into wreaths above the golden bowers,
Where slept the sun in the far western heaven.

I was alone, and watch'd the glittering threads,
So deftly woven upon the purple woof
By severing clouds, as parting into lines
Of slender light, their broken brilliance spreads
Thin floating fragments on the blue-arched roof,
And each, a waving banner, streams and shines.

A mountain lay below the sun, its blue
Veil'd in a robe of luminous mist, and seeming
To melt into the radiant skies above;
A broken turret near, and the rich hue
Of faded sunlight through its window gleaming,
Fainting to tremulous slumber on a grove.

But evening grew more pale. Her zoneless hair
Wound in dim dusky tresses round the skies,
And dews like heavenly love, with unseen fall,
Came showering. Insect forms swarm on the air,
To dazzle with their tangling play mine eyes,
That dropped and closed,—and mystery bosomed all!

Unsleeping thus—yet *dreamingly* awake—
Fancies came wooing me, and gently rose
To the soft sistering music of a stream
That pilgrimed by; and, as I list, they take
A form, a being—such as deep repose
Begets—a reverie, almost a dream.

I heard, I read the language of the waters—
That low monotonous murmur of sweet sound,
Unheard at noon, but creeping out at even!
That language known but to the delicate daughters
Of Tethys, the bright Naiads. All around
The thrilling tones gush forth to silent heaven.

"We come," they sweetly sang, "we come from roving,
The long still summer day, 'mid banks of flowers,
Through meads of waving emerald, groves, and woods.
Ours were delights: the lilies, mild and loving,
Bent o'er us their o'er-arching bells — those bowers
For fays hung floating on our bubbling floods.

"We come—and whence? At early morn we sprung,
Like free-born mountaineers, from rugged hills,
Where bursts our rock-ribbed fountain. We have sped
Through many a quiet vale, and there have sung
The murmuring descant of the playful rills,
To thank the winds for the sweet scent they shed!

"Our sapphire floods were tinctured by the skies
With their first burst of blushes, as we broke
At morn upon a meadow. Not a voice
Rose from the solemn earth as ruby dyes
Swam like a glory round us, and awoke
The trance of heaven, and bade the world rejoice.

"Enwreath'd in mists, the perfumed breath of morn,
Our infancy of waters freshly bright
Cleft the hush'd fields, warbling a matin wild;
While beaming from the kindled heavens, and borne
On clouds instinct with many-coloured light,
The Spirit of nature heard the strain, and smiled!

"Heaven's flushing east, its western wilds as pale
As is the wan cheek of deserted love,
Its changeful clouds, its changeless deeps of blue,
Lay glass'd within us when that misty veil
Evanished, disenshrouding field and grove,
Left us, a mirror of each heavenly hue,

"An echo of Heaven's loveliest tints! But lo!
The spell that bound us broke; in foaming leap
Our sheeted waters rush'd; our silvery vest
Of light o'erhung the cliffs, our gorgeous bower
Arch'd them at mid-fall,—till below the steep
The maniac waves sunk murmuring into rest.

"Now mourn'd one lone stream down a dusky vale,
Like passion wearied into dull despair,
The sole sad music of that sunless spot;
And prison'd from the sunbeam and the gale
By nodding crags above, all wildly bare,
We slowly crept where life and light was not.

"To greet us from that salvage home there came
A form,—'twas not the Spirit of the wild,
But one more mortal, on whose wasted cheek
Sorrow had written death; a child of fame
Perchance, yet far less fame's than nature's child.
He loved the languid lapse of streams to seek.

"Some cherish'd woe, some treasur'd fond regret,
Lay round his heart, and drew the gentlest tear
That ever sanctified a pitying stream,
Or crystalliz'd in lucent cells was set
By Naiads, in their wavy locks to wear
As priceless jewel of celestial beam.

"The dirge of Nature is her streams! Their song
Speaks a soft music to man's grief, and those
Most love them who have loved all else in vain:
We charmed that lone one as he paced along
From the dark thraldom of his dream of woes,—
His sadness died before our sadder strain!

"Once more amid the joyaunce of the sun,
And Light, the life of Nature, we have taught
The pensive mourner of our marge to smile
In answer to our smile of beams, and won
The venom from the poisoned heart, and wrought
A spell to bless the wearied brain awhile!

"The imaged sun floats proudly on our breast,
Ever beside each wanderer, though there be
Many to tread our path of turf and flowers:
A thousand sparkling orbs for one imprest
On us,—for ours is the bright mimicry
Of Nature, changing with her changeful hours.

"And thus we have a world, a lovely world,
A softened picture of the upper sphere
Sunk in our crystal depths and glassy caves;
And every cloud beneath the heavens unfurled,
And every shadowy tint they wear, sleeps here,
Here in this voiceless kingdom of the waves.

"On to the ocean! ever, ever on!
Our banded waters, hurrying to the deep,
Lift to the winds a song of wilder strife;
And white plumes glittering in to-morrow's sun,
Shall crest our waves when starting out of sleep
For the glad tumult of their ocean-life.

"On to the ocean! through the midnight chill,
Beneath the glowing stars, by woodlands dim,
A silvery wreath of beauty shall we twine.
Thus may our course—ceaseless—unwearied still—
Pure—blessing as it flows—aye shadow him
Our sources who unlock'd with hand divine!"

The soft and golden Eve had glided through
Her portals in the west, and night came round.
The glamour ceased, and nothing met mine eye
But waters, waters dyed in deepening blue—
Nothing mine ear, but a low bubbling sound,
Mingled with mine—and the faint night-wind's—sigh.

HENRY COOKE, D.D., LL.D.

BORN 1788 — DIED 1868.

[Henry Cooke, leader of the Ulster Presbyterians and a great platform and pulpit orator, was born at Grillagh, near Maghera, county Londonderry, 11th May, 1788. His father was a farmer, and, like most men of his class in that province, he was sensible, sturdy, and self-reliant. His mother, who was remarkable for her decision of character, owed her descent to a Scotch family who settled in Ireland during the plantation of Ulster, and her retentive memory was stored with legends and stories of Border raids and struggles of her forefathers in Scotland in defence of their faith, and later, of their sufferings during the rebellions and party feuds in their adopted land. The boy eagerly drank in these tales, and no doubt his after-life was considerably influenced by them. His first school, little better than a hedge-school, stood about a mile distant from his father's house, and here under the hazel rod of Mr. Joseph Pollock, a tall, lanky Scotchman, young Cooke drank in his earliest lessons; and so great was his aptitude even at that early age, that his master, who had no mean opinion of his own genius, declared if the boy lived he would one day rival, if not excel, himself. Dr. Cooke describes a classical school he attended when some years older, conducted by a Mr. Frank Glass. The room had two window-frames but no glass, one of them was stuffed with sods; but the other not only served to give light, but admitted free ventilation as well as occasionally the rain and snow. They had stones for seats, for which they ultimately substituted slabs of oak from the neighbouring bog, and by a penny subscription they procured the aid of a glazier. "We thus became wonderfully content," writes the doctor, "for we had the best master and the most comfortable school-house in all the country." He passed through the disturbance of the memorable year '98, and although many of the Presbyterians of Ulster were disaffected, his family remained on the side of the government. During that year, as he himself has told us, for weeks together he never slept in his father's house, as all families supposed to be well affected to England were watched and marked. One night when the family ventured to go to bed they were roused, and hurrying out, half clothed, they saw five houses in flames in different directions. "It was then and thus," writes the doctor, "I learned my political principles." The storm, however, passed over, and Dr. Cooke's family escaped all pecuniary loss. At fourteen he became a student in the Glasgow University.

After completing his university course Henry Cooke was licensed to preach as a Presbyterian minister, and in 1808 he began his career as pastor of the congregation of Duneane, near Randalstown. His first charge proved unsatisfactory alike to his congregation and to himself. Accustomed to a tamer and less intellectual style of pastor, the people received Cooke's eloquence with coldness, and styled his energy methodistical; while as to Cooke himself, he naturally found a post uncomfortable whose income amounted to the magnificent sum of about twenty-five pounds a year. After trying it for two years he resigned his appointment, and for a time he resided at Kells as tutor in the family of Mr. Brown. But his light could not long be hidden, and on the 22d January, 1810, he was appointed minister of Donegore, near Templepatrick, where he found a more appreciative congregation. At this period he preached strongly against Socinianism, and a bitter struggle for years with the many members and ministers of the Presbyterian Church who had embraced the doctrine was the result. But Dr. Cooke never flinched, and in the end, mainly owing to his firm purpose and unassailable reasoning, the Unitarians withdrew from the Presbyterian body and formed a synod and government of their own. In 1813 Dr. Cooke married Miss Ellen Mann of Toome.

In 1815, with the conviction that his academic course had not been so complete as he could desire, he spent two years at the Glasgow University, where he studied moral philosophy, natural history, and medical science; and in 1817, to still further complete his training, he, with the permission of his presbytery, entered Trinity College, Dublin. While here he resumed his study of medicine and walked the hospitals. He also found time for ecclesiastical labour, and not only in Dublin, but in Carlow and Stratford, his preaching was so highly successful that the synod of Munster unanimously agreed to return Dr. Cooke thanks for his mission work amongst them. In 1818 the reverend gentleman accepted the pastorship of Killyleagh, near Strangford Lough. This was one of the earliest Scotch settlements in Ulster. The lord of the manor was Archibald Hamilton Rowan, the patriot, and his son Captain Sidney Hamilton Rowan was a friend and admirer of Dr. Cooke.

In 1829 his friends built a magnificent church in May Street, Belfast, and Dr. Cooke accepted a call from the congregation. Men of all sects and parties flocked to May Street, drawn by the fame of the preacher. In 1829 the degree of D.D. was conferred upon him by the Jefferson College in the United States as a tribute of the esteem felt by his American brethren, and in recognition of his zealous earnestness in the promotion of evangelical truth.

As a Conservative in principle he opposed O'Connell's policy, and challenged him to a political controversy. O'Connell refused on the ground that he did not come as an antagonist to Presbyterians; but on the contrary he wished to serve them. Unfortunately O'Connell was betrayed into expressions personally offensive to the doctor, and thus deeply offended the Presbyterians of Belfast. An anti-repeal meeting was organized, and largely attended by the nobility and gentry of Belfast and the neighbourhood. On this occasion Dr. Cooke made one of his most eloquent speeches. In recognition of his services in opposition to repeal his friends presented him with £2000.

At this period his labours seemed to increase. He not only took an active part in the great ecclesiastical conflict which led to the formation of the Free Church of Scotland, but attended the House of Lords on the Presbyterian Marriage Bill. For years he had devoted all his spare time to the preparation of an *Analytical Concordance of Scripture.* In 1841 the work was complete, and he took it to London for publication, but the hotel in which he was residing was burned down, and his manuscript, the result of seven years of toil, destroyed. "He had no copy, and he never found time to resume his task." For some years he devoted two hours in the mornings—from four to six—to the editing, with notes and introductions, a new edition of Brown's Family Bible.

Dr. Cooke was elected president of the Assembly's College, Belfast, in 1853. To the last he preserved his wondrous energy. Late or early he was found at his post, in the pulpit, in the lecture-hall, or on the platform. In 1865 another tribute of esteem was presented him in the shape of an illuminated volume, containing the names and addresses of subscribers, and a cheque for sixteen hundred guineas.

His last attempt at public speaking was at the Hillsborough Protestant Demonstration in 1867; but though his intellect still remained clear, his physical power was gone; and, as in the case of the last speech in the House of Commons by his old antagonist O'Connell, the once powerful voice had sunk to an inaudible whisper. On the 5th of May in the same year he bade farewell to his congregation. The scene was most affecting, and the solemn service of that day left a deep impression on many hearts. Still holding by the political convictions of his life, he published an address to the Protestant electors of Ireland previous to the general election, in which, differing from many of his colleagues in the Presbyterian ministry, he denounced the proposed disestablishment of the Irish Church.

On the 30th of June, 1868, the death of Mrs. Cooke, his companion of fifty-five years, gave him a severe stroke, from which he never rallied, and on the following 13th December he peacefully breathed his last. His funeral, a public one, will be long remembered. Students, professors, the clergy of all denominations, Dr. Doran the Roman Catholic bishop, the corporation of Belfast, and representatives from every municipality in Ulster, formed a portion of the procession, two miles in length. The Primate of Ireland, the bishop of the diocese, and many members of parliament acted as pall-bearers. The houses along the route were covered with mourning drapery. His remains rest in the Malone Cemetery outside Belfast, and a tombstone erected by his daughters marks the spot. A statue in bronze was erected to his memory, and in his own church a portal of the Corinthian order of white Italian marble and polished Aberdeen granite stands as a memorial to the love and veneration of his congregation. *The Life and Times of Dr. Cooke*, by J. L. Porter, D.D., LL.D., appeared in 1871. It leaves nothing to be desired, and not only paints the inner life of this great man, his motives and incentives, but gives an eloquent and deeply interesting picture of the times in which he lived.]

DR. COOKE AND SLAVERY.

[In the course of a discussion on the comparative merits of Voluntaryism and State endowment, Mr. McIlwaine, an American clergyman, had objected to some allusions by Dr. Cooke to the negro slavery question in the United States. This is the reply:—]

"My American friend has called my allusion to slavery ungenerous; and let him call it so if he will; but in Ireland men are accustomed to say, Be just before you be generous. My observation was just, for it was a thoroughgoing application of the great Franklin's principle. But my observation was not merely just; it was generous, too. I am one of those who have always thanked Providence for American Independence. England and America under one government would have unbalanced the freedom of the world. America, no doubt, like England, has her faults; but, like England, 'with all her faults, I love her still.' But, if ever it be my lot, as I wish it may one day be, to visit America, I shall devote myself exclusively to my religious duties, and I shall keep studiously aloof from all her political parties. I shall neither spout on her platforms as a Federalist nor as an anti-Federalist. I shall admire her Jacksons and her Clays, but refuse to be either Jacksonite or Clayite. I shall visit her as a citizen of the world, and return without having identified myself with any of her local individualities. It was generous, therefore, when I gave a lesson to American ministers, and admonished them to avoid galling their neighbours. Let American ministers come to Europe, to give and receive the helps of mutual faith; and not, like our present worthy visitant, to commingle their voices with the shout of the Radical, or the crash of agitation. . . . Why, after having, accidentally or purposely, identified himself with agitators and Radicals in a public meeting, and joined to denounce some of the long-cherished institutions of the land—why does he exclaim against all reference to the unreformed American institution of slavery, and denounce the allusion as unfair or ungenerous? But again I affirm the allusion was most generous. It was generous to the slave-master, whom I would rouse to self-examination through the twitchings of public opinion, expressed, not by those who hate and would rob him, but by those who pity the false position in which the errors of other days have placed him, and who would say to America, as they said to England, 'Pay for breaking the chains your own laws have riveted.' Above all, it was generous to the American character, in which there is so much to admire, with a few things to regret; and, more especially, that deification of self and supercilious contempt of other governments with which America's children often dance round the cap of Liberty, and chant the hymn of Independence, while the chains of their slaves rattle like the castanets of a *figurante*, and the deep groans of their captives respond in melancholy accompaniment to the shrill-voiced treble of the public joy. My reference to American slavery is called ungenerous; I rejoice it was called so. The patient cries loudest when the surgeon is adjusting the broken limb. But where was the cry of ungenerous when the previous speakers were feeding the church establishments, like cannibals, on human blood, and denouncing them, not only as the neglecters, but the despoilers, of widows and of orphans! Who raised the cry of 'ungenerous' then? Who offered to move a tongue in defence of the calumniated and the absent? Calumniate Scotland's ministers, and you are cheered. Calumniate Ireland's ministers, and you are huzzaed. But touch only the garment of American slave-holding, and your conduct is instantly denounced as disgraceful and ungenerous. Oh! may I ever be covered with such disgrace! May I ever be guilty of being so generously ungenerous!"

ON DR. CHALMERS.

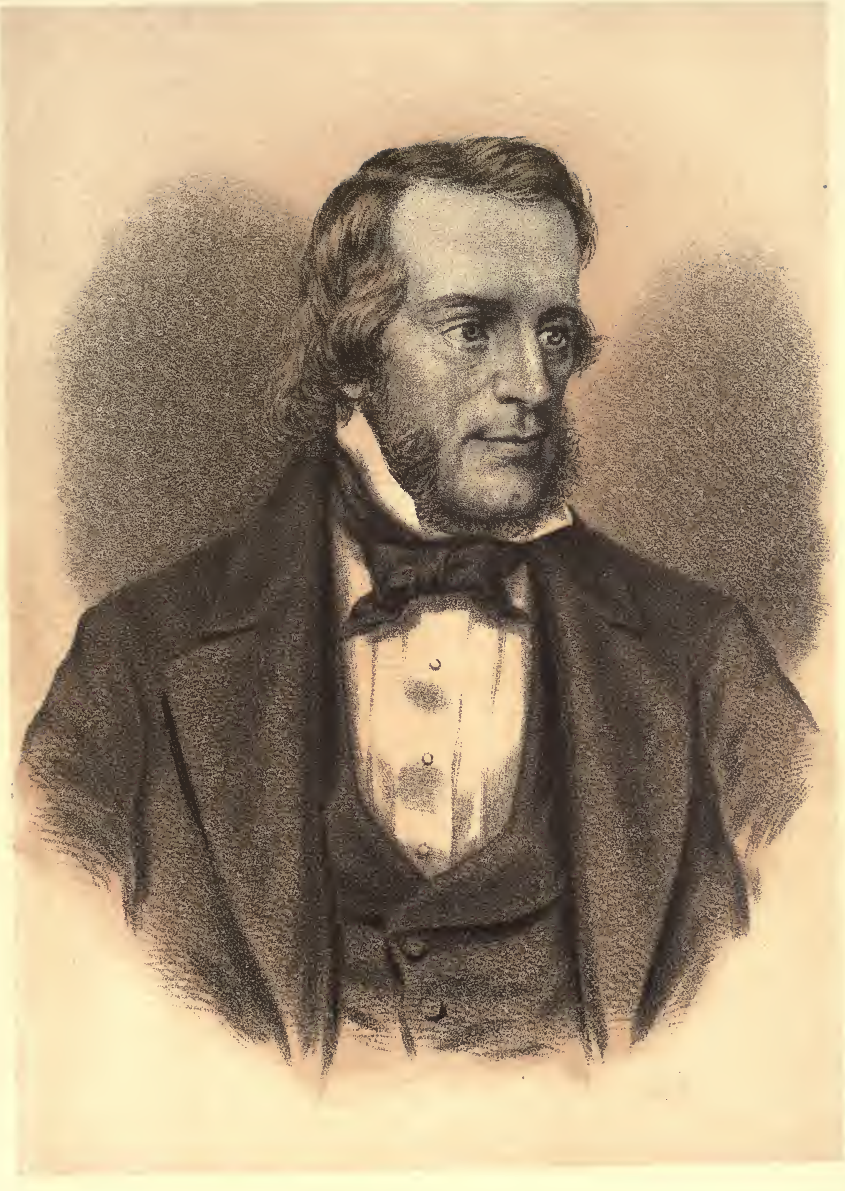
[An attack having been made on Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Cooke thus replied in his defence:—]

"Are these fair and honest specimens of Scotland's ministers and Scotland's congregations? Supposing—admitting—them to be true, still what are they? They are just as if I should attempt to write the history of the Ulster gentry, and draw the materials from the annals of *Castle Rackrent*—an individual picture too true to the original, but, as a general description of the landlords of Down and Antrim, at once a fictitious and a libellous caricature. Above all, what are men to think of the system which depends for its zest upon holding up to ridicule the incomparable Chalmers? The man who, with the eagle wing of a genius at once soaring and sanctified, ascended the highest heaven of contemplation, and then descended again to earth, telling of the heart-beatings, deep and intense, with which the inhabitants of the higher, resting in peace, gaze upon the worshippers of the lower sanctuary, still struggling in war; the man who, from the loftiest aspirings of science, descended to the lowest concerns of everyday existence, penetrated to the lanes and garrets of the city of his habitation, that he might return with mind full fraught with the story of the misery and destitution he had witnessed; the man who first roused the mind of Scotland to the glorious enterprise of Christian aggression upon the regions of popular ignorance; the man who, still unwearied, labours to increase the number of Scotland's churches and ministers. Yet this man, at once the honour of his country, of Christianity, and of human nature—this man must be caricatured in his projects of Christian benevolence, and represented as a mere visionary, unworthy the favourable consideration and confidence of a board of church commissioners."

THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS.

Born 1815—Died 1845.

[Revolutionary periods are generally more productive than ordinary times of literary excellence. The heightened passions of a people demand vigorous expression; and thus the masters of utterance, whether in oratory, or prose, or poem, find ears ready to attentively hear them. It is not, therefore, surprising that the years which ended in the outbreak of 1848 produced an unusually large number of men distinguished in the various paths of intellectual excellence. To that time belongs John Mitchel, perhaps the most vigorous



THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS.

FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT

BLACKIE & SON, LONDON, GLASGOW, EDINBURGH & DUBLIN.

writer of polemic prose Ireland has produced; and that same time also begat Thomas Davis, one of the greatest of Irish singers. Davis was the son of a Welsh gentleman who had settled in Cork. He was born at Mallow in 1815. From an early age he exhibited a keen interest in the language, the history, and the antiquities of his country. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated in 1836; and two years afterwards he was called to the bar. The troubled and exciting times in which he lived, however, were destined to drag him from the quiet pursuit of his profession to the stormier arena of politics. He joined the Repeal Association of O'Connell, a step which coloured his whole after-life, and had, besides, influences far wider than his personal fortunes.

The Association, powerful as it was in some respects, was in others very feeble. There attached to it, in the first place, the suspicion of being a sectarian body, a society which identified national with purely Catholic interests. The autocratic position of O'Connell, too, had had the effect of making the Association appear to be merely an arena in which he performed as a star amid the placidity of mean-spirited and insignificant "supers." The adhesion of Davis to the body did much to remove these prejudices. He was a Protestant; he was a man of genius; his character was high and independent. The result was that the new recruit was followed by several others of perhaps a better class than had hitherto united their fortunes to those of O'Connell's Association.

In 1842 the *Nation* newspaper was founded: an event destined to bear most important fruits, literary and political, in the history of Ireland. Mr. (now Sir) Charles Gavan Duffy was the editor; and Davis became one of the chief contributors. It was in the columns of this paper that the greater part of Davis's poems appeared; and his stirring words were among the most potent agencies in stimulating the revolutionary passions of the people. It is well known that Davis soon formed in the Association a party, which aimed at objects and contemplated means to which the founder of the body was most vehemently opposed. We need not here tell again the oft-told story of the quarrel between the advocates of physical force—who came to be known as the Young Ireland party—and O'Connell, who believed in the omnipotence of constitutional agitation. Here we must confine ourselves to the statement, that in the middle of the struggle, Davis died. This was on the 16th of September, 1845, and consequently when he was only in his thirty-first year.

It is impossible to describe the poignancy of regret with which the news of this premature and sudden close to a career of such bright promise was received. Extreme as were the political opinions of Davis, they were free from the least suspicion of sectarianism; this, together with the transparent purity of his motives and his splendid talents, made him admired by men of the most opposite principles. The *Warder*, one of the strongest opponents of the *Nation* and its views, wrote a notice of his death full of the kindliest feelings.[1]

But the most eloquent and touching tribute to the memory of Davis is that of John Mitchel, his friend and disciple. Having first told how the premature death of Davis was due to the effect of "incessant labour and excitement" for three years "on an ardent temperament and unresting brain," Mitchel goes on:—"He was thirty-one years of age when he died. His figure was not tall, but compact and active. He walked fast, and with his head held slightly forward, as is the wont of eager and impulsive characters. But he was no mere revolutionist. In the antiquarian reunions at the Academy none was heard with more respect; in the gay drawing-rooms of Dublin none was a more welcome guest. He laughed seldom but heartily. He had not time to marry; but he loved passionately, as such men must, and over his early grave a fair woman shed bitter tears."

"How felt O'Connell?" Mitchel goes on:—"Davis had been much in his way, and O'Connell was somewhat of a despot. Davis had been independent of him and his opinions while he gave impetus to his movement; and O'Connell saw no use in independence, and abhorred impetus, unless when he could bridle it himself. "Young Ireland" had been a thorn in his side, had applied fire to his back, and singed his beard. Yet, withal, the heart of Daniel O'Connell was large and loving; Davis had ever treated him with the most reverential respect; and he, on his side, could not but do homage to the imperial genius, nor fail to be won by such a gallant and gentle nature. He was, that month of September, at his house of Derrynane Abbey, far in the wilds of Kerry, among the cliffs of the Atlantic coast, trying to freshen his worn life in the vital air of his mountains, and persuading himself that he could still, when the fox broke cover, listen to the ringing music of his hounds with a hunter's joy. But the massive and iron frame was bent; the bright blue eyes had grown dim; and on that over-wearied brain lay the shadow of death. . . . One morning came the news of the death of Davis; and the old man is shaken by a sudden tempest of wildest grief. Well might he cry out, 'Would to God that I had died for thee, my son!' From Derrynane his habit was to send a long weekly letter, to be read at the meeting of the Association. This week his letter was very short—nothing but a burst of lamentation. . . . 'As I stand alone in the solitude of my mountains many a tear shall I shed in memory of the noble youth. Oh! how vain are words or tears when such a national calamity afflicts the country. Put me down among the foremost contributors to whatever monument or tribute to his memory may be voted by the National Association. Never did they perform a more imperative, or, alas! so sad a duty. I can write no more—my tears blind me—and after all, *Fungar inani munere*.'"

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[1] "With a scholarship," wrote the *Warder*, "in general literature as well as in history and in politics, the extent of which was absolutely prodigious, Mr. Davis combined the finest and the noblest natural endowments of mind and disposition; he was a constant, earnest, and guilelessly honest labourer in the cause of his choice; and in its service he lavished, with the unreserve of conscious genius, the inexhaustible resources of his accomplished and powerful intellect, . . . undebased by the scheming of ambition—untainted by the rancour of faction; and if we pass by the errors of a wrongly chosen cause, he was entitled truly to the noble name of patriot. Young though he died, his life had been long enough to impress the public with a consciousness of his claims upon their admiration and respect; his admirers were of all parties, and in none had he an enemy."

The chief and best poems of Davis are those of a national character. The most stirring is the well-known "Fontenoy." But he was equally at home in verses of quiet description or of the affections. "The Sack of Baltimore," it has been well remarked by a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1875, "has hardly a rival in its charm of description, its dramatic presentment of the most exciting action, and its deep and touching pathos. "My Grave" is also a beautiful little poem; and it would be difficult to find a truer or more striking feature of a weird spot than "A Scene in the South."

A collection of his poems is published in Duffy's National Library Series. A marble statue of much merit by Hogan marks his last resting-place in Mount Jerome Cemetery, Dublin].

LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF EOGHAN RUADH O'NEILL,

COMMONLY CALLED OWEN ROE O'NEIL.[1]

"Did they dare, did they dare, to slay Owen Roe O'Neil?"
"Yes, they slew with poison him they feared to meet with steel."
"May God wither up their hearts! May their blood cease to flow!
May they walk in living death, who poisoned Owen Roe!

"Though it break my heart to hear, say again the bitter words."
"From Derry, against Cromwell, he marched to measure swords;
But the weapon of the Saxon met him on his way,
And he died at Cloc Uactair, upon Saint Leonard's Day."

"Wail, wail ye for the Mighty One! Wail, wail ye for the Dead!
Quench the hearth, and hold the breath—with ashes strew the head!
How tenderly we loved him! How deeply we deplore!
Holy Saviour! but to think we shall never see him more!

"Sagest in the council was he, kindest in the hall:
Sure we never won a battle—'twas Owen won them all.
Had he lived, had he lived, our dear country had been free;
But he's dead, but he's dead, and 'tis slaves we'll ever be.

"O'Farrell and Clanrickarde, Preston and Red Hugh,
Audley and MacMahon, ye are valiant, wise, and true;
But what—what are ye all to our darling who is gone?
The rudder of our ship was he—our castle's corner-stone!

"Wail, wail him through the island! Weep, weep for our pride!
Would that on the battle-field our gallant chief had died!
Weep the victor of Beinn Burb—weep him, young men and old!
Weep for him, ye women—your Beautiful lies cold!

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[1] This striking and dramatic ballad was the *first* written by Thomas Davis. Before the publication of the first number of the *Nation*, Davis, Dillon, and Duffy agreed to attempt political ballads, on which they had great reliance for raising the spirit of the country; to their next meeting Davis brought the "Lament for Owen Roe," and "The Men of Tipperary."

"We thought you would not die—we were sure you would not go,
And leave us in our utmost need to Cromwell's cruel blow—
Sheep without a shepherd, when the snow shuts out the sky—
Oh! why did you leave us, Owen? why did you die?

"Soft as woman's was your voice, O'Neil! bright was your eye!
Oh! why did you leave us, Owen? why did you die?
Your troubles are all over—you're at rest with God on high;
But we're slaves, and we're orphans, Owen!—why did you die?"

THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.[1]

The summer sun is falling soft on Carbery's hundred isles—
The summer's sun is gleaming still through Gabriel's rough defiles—
Old Inisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a moulting bird;
And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard;
The hookers lie upon the beach; the children cease their play;
The gossips leave the little inn; the households kneel to pray—
And full of love, and peace, and rest—its daily labour o'er—
Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of Baltimore.

A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with midnight there;
No sound, except that throbbing wave, in earth, or sea, or air.
The massive capes, and ruined towers, seem conscious of the calm;
The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing heavy balm.
So still the night, these two long barques, round Dunashad that glide,
Must trust their oars—methinks not few—against the ebbing tide—
Oh! some sweet mission of true love must urge them to the shore—
They bring some lover to his bride, who sighs in Baltimore!

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky street,
And these must be the lover's friends, with gently gliding feet—
A stifled gasp! a dreamy noise! "the roof is in a flame!"
From out their beds, and to their doors, rush maid, and sire, and dame—
And meet, upon the threshold stone, the gleaming sabre's fall,
And o'er each black and bearded face the white or crimson shawl—
The yell of "Allah" breaks above the prayer, and shriek, and roar—
Oh, blessed God! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore!

Then flung the youth his naked hand against the shearing sword;
Then sprung the mother on the brand with which her son was gored;
Then sunk the grandsire on the floor, his grandbabes clutching wild;
Then fled the maiden moaning faint, and nestled with the child;
But see, yon pirate strangled lies, and crushed with splashing heel,
While o'er him in an Irish hand there sweeps his Syrian steel—
Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and misers yield their store,
There's *one* hearth well avengèd in the sack of Baltimore!

Midsummer morn, in woodland nigh, the birds began to sing—
They see not now the milking maids—deserted is the spring!
Midsummer day—this gallant rides from distant Bandon's town—
These hookers crossed from stormy Skull, that skiff from Affadown;
They only found the smoking walls, with neighbours' blood besprent,
And on the strewed and trampled beach awhile they wildly went—
Then dashed to sea, and passed Cape Cléire, and saw five leagues before
The pirate galleys vanishing that ravaged Baltimore.

Oh! some must tug the galley's oar, and some must tend the steed—

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[1] Baltimore is a small seaport in the barony of Carbery, in South Munster. It grew up round a castle of O'Driscoll's, and was, after his ruin, colonized by the English. On the 20th of June, 1631, the crew of two Algerine galleys landed in the dead of night, sacked the town, and bore off into slavery all who were not too old, or too young, or too fierce for their purpose. The pirates were steered up the intricate channel by one Hackett, a Dungarvan fisherman, whom they had taken at sea for the purpose. Two years after he was convicted and executed for the crime. Baltimore never recovered this. To the artist, the antiquary, and the naturalist, its neighbourhood is most interesting.—*Davis.*

This boy will bear a Scheik's chibouk,[1] and that a Bey's jerreed.[2]
Oh! some are for the arsenals, by beauteous Dardanelles;
And some are in the caravan to Mecca's sandy dells.
The maid that Bandon gallant sought is chosen for the Dey—
She's safe—she's dead—she stabbed him in the midst of his serai;
And, when to die a death of fire, that noble maid they bore,
She only smiled—O'Driscoll's child—she thought of Baltimore.

'Tis two long years since sunk the town beneath that bloody band,
And all around its trampled hearths a larger concourse stand,
Where, high upon a gallows tree, a yelling wretch is seen—
'Tis Hackett of Dungarvan—he who steered the Algerine!
He fell amid a sullen shout, with scarce a passing prayer,
For he had slain the kith and kin of many a hundred there—
Some muttered of MacMurchadh, who brought the Norman o'er—
Some cursed him with Iscariot, that day in Baltimore.

FONTENOY.[3]

Thrice at the huts of Fontenoy the English column failed,
And twice the lines of Saint Antoine the Dutch in vain assailed;
For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,
And well they swept the English ranks and Dutch auxiliary.
As vainly, through De Barri's wood, the British soldiers burst,
The French artillery drove them back, diminished, and dispersed.
The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,
And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride!
And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at eventide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,
Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their head;
Steady they step a-down the slope—steady they climb the hill;
Steady they load—steady they fire, moving right onward still,
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast,
Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets showering fast;
And on the open plain above they rose, and kept their course,
With ready fire and grim resolve, that mocked at hostile force:
Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their ranks—
They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's ocean banks.

More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush round;
As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the ground;
Bomb-shell, and grape, and round-shot tore, still on they marched and fired—
Fast, from each volley, grenadier and voltigeur retired.
"Push on my household cavalry!" King Louis madly cried:
To death they rush, but rude their shock—not unavenged they died.
On through the camp the column trod—King Louis turns his rein:
"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, "the Irish troops remain;"
And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,
Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement, and true.

"Lord Clare," he says, "you have your wish, there are your Saxon foes!"
The marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously he goes!
How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're wont to be so gay,
The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day—
The treaty broken, ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry,
Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's parting cry,
Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country overthrown,—
Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on him alone.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,
Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles were.

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[1] A Turkish pipe.
[2] A javelin.
[3] The battle of Fontenoy, fought in Flanders in 1745 between the French and the Allies—English, Dutch, and Austrians—in which the Allies were worsted. The Irish Brigade fought by the side of the French, and won great renown by their splendid conduct in the field.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands,
"Fix bay'nets"—"charge,"—Like mountain storm, rush on these fiery bands!
Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,
Yet, must'ring all the strength they have, they make a gallant show.
They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle-wind—
Their bayonets the breakers' foam; like rocks, the men behind!
One volley crashes from their line, when, through the surging smoke,
With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong Irish broke,
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza!
"Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sacsanach!"

Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang:
Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled with gore;
Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled flags they tore;
The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, staggered, fled—
The green hill side is matted close with dying and with dead.
Across the plain, and far away passed on that hideous wrack,
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and won!

THE GERALDINES.[1]

The Geraldines! the Geraldines!—'tis full a thousand years
Since, 'mid the Tuscan vineyards, bright flashed their battle-spears;
When Capet seized the crown of France, their iron shields were known,
And their sabre-dint struck terror on the banks of the Garonne:
Across the downs of Hastings they spurred hard by William's side,
And the gray sands of Palestine with Moslem blood they dyed;—
But never then, nor thence, till now, have falsehood or disgrace
Been seen to soil Fitzgerald's plume, or mantle in his face.

The Geraldines! the Geraldines!—'tis true, in Strongbow's van
By lawless force, as conquerors, their Irish reign began;
And, oh! through many a dark campaign they proved their prowess stern,
In Leinster's plains, and Munster's vales, on king, and chief, and kerne:
But noble was the cheer within the halls so rudely won,
And generous was the steel-gloved hand that had such slaughter done;
How gay their laugh, how proud their mien, you'd ask no herald's sign—
Among a thousand you had known the princely Geraldine.

These Geraldines! these Geraldines!—not long our air they breathed;
Not long they fed on venison, in Irish water seethed;
Not often had their children been by Irish mothers nursed,
When from their full and genial hearts an Irish feeling burst!
The English monarchs strove in vain by law, and force, and bribe,
To win from Irish thoughts and ways this "more than Irish" tribe;
For still they clung to fosterage, to *breitheamh*, cloak, and bard:
What king dare say to Geraldine, "Your Irish wife discard?"

Ye Geraldines! ye Geraldines!—how royally ye reigned
O'er Desmond broad, and rich Kildare, and English arts disdained:
Your sword made knights, your banner waved, free was your bugle call
By Gleann's[2] green slopes, and Daingean's[3] tide, from Bearbha's[4] banks to Eóchaill.[5]
What gorgeous shrines, what *breitheamh*[6] lore, what minstrel feasts there were
In and around Magh Nuadhaid's[7] keep, and palace-filled Adare!
But not for rite or feast ye stayed, when friend or kin were pressed;
And foemen fled, when "*Crom Abú*"[8] bespoke your lance in rest.

Ye Geraldines! ye Geraldines!—since Silken Thomas[9] flung

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[1] Progenitors of the Fitzgeralds.

[2] *Angl.* Glyn. [3] *Angl.* Dingle. [4] *Angl.* Barrow.
[5] *Angl.* Youghal. [6] *Angl.* Brehon. [7] *Angl.* Maynooth.

[8] Formerly the war-cry of the Geraldines; and now their motto.

[9] So called from the silken robes he wore, and the

King Henry's sword on council-board, the English thanes among,
Ye never ceased to battle brave against the English sway,
Though axe and brand and treachery your proudest cut away.
Of Desmond's blood, through woman's veins passed on th' exhausted tide;
His title lives—a Sacsanach churl usurps the lion's hide:
And, though Kildare tower haughtily, there's ruin at the root,
Else why, since Edward fell to earth, had such a tree no fruit?

True Geraldines! brave Geraldines!—as torrents mould the earth,
You channelled deep old Ireland's heart by constancy and worth:
When Ginckle 'leaguered Limerick, the Irish soldiers gazed
To see if in the setting sun dead Desmond's banner blazed!
And still it is the peasants' hope upon the Cuirreach's[1] mere,
"They live, who'll see ten thousand men with good Lord Edward here"—
So let them dream till brighter days, when, not by Edward's shade,
But by some leader true as he, their lines shall be arrayed!

These Geraldines! these Geraldines!—rain wears away the rock,
And time may wear away the tribe that stood the battle's shock,
But ever sure, while one is left of all that honoured race,
In front of Ireland's chivalry is that Fitzgerald's place:
And, though the last were dead and gone, how many a field and town,
From Thomas Court to Abbeyfeile, would cherish their renown,
And men would say of valour's rise, or ancient power's decline,
"'Twill never soar, it never shone, as did the Geraldine."

The Geraldines! the Geraldines!—and are there any fears
Within the sons of conquerors for full a thousand years?
Can treason spring from out a soil bedewed with martyr's blood?
Or has that grown a purling brook, which long rushed down a flood?—
By Desmond swept with sword and fire,—by clan and keep laid low,—
By Silken Thomas and his kin,—by sainted Edward! No!
The forms of centuries rise up, and in the Irish line
COMMAND THEIR SON TO TAKE THE POST THAT FITS THE GERALDINE!

MAIRÈ BHAN A STOIR.

In a valley, far away,
With my *Máire bhán a stóir*,[2]
Short would be the summer day,
Ever loving more and more;
Winter days would all grow long,
With the light her heart would pour,
With her kisses and her song,
And her loving *maith go leór*.[3]
Fond is *Máire bhán a stóir*,
Fair is *Máire bhán a stóir*,
Sweet as ripple on the shore
Sings my *Máire bhán a stóir*.

Oh! her sire is very proud,
And her mother cold as stone;
But her brother bravely vowed
She should be my bride alone;
For he knew I loved her well,
And he knew she loved me too,
So he sought their pride to quell,
But 'twas all in vain to sue.
True is *Máire bhán a stóir*,
Tried is *Máire bhán a stóir*,
Had I wings I'd never soar
From my *Máire bhán a stóir*.

There are lands where manly toil
Surely reaps the crop it sows,
Glorious woods and teeming soil,
Where the broad Missouri flows;
Through the trees the smoke shall rise,
From our hearth with *maith go leór*,
There shall shine the happy eyes
Of my *Máire bhán a stóir*.
Mild is *Máire bhán a stóir*,
Mine is *Máire bhán a stóir*,
Saints will watch about the door
Of my *Máire bhán a stóir*.

OH! THE MARRIAGE.

Oh! the marriage, the marriage,
With love and *mo bhuachaill*[4] for me,

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silken banners his followers carried; a son of Gerald, Earl of Kildare, he was executed at Tyburn for rebellion, 1535.

[1] Currach.

[2] Fair Mary my treasure.

[3] Much plenty, or in abundance.

[4] My boy.

The ladies that ride in a carriage
Might envy my marriage to me;
For Eoghan is straight as a tower,
And tender and loving and true,
He told me more love in an hour
Than the squires of the county could do.
Then, Oh! the marriage, &c.

His hair is a shower of soft gold,
His eye is as clear as the day,
His conscience and vote were unsold
When others were carried away;
His word is as good as an oath,
And freely 'twas given to me;
Oh! sure 'twill be happy for both
The day of our marriage to see.
Then, Oh! the marriage, &c.

His kinsmen are honest and kind,
The neighbours think much of his skill,
And Eoghan's the lad to my mind,
Though he owns neither castle nor mill.
But he has a tilloch of land,
A horse, and a stocking of coin,
A foot for the dance, and a hand
In the cause of his country to join.
Then, Oh! the marriage, &c.

We meet in the market and fair—
We meet in the morning and night—
He sits on the half of my chair,
And my people are wild with delight.
Yet I long through the winter to skim,
Though Eoghan longs more I can see,
When I will be married to him,
And he will be married to me.
Then, Oh! the marriage, the marriage,
With love and *mo bhuachaill* for me,
The ladies that ride in a carriage
Might envy my marriage to me.

TIPPERARY.

Let Britain boast her British hosts,
About them all right little care we;
Not British seas nor British coasts
Can match the Man of Tipperary!

Tall is his form, his heart is warm,
His spirit light as any fairy—
His wrath is fearful as the storm
That sweeps the Hills of Tipperary!

Lead him to fight for native land,
His is no courage cold and wary;
The troops live not on earth would stand
The headlong Charge of Tipperary!

Yet meet him in his cabin rude,
Or dancing with his dark-haired Mary,
You'd swear they knew no other mood
But Mirth and Love in Tipperary!

You're free to share his scanty meal,
His plighted word he'll never vary—
In vain they tried with gold and steel
To shake the Faith of Tipperary!

Soft is his *cailín's* sunny eye,
Her mien is mild, her step is airy,
Her heart is fond, her soul is high—
Oh! she's the Pride of Tipperary!

Let Britain brag her motley rag;
We'll lift the Green more proud and airy;
Be mine the lot to bear that flag,
And head the Men of Tipperary!

Though Britain boasts her British hosts,
About them all right little care we—
Give us, to guard our native coasts,
The Matchless Men of Tipperary!

A NATION ONCE AGAIN.

When boyhood's fire was in my blood,
I read of ancient freemen,
For Greece and Rome who bravely stood,
Three Hundred men and Three men.[1]
And then I prayed I yet might see
Our fetters rent in twain,
And Ireland, long a province, be
A Nation once again.

And, from that time, through wildest woe,
That hope has shone, a far light;
Nor could love's brightest summer glow
Outshine that solemn starlight:
It seemed to watch above my head
In forum, field, and fane;
Its angel voice sang round my bed,
"A Nation once again."

It whispered, too, that "freedom's ark
And service high and holy,
Would be profaned by feelings dark,
And passions vain or lowly:
For freedom comes from God's right hand,
And needs a godly train;
And righteous men must make our land
A Nation once again."

So, as I grew from boy to man,
I bent me to that bidding—
My spirit of each selfish plan
And cruel passion ridding;

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[1] The Three Hundred Greeks who died at Thermopylæ, and the Three Romans who kept the Sublician Bridge.—*Davis.*

For, thus I hoped some day to aid—
Oh! can *such* hope be vain?
When my dear country shall be made
A Nation once again.

THE IRISH HURRAH.

Have you hearkened the eagle scream over the sea?
Have you hearkened the breaker beat under your lee?
A something between the wild waves in their play,
And the kingly bird's scream, is the Irish Hurrah.

How it rings on the rampart when Saxons assail—
How it leaps on the level, and crosses the vale,
Till the talk of the cataract faints on its way,
And the echo's voice cracks with the Irish Hurrah.

How it sweeps o'er the mountain when hounds are on scent,
How it presses the billows when rigging is rent,
Till the enemy's broadside sinks low in dismay,
As our boarders go in with the Irish Hurrah.

Oh! there's hope in the trumpet and glee in the fife,
But never such music broke into a strife,
As when at its bursting the war-clouds give way,
And there's cold steel along with the Irish Hurrah.

What joy for a death-bed, your banner above,
And round you the pressure of patriot love,
As you're lifted to gaze on the breaking array
Of the Saxon reserve at the Irish Hurrah.

MY GRAVE.

Shall they bury me in the deep,
Where wind-forgetting waters sleep?
Shall they dig a grave for me,
Under the greenwood tree?
Or on the wild heath,
Where the wilder breath
Of the storm doth blow?
Oh, no! oh, no!

Shall they bury me in the palace tombs,
Or under the shade of cathedral domes?
Sweet 'twere to lie on Italy's shore;
Yet not there—nor in Greece, though I love it more.
In the wolf or the vulture my grave shall I find?
Shall my ashes career on the world-seeing wind?
Shall they fling my corpse in the battle mound,
Where coffinless thousands lie under the ground?
Just as they fall they are buried so—
Oh, no! oh, no!
No! on an Irish green hillside,
On an opening lawn—but not too wide;
For I love the drip of the wetted trees—
I love not the gales, but a gentle breeze,
To freshen the turf;—put no tombstone there,
But green sods decked with daisies fair;
Nor sods too deep, but so that the dew
The matted grass-roots may trickle through.
Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind:
"He served his country, and loved his kind."

Oh! 'twere merry unto the grave to go,
If one were sure to be buried so.

OH! FOR A STEED.

AIR—ORIGINAL.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, and a blazing scimitar,
To hunt from beauteous Italy the Austrian's red hussar;
To mock their boasts,
And strew their hosts,
And scatter their flags afar.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, and dear Poland gathered around,
To smite her circle of savage foes, and smash them upon the ground;
Nor hold my hand
While, on the land,
A foreigner foe was found.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, and a rifle that never failed,
And a tribe of terrible prairie men, by desperate valour mailed.
Till "stripes and stars,"
And Russian czars,
Before the Red Indian quailed.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, on the plains of Hindustan,
And a hundred thousand cavaliers, to charge like a single man,
Till our shirts were red,
And the English fled,
Like a cowardly caravan.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, with the Greeks at Marathon,
Or a place in the Switzer phalanx, when the Morat men swept on,
Like a pine-clad hill,
By an earthquake's will,
Hurled the valleys upon.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, when Brian smote down the Dane;
Or a place beside great Aodh O'Neill, when Bagenal the bold was slain;
Or a waving crest,
And a lance in rest,
With a Bruce upon Bannock plain.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, on the Curragh of Kildare,
And Irish squadrons skilled to do, as they are ready to dare,
A hundred yards,
And Holland's guards,
Drawn up to engage me there.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, and any good cause at all,
Or else, if you will, a field on foot, or guarding a leaguered wall.
For freedom's right;
In flushing fight,
To conquer if then to fall.

A SCENE IN THE SOUTH.

I was walking along in a pleasant place,
In the county Tipperary;
The scene smiled as happy as the holy face
Of the blessed Virgin Mary;
And the trees were proud, and the sward was green,
And the birds sang loud in the leafy scene.

Yet somehow I felt strange, and soon I felt sad,
And then I felt very lonely;
I pondered in vain why I was not glad,
In a place meant for pleasure only:
For I thought that grief had never been there,
And that sin would as lief to heaven repair.

And a train of spirits seemed passing me by,
The air grew as heavy as lead;
I looked for a cabin, yet none could I spy
In the pastures about me spread;
Yet each field seemed made for a peasant's cot,
And I felt dismayed when I saw them not.

As I stayed on the field, I saw—oh, my God!
The marks where a cabin had been:
Through the midst of the fields, some feet of the sod
Were coarser and far less green,
And three or four trees in the centre stood,
But they seemed to freeze in their solitude.

Surely here was the road that led to the cot,
For it ends just beneath the trees,
And the trees like mourners are watching the spot,
And *cronauning* with the breeze;
And their stems are bare with children's play,
But the children—where, oh! where are they?

An old man unnoticed had come to my side,
His hand in my arm linking—
A reverend man, without haste or pride—
And he said:—"I know what you're thinking;
A cabin stood once underneath the trees,
Full of kindly ones—but alas! for these!

"A loving old couple, and tho' somewhat poor,
Their children had leisure to play;
And the piper, and stranger, and beggar were sure
To bless them in going away;
But the typhus came, and the agent too—
Ah! need I name the worst of the two?

"Their cot was unroofed, yet they strove to hide
In its walls till the fever was passed;
Their crime was found out, and the cold ditch side
Was their hospital at last:
Slowly they went to poorhouse and grave,
But the Lord *they* bent to, their souls will save."

THOMAS COLLEY GRATTAN.

BORN 1795—DIED 1864.

[Thomas Colley Grattan was the son of John Grattan, M.D., and was born in Dublin in 1795. Shortly after his birth his father left Dublin, and retired to Clayton Lodge, county Kildare, a property which he had inherited. The future author was only three years old when Clayton Lodge was burned down by the rebels, in 1798, after having been repeatedly attacked and successfully defended by its owner and his servants. The family fled to the little town of Athy, settled down there, and in due time Thomas was sent to the school of the Rev. Henry Bristow. Here he made fair progress in the usual branches of education, while the wild scenery by which the school-room was surrounded had its due effect upon his imagination, and assisted in the development of that genius which he inherited in common with his illustrious relatives, Henry Grattan and the Duke of Wellington. In writing of this period of his life he tells us that, while traversing the Bog of Allen, "the whistling of the wind across its brown bleak breast, and the shrill cries of the curlew that sprung from its heather into the skies, were the first sounds that impressed themselves on my recollection; the blackened ruins of Castle-Carbery rising far upon its skirts were the earliest objects on which my memory seemed to have reposed; and its fragrant wild flowers and mossy banks had been many a time my pillow in the dreamless sleep of infancy." When his school-days were over, Grattan's father sent him to the house of a friend in Dublin who was an attorney, that he might study law; but the boy soon declared his distaste to the profession, and his ardent desire to become a soldier. The father met this wish half-way by procuring him a commission in a militia regiment; but the lad, desiring more active service, expressed a wish to volunteer into the line. His friends opposed this idea for a time, as one of his brothers had been shot dead, and another severely wounded, in the Peninsular war. When he at length gained their consent he left England to join the army, but the opportunity had passed and the great war had come to an end in the battle of Waterloo. Some months subsequently his father died, and his love for soldiering still remaining active, he embarked on board a ship bound for Bordeaux, with the intention of sailing from thence to join the South Americans in their war against the Spanish yoke. Again his design was frustrated. On board the vessel was a young lady named O'Donnel, who with her family had left Ireland to reside in France. They were introduced, became mutually attached, and young Grattan, leaving the Americans to fight for themselves, got married, and settled down in the south of France. He now adopted literature as a profession. At that period Scott had made poetical romances the literary fashion, and Colley Grattan accordingly tried his hand at a production of this character. The result was *Philibert*, a poem in six cantos, which he published in 1819. Although the poem ran through two editions, the author, not satisfied with his work, purchased the remaining copies and committed them to the flames.

With the idea of improving his fortune and widening his literary acquaintance he removed to Paris, and soon became foreign contributor to *The Westminster* and *Edinburgh Reviews*, and *The New Monthly Magazine*. His abilities were widely recognized, and he became acquainted with many French celebrities of the day, notably Béranger, Lamartine, and Le Brun. Here, too, he met and gained the friendship of Tom Moore and Washington Irving. Through the advice of the latter he was induced to write some of his experiences in travelling, and *High-ways and By-ways, or Tales by the Road-side*, was produced, and offered to and rejected by four London publishers in succession. Grattan then flung the work aside as worthless. Subsequently a friend happened to see the MS., declared it well worthy of publication, and introduced the author to Mr. Whittaker, who accepted and published it. Its success was great. Grattan next attempted dramatic literature, and produced the tragedy of *Ben Nazir the Saracen*. The principal character was to have been represented by Edmund Kean, but the great actor, being in weak health at the time, was unable to do justice to the part, and failure resulted. A portion of the press were very severe on the author, and in vindication he printed the play; but he felt the failure, and renounced dramatic composition for many years. His next work, *Traits of Travel*, appeared in 1829, followed in 1830 by *The Heiress of Bruges, a Tale of the Year Sixteen Hundred*. These were both well received. His *History of the Netherlands*, which, up to the appearance of Mr. Motley's volumes, might be considered the standard work, formed one of the historical series of *Lardner's Cyclopædia* (published in 1830).

In consequence of the revolutionary disturbances which took place in France during the year 1830 Grattan fled with his family to Brussels. The insurrectionary flame, however, as is known, soon spread to Belgium, and Grattan's house was almost destroyed by cannon and grape shot during the attack on Brussels, and what remained of his property was pillaged by the Dutch troops. Again with his family he sought safety in flight, and settled in Antwerp, where he wrote his *History of Switzerland*, and *Men and Cities, or Tales of Travel*. From Antwerp Grattan proceeded with the Prince of Orange to the Hague, where he wrote *Jacqueline of Holland*, *The Master Passion and Other Tales*, and a *Chance Medley of Light Matter*.

The great educational and economical advantages of the famous town of Heidelberg attracted the wandering feet of our author, and in the May of 1832 we find him settled in the sunny valley of the Neckar, within a league of the town. Here he wrote his most popular and successful work, *The Legends of the Rhine*. In this book he portrays with a master hand

and vivid touch the legends of castle and forest with which this romantic and beautiful region abounds. While on a visit to some friends at Brussels he was presented at court, and the manner in which he was received by King Leopold, who had been recently elected to the throne of Belgium, induced him to remove his family from their happy valley and settle down in Brussels. After writing *Agnes de Mansfeldt*, one of his best novels, he devoted his attention to politics, and in his contributions to the *British and Foreign Review* he upheld the interests of the Belgian king and his adopted country with unfailing zeal. Leopold acknowledged gratefully his services to the state, and as an indirect reward he was appointed in 1839 British consul for Massachusetts.

On his arrival in the United States he took up his residence in Boston, and was soon actively engaged in the duties of his office, and in examining the long-vexed question as to the boundary line between British America and the United States. After deep study and research Grattan wrote an able pamphlet on the subject, and his reasoning was so conclusive as to draw forth praise from the *North American Review*, and convince many opponents that the English had the best of the argument. After landing in America Mr. Grattan ceased to follow literature as a profession, but his pen was frequently used in defence of his countrymen; and to his spirited articles in the leading American periodicals the recognition of the social rights of Irishmen by Americans is in a great measure owing. In an article in the *North American Review* at this period he thus describes the feelings of an Irishman towards America:—"The Atlantic is, to his mind, less a barrier of separation between land and land than is St. George's Channel. The shores of England are farther off in his heart's geography than those of New York. Degrees of latitude are not taken into account in the measurement of his enthusiasm. Ireland—old as she is, and fond as he is of calling her so—seems to him but a part and parcel of that great continent which it sounds, to his notions, unnatural to designate as the *new* world. He has no feeling towards America but that of love and loyalty. To live on her soil, to work for the public good, and die in the country's service are genuine aspirations of the son of Erin when he quits the place of his birth for that of his adoption." In 1853 Mr. Grattan returned to England, having resigned his consulship in favour of his son. He took up his abode in London, and in 1859 published *Civilized America*. This work was considered rather abusive, and consequently had very little success; *England and the Disrupted States of America* followed in 1861. A drama entitled *The Woman of Colour* was the last work of this author. He died in London, 4th of July, 1864.]

AN EXPEDITION TO THE LANDES.

(FROM "HIGH-WAYS AND BY-WAYS.")

Everybody has heard of the Landes of France, and many of my countrymen have traversed them in their route from Paris to the Pyrenees; but few who have not seen them, or similar tracts, can form a notion of these monotonous solitudes.

Being unwilling to infringe on the rights of my brother scribblers, who dress up their loose thoughts in the form of tours and travels, I shall not enter into regular description or details of distances. I shall content myself with saying, that the Landes stretch from the Gironde to the Adour between north and south—are washed by the Bay of Biscay on the west—and lose themselves to the eastward by insensibly mingling with the fertile plains of Aire and Villeneuve de Marsan. A gazetteer and a map will tell the rest.

Extensive pine-woods cover this ocean of sands. Here and there a hut or a hamlet forms the centre of a patch of green, on which troops of ragged sheep or goats are seen to browse; while the unmeaning look of the being who attends them marks his mental affinity to the flock, as his sheep-skin mantle gives him an external similitude.

I left Bordeaux to explore these wastes on a summer's morning when the first beams of day were opening on the heavens, and the birds were shaking off the drowsiness of night, stretching out their little wings and arranging their ruffled plumage—with the coquetry of a fine lady settling her dishevelled ringlets or the trimming of her cap. I was wading through sand, having wandered into one of the by-roads which branch off in a hundred directions on the borders of the Landes. I made an effort to reconnoitre my position, but with little success. Around me on every side were tall pines. No vista showed me the track I had travelled, for the road had wound in most irregular meanderings into this forest.

Above was the dark blue sky, and below the sandy soil, deep and parched by the meridian sun. I was for a moment a little embarrassed, but I soon recovered myself. I first looked at poor Ranger's discontented face, but got no information there. He was stretched panting at the root of a fir-tree, and his eyes were turned on me, as if asking for refreshment or consolation.

Having utterly lost my way, I had only to remark the direction of my shadow on the ground, and making towards an opening which allowed this observation, I quickly discovered that it pointed to the east. Knowing that the sea lay in a contrary direction I was satisfied, and went onwards without fear of retracing my steps; and coming in a little while to a scanty patch of herbage, I sat down upon it and produced from my wallet my stock of cold meat and bread. After our repast, which the want of water rendered rather defective, Ranger and myself seemed inspired alike with fresh vigour. We set out again; and while he made some circular excursions in the wood, fruitlessly hoping to light on a rivulet or a covey, I plodded onward in whatever path presented itself on my route. I calculated on falling in with some straggling village or hut, where I might repose for the night, if I found it impracticable to reach La Teste, a little town on the coast, to which I was more immediately bound. As I relapsed into my reverie I forgot myself again, and I sauntered onwards in this mood until the sun had sunk in a misty and threatening sky. The earth was overhung with clouds, and a wind of evil omen swept gloomily across the desert, and shook the branches of the dark tall pines. I began now in good earnest to look about me, and increasing my speed in a straightforward direction I reached in about half an hour the extremity of the wood in which I had so long wandered. My path opened out into an almost boundless plain, but I saw at first no habitation nor living object. I felt excessively fatigued from the heavy sandy soil through which I had all day laboured. I was also a second time hungry, and I had besides some inquietudes for Ranger. Those woods abound with wolves; and if night had actually closed in before I got to shelter, we might both have been in jeopardy.

While I thus communed with myself I marked on the dusky horizon two figures of gigantic height, which I at first thought two isolated fir-trees bending to the blast; but their motion soon betrayed them to be no inanimate production, as with long and rapid strides they were quickly crossing the waste. Determined to bring them to, I discharged one barrel of my gun. They stopped; and as I concluded that they turned towards me I quickly fired off the other, and then shouted with all my might, at the same time making towards them. They perceived me and strided to meet me, with a speed at once ridiculous and appalling; and I may safely say, that since Gulliver was in Brobdignag no traveller had reason to think less of himself. As they approached I saw them to be men mounted on monstrously high stilts, and I then recollected the accounts I had read and heard of the shepherds of the Landes. These were the first specimens which had come within my observation; and I had in my abstraction quite forgotten what I might so naturally have looked for. When these singular beings neared me I discerned every particular detail of their appearance and costume. The latter was composed of a coarse woollen jacket and breeches loose at the knees. A round worsted cap, such as is worn by the Aberdeenshire shepherds, was placed on the head. Long masses of lank, black hair flowed over the shoulders, covered with a cloak of sheep-skin. The legs were defended with rude garters of the same, and an uncouth caricature of sandals was fastened to their feet. They both carried long poles to aid their march and keep them steady; and each actually held in his clumsy hands a coarse stocking and a set of knitting-rods (I cannot call them needles), thus putting art and industry in the only light in which they could appear a mockery.

They were both about the middle age, if I might form a judgment from their bushy beards and furrowed cheeks; but as to their dispositions, capabilities, or propensities (which some theorists are so fond of discovering at a glance), I could not even guess. They had faces fit for the study of Lavater:—no one else could have made anything of them. When they came near me they made a full stop. I accosted them in French, and asked if they could direct me to an inn, which I understood was somewhere in those parts. A negative shake of the head was their reply. I next demanded if I was near La Teste. The answer was repeated. I then begged them to inform me whether there was any cottage at hand where I might obtain shelter. A positive "no" seemed shaken from each silent head. I thought this the acme of inhospitality, and so unlike what I had met hitherto in the country that I could scarcely credit my senses; but the immovable and petrifying unsociability of the faces I gazed on confirmed the worst, and I wished for a moment that I were with a couple of Bedouin Arabs on their native deserts. During our short conversation, of which I had all the words and they the eloquence (as far as it lies in action), I could not trace a change of muscle or variation of expression in their countenances. To finish the fruitless and uncomfortable conference, I rather abruptly asked them where I was. A silent shake of the head left me as wise as before.

It was not till then that I began to suspect, what my intelligent readers will by this time, no doubt, be sure of, that the poor shepherds did not comprehend one word of my discourse. No sooner did this notion strike me, than I strung together such words of Gascon as I had picked up during my sojourn in the Perigord; but it was now quite as useless as French had been; and I had a new proof of the truth, that in this part of France each district has its *patois* perfectly distinct, and scarcely to be understood by the inhabitants of parts almost adjacent. I was thus at length reduced to that universal and natural language in which fingers supply the use of tongues, and gestures that of sounds. I pointed out, by every possible intimation, my wants of eating and repose. Bless your bright intellects! thought I, as one of them gave me a significant, assenting nod, which was silently echoed by the pate of his companion. They then muttered something to each other; and, fulfilling the strict forms of desert etiquette, they advanced in mincing strides, beckoning me to follow their guidance.

Ranger and I gladly took the hint. Our conductors moderated their pace; we increased ours, and thus contrived to produce a harmony of movement. I shall not weary the reader with a detail of our march for the first half hour, which was beguiled by the shepherds by a communication in their own peculiar jargon, and by Ranger and his master in the self-same way. As we went on in a westwardly direction the wind blew fiercely, but not freshly, in our faces. It was hot and smothering. The labouring skies seemed preparing to discharge their overloaded breasts, and distant thunder rolled along the horizon, still reddened by the departed sun. The masses of clouds which came upon the earth quickly shut out the day, and rose at opposite extremities into huge mountains of vapour. They were illuminated by fitful flashes of lightning, and looked like giant batteries erected in the heavens. As they rushed onwards from the west they shot down vivid streams, which at times pierced to the very earth, like quivering blades of fire. Again the electric fluid took a horizontal direction through the skies; and its dazzling streak fluttered like a radiant streamer, till it lost itself among the clouds. Darkness came on with a suddenness such as I had never before observed, and the gusts of wind were terrific. They swept across the waste like floods of air, lashing the sand like waves, and bearing down all before them. Every single standing tree within our sight was shivered to atoms; but the crash when these whirlwinds met the opposition of the pine-woods, baffles description. It appeared as if whole chasms were rent away in the forest; and between each blast we heard the howling of the wolves, terrified at the storm, or probably wounded by the shattered branches, and angry with the element, which must have dashed them at intervals to the earth. As for me, my guides, and my poor dog, we were in the opening of the tempest repeatedly thrown to the ground. The shepherds were early obliged to quit their stilts, and I found them in every way on a level with me. Their experience furnished them no resource that I had not at hand; and when at length a desperate gust whirled us round like spinning-tops, I flung myself prostrate on the sand, one hand encircling Ranger, who clung trembling to my bosom, and the other grasping the stem of a newly-shattered fir-tree. The shepherds followed my example, and throughout the whole scene showed less presence of mind than stupid apathy.

The magnificent and awful war of nature continued about twenty minutes. The wind then dropped suddenly still, as if forced from the heavens by the torrents of rain which poured upon us. We raised ourselves up, and the shepherds pursued their course. They mounted again upon their stilts, and I followed their track. Reiterated claps of thunder burst directly over our heads, and the broad lightnings gleamed in liquid sheets through the sea of rain which every cloud cast down. I was nearly overpowered with fatigue, for the wet sand was to me almost impassable, while my wooden-legged companions found but little obstruction from it. My delight may then be imagined when I saw them stop suddenly before a house, which the darkness of the night prevented my observing till we were actually against its wall. They shouted together, and the door was cautiously half-opened by a woman with a resin taper in her hand.

At the welcome prospect of the open door our whole party made a simultaneous rush for entrance. Ranger, who was the first on the threshold, had scarcely put his foot there when a huge shaggy dog of a breed peculiar to the Landes darted upon him, seized him by the throat, and tossed him to the ground. I used for a while every effort to tear the ruffian from his hold, and called vociferously to the woman to take him off; but the demand being unheeded or unheard, I cocked my gun, and by a desperate threat (which the drenched state of the piece made probably very harmless) I strove to alarm the house for the safety of its guardian. I saw several men seated within, who took my appeal with indifference; and, resolved in my rage to attempt the perpetration of my threat, I was in the act of putting my finger to the trigger, when my arm was forcibly seized from behind, and I at the same time thus accosted: "Young man, what would you do? Shoot that animal, and you are sure to die upon the spot!" "Let me go," cried I with impatience; "my dog is strangling in the gripe of that monster—by heavens! I'll——" but before my sentence was finished the savage had loosed his hold, and was fawning at the foot of the man who had spoken to me.

A word from him had saved Ranger, his assailant, and, if this stranger was to be believed, perhaps myself. Ranger crouched between my legs as I reproached the man for keeping a dog so dangerous. He calmly replied, "The dog is not mine—but he only did his duty. He belongs to the people of this house; and the group within would certainly have revenged any harm done to him. Permit me to say you are now in a region where prudence is a useful virtue." There was a tone of softness and benevolence in this address, and the light from the house showed me his figure as he spoke. He was tall, and wrapped in a large blue Spanish cloak, fastened at the collar with a silver clasp. He wore a handsome fur cap. His face was quite in unison with his voice—dignified and tender.

I was much struck with his appearance and manner, and expressed my thanks for his interference and for the service he had done me. "Ah! sir," said he, "you know not how much I owe a life of servitude to mankind. This poor deed weighs light in the balance against a load of crime." He seized my hand as he said this, and pressed it hard, without seeming to know what he did. He as suddenly let it drop—started back—pulled his cap upon his brow—muffled himself in his cloak, and turned from me. "Good God! sir," cried I, you are not surely going out in this dreary night?" "Yes, sir, I am," replied he sternly, "and let me see who dares to follow me!" I stared after him, but he was lost in the darkness. I felt a thrill of curiosity, admiration, and, I believe, awe; but I turned in a moment and entered the house.

My first impulse was to address the woman, whose bustling mien pronounced her to be mistress of the mansion; while the whole decoration of the kitchen, in which I stood, stamped upon the house itself the joyous character of an inn. To my rapid question of "Who was the gentleman that has just gone out?" I got at first no reply. The hostess eyed me from head to foot with an unflattering and suspicious look. The four or five rough fellows near the fire stood up and gathered round me. I appeared not to heed their curiosity, and persisted for the gratification of my own. I repeated my question. "And pray, my friend," asked the hostess, "what business is that of yours? Who are *you?* A spy, perhaps, sent here to entrap a better man." "It seems so,"—"like enough," and other such expressions, were echoed from the group by which I was encircled, and I saw there was no friendly feeling breeding towards me among the party. "Foreigner!" and "Englishman!" and "*sacre!*" and "*peste!*" and exclamations of like import, were sent mutteringly round; and knowing that prevention is easier than cure, I thought it wise to avert a storm which I might not be able to allay. Assuming, therefore, an air of frankness and confidence which I never knew to fail, which I never saw even a gloomy group of Spaniards able to withstand, but which acts like a spell on the sociable disposition of the French, I told shortly my situation and pursuits. I convinced them that I was neither a spy nor an enemy, that my inquiries concerning the mysterious stranger proceeded from gratitude and good-will, and I was in five minutes seated down among them quite one of themselves, and placed, by acclamation, in the warmest corner of the chimney. Similar regard was shown to Ranger, who stretched himself in great enjoyment before the crackling faggots, happily forgetful of the roughness of his first reception. Many civilities were showered on me in the shape of sundry articles of dress (my knapsack and its contents being wet through and through), drams from the brandy bottle, and innumerable kind speeches and offers of service.

Having got myself dry and warm, a craving appetite was next to be gratified. I asked the good and handsome hostess what I could have; and she said that Bordeaux contained few delicacies which she could not give me as well. A long list of luxuries followed this assurance, and her tongue ran glibly over the niceties of a *traiteur's* ordinary catalogue. But lest I should be led away by hopes of these proffered dainties, one of the jovial fellows who sipped a twopenny bottle of wine beside me, threw me a knowing wink, as much as to say that mine hostess had only a *poetical* license for offering the good things recapitulated, and that ortolans, Bayonne ham, truffled turkeys, and Perigord pie, existed only in the larder of her imagination. As to me, this was but little disappointment, for my appetite could ill brook the delay of such high-sounding preparations, and my eye seemed to turn in natural humility to viands more homely and more appropriate to the place. Thanking the good lady, therefore, for the civil list with which she had been willing to cherish my expectations and regale my fancy, I begged her to give me a supper more suitable to present circumstances and pedestrian travellers. In a moment a coarse but clean cloth and napkin graced my little table. A bottle of sour wine, a decanter of muddy water, a loaf of brown bread full three feet in length, a salt-cellar filled with salt and another with pepper, a plate, a drinking-glass, a heavy ill-formed silver fork and spoon, and a knife which the clumsiest apprentice in Birmingham would be ashamed to own, were quickly scattered before me—in the fullest spirit of that want of order which so peculiarly marks the preparation for a French repast.

My bustling landlady was aided in everything by a rosy smooth-faced lass, in a close and stiff starched cap, blue boddice, and red woollen petticoat; and in a little while they placed on the table a small earthen tureen, whose brown exterior was not a shade more dark than the mess of soup which smoked within, and which sent up a savoury fume, where the odour of garlic had a proud pre-eminence. An omelet of six eggs, mixed well with herbs of all varieties, was already in the frying-pan, and the plump brown arm of Cazille was stretched out to place it on the fire. The hostess's hand was in the act of cutting from a string of black-puddings one whose dimensions seemed suited to a Patagonian mouth. I was preparing with my spoon to dive into the cloud-enveloped mysteries of the tureen, when all our operations were suspended and all our attentions roused by the tramping of a horse, and a loud accompanying shout from a voice of stentorian tone:—"Heavens!" exclaimed the landlady, "it is Monsieur the Inspector of the Forests!" "Monsieur the Inspector!" "The Inspector!" "Inspector!" "Spectre!" was re-echoed by every mouth, from Cazille's down to my own, in all the gradations from surprise to inquiry. Ranger himself filled up the climax by a note, which might be something between admiration and interrogation. Every one started up and made towards the door, carrying with them all the candles and resin matches which the kitchen had alight. The string of black-puddings dangled uncut upon the wall—the embryo omelet was upset into the fire—and the spoonful of soup remained untasted in my hand.

This moment of awful suspense was followed by the entrance of the important personage to whom such unconditional homage had been rendered by mistress and maid, man and beast, black-pudding and omelet. Monsieur the Inspector came bustling in with that air of moistened dignity which sits so naturally on a great man, drenched with rain. He was a broadset figure, with dusky skin and frizzled whiskers of vast expansion. His huge jack-boots, redoubled doubles of silk handkerchiefs, and a multitude of many-collared coats, had been all unable to secure him from the wet. He streamed like a river-god, from the rowels of his spurs up to every corner of his large cocked hat. In each hand he carried a pistol, and as he strode forwards to the fire a long sabre rattled against the tiles of the floor. He made his way over every obstacle, upsetting two chairs, a warming-pan, and a basket of fish. Every one made way *for* him, so that he was not long in reaching the wide and comfortable hearth. It must not be supposed that all this was done in silent majesty—no such thing. Every step was accompanied by an exclamation, and every exclamation echoed by an oath.

"What a night of hell! ——! What a rascally storm! ——! What diabolical weather! ——!"

The —— stand for oaths: I am literal in everything else, but they, thank God, defy translation. Of these disgraces of the language, and the peculiar scandal of this part of France, he was most prodigal, and would have reminded every reader of Gresset's *Vert-vert* of the foul-mouthed parrot, when

> Les ——, les ——, voltigeaient sur son bec,
> Les jeunes sœurs crurent qu'il parlait Grec.

The inspector rapidly disencumbered himself of all extraneous matter, flung aside his greatcoat, hat, boots, pistol, belt, and sabre, and almost threw himself into the embraces of the flames, which the crackling pine-wood sent out in broad folds across the chimney. I was so much amused with the scene that I suspended all my projected operations, and fixed my attention on this new object. He was at first gruff and surly, receiving, without any acknowledgment but an occasional curse, the officious attentions of the landlady and Cazille, and the humble addresses of the men around him. He flung himself into the arm-chair which was placed for him, and, his back being towards me, he quite overlooked me sitting in my nook. As the warmth of the blaze dried up his exterior it seemed to melt his heart, for he threw a "thankye" at the hostess as she adjusted the second worsted stocking round his knee; and he chucked Cazille under the chin and kissed her forehead while she stooped to place the slippers on his feet.

The rest of the party came in for their share of kindness in the way that follows. "And who have we here, eh? A gang of blackguard smugglers, ——! Oh! I beg pardon, gentlemen—fishermen! Egad, one might have known your trade by your smell, ——! Stand back, friends, I hate perfumery. Well! what have you got in your baskets to-night? Turbot and brandy sauce, ——! I'll warrant it the bottoms are as well lined with bottles of Cognac as the tops with stinking mackerel, ——! But take care, I'll give a hint to the Octroi,[1] be sure of it; and if you are once caught at the barrier you shall lie in the Fort[2] till you are as withered and rotten as a piece of salted cod, ——!"

A burst of laughter from the speaker pronounced this to be wit, and an answering peal from his circle told that they knew the time to acknowledge his joke. Several smart and pleasant sayings were retorted on the inspector, but the most substantial repartee—that is, the best of the *good things*—appeared in the shape of a noble turbot which one of the fishermen produced from his stock. This spokesman "hoped, in the name of himself and comrades, that Monsieur the Inspector would do them the honour of accepting the fish, and give himself the trouble of smelling it, to be sure that it was fresh."

"——! one can't refuse," was the reply, and he pulled out his purse, as with a would-be effort, to pay for the compliment.

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried the fishermen in concert, "what is Monsieur the Inspector going to do? Pay for it! Always like himself, generous and noble! No, no, no! it's the least we can do for monsieur, and we shall be too well rewarded if he will do us the honour of giving himself the trouble to write a little word to the gentlemen of the Octroi at Bordeaux to let us pass the barrier without search that we may get to the market early, and pull up for the time we have lost in the storm."

"Oh, willingly!" cried Monsieur the Inspector. "God forbid I should refuse so slight a kindness to such honest fellows as I know you all to be. Give me a pen, Cazille! But hark'ye, my friends, you are sure there is no brandy?"

"My word of honour!" burst from every mouth.

"Hold!" cried the inspector, tender of their consciences; "hold; don't finish the sentence, my good fellows! I know you are honest, healthy-lunged lads, and you'll want all your breath to puff off your fish to the fat merchants of the Chartrons[3] to-morrow. There (*giving the paper*). But, hark ye! stuff the sea-weed well to the bottom; I thought I heard the shaking of glass in that basket."

"Nothing, nothing, monsieur, on my word of honour!" protested one of the party, "but two or three bottles of salt water, a cure for Madame Depuis at the Red Cross. Monsieur knows, perhaps, that Madame Depuis's legs are——"

"Yes, yes—very well—I know it all. Be off! be off! the moon is up and I want my supper. Cazille, prepare that turbot for your mistress's master-hand. You'll find a fresh bottle of capers in my saddle-bags."

"Adieu!" "Good-night!" "Safe journey!" &c. &c., were bandied backwards and forwards, and as the fishermen reloaded their little carts with the baskets, which they had placed in the house to shelter them from the rain, I thought the care with which they lifted them up denoted a cargo more brittle than flat-fish, and more valuable than a couple of bottles of salt water.

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[1] The toll-house.

[2] The prison of Bordeaux is an old castle called the Fort du Hâ, but familiarly, "The Fort."

[3] The rich and commercial quarter of Bordeaux, lying near the river.

I came at length under the eye of the inspector, who seemed for an instant disconcerted, but as soon recovered his swaggering mien. He examined me as keenly as if he had been going to strip the bark or lop the branches off a fir-tree. He next turned his looks towards the landlady and Cazille, and I saw that a stifled inquiry was lurking under his eylid, and trembling on his tongue.

Fond of being first in the field I addressed him, and proposed in civil terms that he would partake of my supper. A curl of contempt stole over his lip as he exclaimed, "Supper, ——! And has *madame*, then, nothing better to give her guests than Spartan broth and water of the Tiber?"

The landlady was preparing her defence, but he cut her short with, "No excuse—not a word—'tis infamous! Cazille, place another cover at my table, ——! must travellers be served in this way? You have read the Greek and Roman histories, sir?"

I bowed assent.

"Well, sir, if you cannot sup with Apicius, you shall not fare like Lycurgus, depend on't. You are English, sir?"

I replied that I *was* a subject of his Britannic majesty.

"So much the better," replied he; "I love the English. Many a fat capon our king owes to yours. This is the time to stick to one's friends, ——! and the King of England's subject shall sup to-night with the King of France's inspector of forests. Come along! Make haste, madame! Cazille, light us in!"

I promptly accepted the uncouth bidding. I thought the inspector was a precious morsel for such an appetite as mine, and as I followed him down a narrow passage leading to an inner chamber our ears were assailed with a storm of snoring, which it seemed utterly impossible to sleep through.

"——! what do I hear!" cried the inspector. "Is the thunder at work again, or is it your lazy slug-a-bed of a husband that thus outrages all decency? What, ho! Batiste! awake, you brute!"

This obliging reveillée was speedily replied to by a hoarse and feeble voice, and by a bound upon the planks of a room above stairs, as if the sleeper had shot out of bed in a sudden terror—as well he might.

A red night-cap quickly protruded itself from a door at the top of the stairs, and a red nose, projecting far from a thin but rubricated visage, snuffled out a welcome, as imperfect as the exclamations of a troubled dream. At length we comprehended some such words as these: "Aha! Monsieur the Inspector! Aha! I have been watching for you! I knew the steady-going trot of your horse; old *Trois-pied's* hoof could not escape me. Ay, ay, I heard you humming your favourite air (singing),

"'L'on revient toujours
A ses premiers amours.'

Aha! I knew we might look for you this fine moonlight night."

"Away, thou shadow of an impudent lie!" vociferated the inspector. "The trot of my horse, forsooth! I galloped at least three leagues through the forest, and came up at full speed to the house. Humming my favourite air, ——! the wind was near forcing open my fast-closed mouth and choking me with my own teeth! This moonlight night! The moon is shining now, 'tis true, but the moon is not falser than your flattery, nor the clouds it broke through thicker than your skull. Why, madame, why do you let the dog lie thus through storm and fair weather, soaking in his bed!"

"Alas! Monsieur the Inspector, what else can I do with him? 'Tis the only place where he's good for anything."

"And not for much there even, I'll warrant it, ——!" cried the inspector.

The jest-proclaiming laugh burst out at this sally, and he paused for a moment for the echo. The fishermen were unluckily gone; I did not take the cue; the hostess thought the subject too serious for merriment; Cazille could only give a significant but silent smile;—so poor Batiste, who knew the inspector's humour, was obliged himself to reverberate the laugh. Having forced out a drowsy titter he disappeared, and before we were seated in the inspector's room I heard him snoring away as merrily as if he had not been aware of the interruption.

The chamber into which we were ushered was one of more comfort than was promised by the other parts of the house. It was low but spacious, boarded, and cleanly papered. Two beds, with white cotton hangings, filled a recess: the furniture was neat, and a joyous blaze sprang up from the pine-wood faggots, which took fire like tinder.

A table had been placed for supper by the quiet assiduity of Cazille, and the difference which it presented to the one intended for me was striking. Everything was of a finer and better order; the bread was white, the water filtered, and the arrangement had altogether an air of costliness in comparison with that which I had left. We seated ourselves by the fire, which even at that hot season was not unpleasant; for the house lay low and damp, and the late torrents had nearly set it afloat. We soon got into conversation on public topics, which, however, were speedily suspended for one of more immediate interest—the private history of my companion, with every particular which he chose to reveal of his birth, parentage, education, and adventures. . . . .

Being at length fairly freed from the labours of the table, and settled quietly to a bottle of exquisite claret, I turned my attention to what was after all my main object in this convivial *tête-à-tête*. I had not for one moment forgotten the mysterious and interesting stranger who had so forcibly fixed my attention and excited my curiosity. I had from prudence suspended my efforts to obtain information from the hostess or the fishermen, but was resolved to renew them, when the abrupt entrance of the inspector had stopped the development of my plans. After a little while I thought that he himself might become the means of affording me the information for which I panted. Thus, in our conversation before supper I had endeavoured from time to time to lead him on to the subject of local concerns, but to every attempt of that kind I had an evasive answer. If I spoke of the country we were in he said he knew little of home, and that soldiers were more familiar with the field of battle than their native plains. If I mentioned any striking domestic event, he always quoted some contemporary action—Marengo, the Pyramids, Jena, Austerlitz, and so forth; and when I spoke of dates it was always, "yes, yes, I was then making the campaign of Germany—Portugal—Moscow—or some other." . . .

"And pray, Monsieur the Inspector," said I, "is this large tract of desert solely inhabited by miserable shepherds and goat-herds?"

The inspector shook himself a moment as if this sudden transition from sharp to flat had grated on his well-organized mind.

Recovering himself, he replied, "Eh! why! yes, ——! and much worse than shepherds and goat-herds, believe me. Why do I travel armed through these tracts, eh? Do you think I carry pistols and sabre for show? ——!"

"You fear robbers, then?" asked I.

"Fear! ——!" vociferated the inspector, "what's fear? I've often heard talk of fear, but never knew it yet."

I explained away once more, and he was once more appeased.

"Yes," replied he, to a less offensive way of putting my former question; "yes, there are robbers here sometimes, but I never meet them. These fellows know their men, ——! But there are worse than robbers—refugees, revolutionists, republicans, ——! who plunge into these forests and escape the law. Had I my way with the scoundrels, I'd set fire to the pine-woods, ——! and consume the rascals with pitch, tar, and resin—provided the king gave me another forest, ——!"

Here came in the laugh of acknowledged drollery, with which I was now familiar, and even inclined to join in to keep the inspector in good humour. I resumed the conversation.

"Have persons of any rank or importance found shelter here for political opinions?"

"Ay, that they have—and find it at this moment, too. There is now this very night one man lurking in these deserts, whose head would pay for the trouble of arresting him, ——!"

"A tall man," said I, hastily, and without a moment's thought, "in a Spanish cloak and fur cap?"

"He is a tall man, certainly; but as for the cloak and cap, they have little to do with his description. If you met him in that dress to-day you might see him wrapped in a sheep-skin to-morrow, ——!"

"A handsome, dark, noble-looking man about fifty?" was my next inquiry.

"Ay, all that," replied my companion. "He's handsome enough outside—but as gloomy as his complexion within. As for his nobility, it is all in his looks, ——! for he's no more noble than I am."

"I have met such a man," said I, recovering my caution. "What is the crime which forces him into these wilds?"

"I'll tell you that," said he; and I was prepared to listen with my whole attention, when we were both attracted towards the kitchen by the noise of persons dismounting from their horses, and entering the house.

"Who the devil can this be at this hour of night?" cried the inspector. "Hold! let's listen a moment."

I had my hand on the latch of the door, but he seized it as he spoke. In spite of myself I did for this once what must be, in any circumstances, considered an unworthy thing; and the instrument which compelled me, that was the inspector, did not rise in my estimation.

"Ah! madame, is it you?" cried the landlady.

"He is here! my dear father is here!" exclaimed in a tone half questioning, half certain, one of the sweetest voices I had ever heard.

"Hush!" said the landlady; and a low whisper followed. I was more delighted at it than if I had heard a long and valuable secret. I fancied I saw in an instant through the whole affair. The lovely inquirer, felt I (for something told me that tones so sweet must have proceeded from a beauteous instrument, and whatever it was which said so, told no lie)—the lovely inquirer, prompted by duty and affection, has wandered here through this drear desert, to meet her proscribed and virtuous father—for such a being could not reverence or hold communion with guilt. My presence drove the sufferer from his shelter; and this coarse inspector is one of those prowling wretches, which we are told all governments must employ, lying in wait to pounce upon his victim.

"Not now, at least," said I, throwing aside his iron hand, which grasped my arm, flinging open the door, and running into the kitchen. A scream burst from the lady, who was young, and indeed most beautiful. The hostess and Cazille gazed on me with astonishment, mixed with alarm; and the inspector himself, who followed close upon me, did not know what to think of my abruptness;—and for a moment, as he told me afterwards, returned upon me the compliment which my suspicions had affixed to him.

I advanced towards the lady, and was going to address her, God knows how! when a young man of distinguished deportment rushed in, attracted from the stables by the scream of his lovely wife; and with fire in his eyes, which were fixed upon me and the inspector, and trembling tenderness in his accents, he called out, "What's this, dearest Stephanie? what has happened?"

"Nothing, nothing," replied she, "but this gentleman——."

"What has he dared to do?" cried he, advancing fiercely towards me. I made some confused apology for my awkward intrusion, which I saw was received in rather a shy and suspicious way. I never made an explanation less to my own satisfaction, and was not surprised that it was so little to theirs. I got no reply, and retired a few paces, while the inspector, advancing, addressed the stranger with humble familiarity by a name which it is not necessary to mention here.

The young man received his address with infinite haughtiness, and a reproachful look which seemed to me to say, "You have betrayed us." The other made a nearer approach, and in a lower tone appeared to defend himself from the reproach of a connection with me. I was little flattered by all this, and felt as anxious as the inspector appeared, to cut the slender thread which bound our acquaintance.

Advancing therefore to the door, I looked out upon the desert, and thought that it would be for the common comfort of the whole party if I trusted myself to the moonlight, and pursued the road to La Teste, which lay before the house. I strolled out, and by chance directed my steps towards the stable, a building larger than the house itself, and entering the open door I saw by the light of a resin match which burned in a distant corner, a man in the act of arranging the clumsy cordage of a pair of oxen.

He came towards the door, and led them after him by the magic of some words in *patois*, proved by his tone and their compliance to be soothing and affectionate. I wished the man "good night," and he repeated my salutation in French, which was at least understandable. He was a comely young fellow, and of a civil demeanour. I asked him where he was going? He replied, "To La Teste." I proposed myself as his companion, and he readily consented. He proceeded forthwith to adjust his oxen, and yoke them to his little cart, which was loaded with packages, and covered with a canvas awning. I was inquisitive—he communicative: thus, while he got ready, I discovered that he was a carrier from the little town just mentioned, the only son of a poor widow woman, and now on his return from Bordeaux with a cargo of groceries and other matters for the La Testians. He finally informed me that he was in the constant habit of stopping at this half-way house for the purpose of reposing his oxen and of refreshing himself—with draughts of wine or beer from the hostess's cellar, and draughts of love and hope from the reservoirs of Cazille's melting black eyes. . . . .

It was just midnight when we started. Everything was hushed and still. Neither the wheels of our little carriage nor the steps of our team were heard upon the sands. Geoffroi looked back a moment at the house, heaved a sigh, and sank into silence. It was then my turn to throw a parting glance at the scene of my late adventures, and I did so more, I must acknowledge, from the commonplace wish of fixing its appearance on my memory, than from anything approaching the tender sentiments which my companion connected with it.

Nothing could be more beautifully calm than was the night. At one hand, as far as I could see before me, was a forest, and at the other an open waste, thickly set with stunted fir-trees, which gave it an appearance of low brush-wood, and hid the sandy soil. Occasional clusters of sheep showed here and there a patch of dusky white, and the dull tinkling of a bell told that the flock was awake and browsing, while all around them was in deep repose. A wide-cut drain marked at each side the boundary of the road, which was in this part quite straight and very hard. It was generally smooth and safe, but the violent jolting in some parts made me examine it more closely, and I found that the causeway was formed of large pine-trees thrown across and covered with layers of sand and occasionally stones. It was, however, in very few places out of repair; and in half an hour we had entirely passed those uncomfortable spots. Affected not more by my previous fatigue than by the present monotony and the easy motion of the cart, I felt myself softly dropping asleep. I gave way to the gentle inclination, and, reclining under the awning and supported by the packages, I soon forgot the world, its tumults, joys, and sorrows. As I was dozing away I heard Geoffroi exclaim, "Ah! he sleeps. He has left no cares, no agitation, no mistress behind him! I'll warrant it he is a happy fellow!" I felt a deep sigh rising from my breast, but I was resolved it should not have utterance: while, Geoffroi, influenced, perhaps, by somewhat of the same feeling, sprang lightly on the sand, and, addressing a cheering word or two to his beasts, trudged on beside them.

I slept soundly for, I should suppose, a couple of hours, and was awakened by the rustling of branches against the awning which covered the cart. I started up, and looked out upon the narrow road which we travelled. At either side of us were trees thickly planted, the passage being scarcely sufficient to allow the breadth of our vehicle. The overhanging boughs struck, from time to time, against the awning, and no other sounds were to be heard but the soft movements of the wheels rolling over the natural carpet, which thickly-strewn leaves, acorns, and fir-cones formed upon the sand. We were in the depths of a thick wood, not composed of pine-trees alone, but containing all the varieties of the forest. Instead of the tall and straight monotony of the unvarying fir, beech, ash, and oak-leaves glittered in the moonbeams, and flung their canopy across our path.

As we proceeded the passage became darker, whether from the greater thickness of the wood, or the temporary concealment of the moon, I could not judge; but the effect of the scene which soon broke upon me was considerably heightened by this increased obscurity. While nothing around was to be distinguished, at even arm's-length from me, and the oxen and their driver were quite lost to my sight, a sudden turn to the left brought us suddenly to a spacious opening, and presented a view which enchantment seemed to have conjured up.

The whole expanse of heaven, lighted by the full moon and studded with stars, shone brilliantly above; and all its splendour was reflected in the unruffled breast of a lake spreading wide before me. The road, which ran straight along the bank of this liquid mirror, sloped smoothly to its side, and the feet of the oxen were, at times, washed by its waters. The forest by which it was skirted threw down its dark reflection, and a sighing breeze sometimes scattered loose leaves upon the surface, stirring it with fairy undulations.

I thought for an instant that I still slept, and that imagination had raised for me a mirage of unexampled loveliness. But as I grew convinced of the reality of the scene I marvelled how such a lovely sheet of water could exist in this sandy waste; and was some time moving along its side before I discovered that it was but a river, which narrowed as we advanced, and whose opposite bank I did not at first perceive, from the lowness of the road we travelled. The stream flowed on in scarcely perceptible motion, nor was its beauty lessened by its decreased width; for the opposite bank being formed of a ledge of the purest and smoothest sand, shone in the moonlight like a frame of polished silver rising above the water. The dark edging of the forest formed a fine contrast, and was at times thrown into deeper shade by passing clouds, which could not, however, prevent the moon from illumining the whole scene, and giving the more distant parts of it the full brightness of her rays.

Geoffroi was still walking at the slow pace which suited the inclination of his oxen, and seemed in harmony also with his own frame of mind. A low murmured melody kept time with his sauntering progress; and I know not whether it was the peculiar softness of the scene or the sweetness of his mellow voice, but I think I never heard an air more tender, or warbled with a simpler grace. It was a tune quite in the style of those wild and heart-moving airs which make the traveller in Ireland so often stop and listen; then prompt him to look round at the desolate grandeur of the scenery and the rustic songster, and wonder how strains so exquisite had birth in so rude a land, or found expression from so rough a tongue. The words of Geoffroi's song were Gascon. I have already avowed my ignorance of the particular dialect of that language used in those parts, but still I caught here and there an occasional word, the meaning of which I knew. Thus *cla dê lune* means moonlight; *pin*, pine-tree; *beoïtat*, beauty; *forêt*, forest; and *la vie*, life. And at the end of every cadence the name of names, Cazille, filled up the close. I made meanings for the blanks to please my own fancy, and stringing together some lines that suited the music, I found that I had almost inadvertently composed a series of extempore stanzas, which a less candid story-teller might have called a faithful and literal translation.

SONG OF THE LANDES.

The moonlight, through the branching pines,
  Floats o'er the sands with silver streak;
How like the chasten'd beam, that shines
  Through dark-fringed lids on beauty's cheek,
When timid glances trembling steal
From thy bright eyes, mine own Cazille!

As o'er the desert-stream's smooth breast
  The night-winds from the forest shed
Light leaves to break the water's rest,
  It vibrates in its deepest bed.
So doth my thrilling bosom feel
Thy soft-breathed words, mine own Cazille!

I see thee not, but thou art here!
  Even as heaven's lamp, obscured awhile,
Still lights the desert far and near,
  Through sorrow's cloud thy mellow smile
Makes life's dull waste bright spots reveal,
And lights me on, mine own Cazille!

There were half a dozen stanzas more, pretty much in the same sing-song style; but I forget half of them, and will not inflict the rest upon my readers.

[For the satisfaction of the reader's curiosity, we may explain who the mysterious beings were whom our traveller met under such peculiar circumstances. The stranger who rushed from the cottage on Mr. Grattan's entrance, turns out to have been one of the members of the Assembly which condemned Louis XVI. to death, and his conscience is troubled by the thought that not only had he supported the capital sentence himself, but he had influenced others to do so. Mr. Grattan never discovered his name. The young lady is the regicide's daughter, and the wife of the young man with whom Mr. Grattan had no very agreeable conversation.]

JOHN ANSTER, LL.D.

BORN 1793—DIED 1867.

[John Anster, the translator of Goethe's *Faust*, was born at Charleville, county Limerick, in 1793. In 1810 he entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated A.B. in 1816, and LL.D. in 1825. The poetical talent which afterwards distinguished him was exhibited at a very early period. About 1815 he published a small volume of verses, and in 1817 gained the prize offered by the Dublin University for the best poem on the death of the Princess Charlotte. In 1819 were republished his early poems, with some additional ones, and translations from the German. In 1820 appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* his first translations from *Faust*. These were the first portions of this great poem ever rendered into English, and Goethe himself readily recognized the skill and delicacy with which the fine touches of sentiment and character were reproduced. Anster was called to the bar in 1824, and for some years went the Munster circuit, but he did not attain much professional success. The favourable reception accorded to his translation encouraged him to proceed with the work, the first part of which he completed in 1835, the second part not having been brought out till 1864. The *Dublin University Magazine* says of it: "It is as an English poem that Anster's *Faust* must be regarded; and it is really astonishing with what felicity thoughts the highest and deepest in German theology, and the subtlest in their metaphysics, find adequate expression in our language." The work is accepted in Germany as the standard English translation of *Faust.* In 1837 Dr. Anster was appointed by the Lord-lieutenant of Ireland registrar to the High Court of Admiralty, and in the same year published another volume of poems under the title of *Xeniola,* which comprised translations from Schiller and De la Motte Fouqué, and fully maintained the high reputation of the author. In 1850 he was elected to the chair of regius professor of civil law in the Dublin University. His first lecture in this capacity, *On the Study of Civil Law,* was afterwards published in 1859. He was a constant contributor to the *Dublin University Magazine, Blackwood,* the *North British Review,* and other magazines and journals. Dr. Anster died at his residence in Dublin on the 29th of June, 1867.

The following appeared in a Dublin newspaper:—"He was one of the chief lights and supporters of our national literature; foremost amongst that splendid band of writers, now scattered and silent, who founded and maintained the glory of the *Dublin University Magazine.* We mourn in him the loss of a man of brilliant and rare endowments. As a poet, a wit, a thinker, a talker, and a writer, his place will not be easily filled up in the literary circles of Dublin or in general society, where, sometimes brilliant or sometimes sad, according to the electric influences that surrounded him, he was yet always genial and gentle, and the best of conversationists on literary subjects, over which his keen wit played and flashed and flickered with strange eccentric lights, illuminating all he touched by his logic, his rapid fancy, and his playful irony, or the inexhaustible stores of his immense erudition." Shortly after his death a number of literary Germans resident in Ireland presented an address of sympathy to his widow, in which they expressed their "profound sense of the important services rendered by Dr. Anster as an eminent scholar and poet in the promoting of German literature in this country."

We conclude this sketch by an extract from the eulogium pronounced by Professor Webb on the occasion of his first occupying the chair of civil law after the decease of our author:—"If there were any defect in that simple and unaffected nature it was the absence of the alloy of those harder if not baser materials which are so requisite in the practical concerns of life. The same causes which worked him injustice as a man combined to work him injustice as a lawyer. But he was a profound civilian in the eyes of all who could estimate his depth. His mind was in constant association with the great jurists of ancient and modern times. He had drunk deeply at the fountain of the philosophy of law. But his admirers are more numerous than the mere votaries of a science which attracts so few. He was not only a profound lawyer but a poet. As a poet he achieved a glory which, from the days of Dryden and of Pope, has only been achieved by Coleridge and by him. In his marvellous rendering of a wondrous work he has made a German masterpiece a British classic. He has proved that it is a poet only who can reproduce, revivify, and recreate a poet's work, and men will cease to remember the *Wallenstein* of Coleridge when they cease to be instructed and entranced with Anster's *Faust.*"]

THE DEATH OF MARGARET.

(FROM "FAUST.")

[Margaret is in prison awaiting execution on the following morning for the murder of her infant. Like Ophelia she has been driven mad by her sorrows. Faust, accompanied by Mephistopheles, visits and tries to rescue her.]

PRISON.—FAUST (*with a bunch of keys and a lamp, before an iron wicket*).

Faust. 'Tis many a day since I have trembled thus.
Misery on misery heaped—a heavy burden,
More than man can endure, has weighed me down.
And here within these damp walls doth she live,
And is to die because she was deluded—
To die for that her brain was wild and frenzied.
And thou dost hesitate to go to her!
Dost fear to look upon that face again!
Onward, irresolute!—this wavering
Delays not death.

[*He takes hold of the lock.—Singing from within.*

Song.—My mother! my mother!
The wanton woman—My mother hath slain me.
My father, inhuman, for supper hath ta'en me—
My little sister hath, one by one,
Laid together each small white bone,
'Mong almond blossoms to sleep in the cool;
And I woke me a wood-bird beautiful.
Fly away, fly away, all the long summer day,
Little bird of the woods, fly away! fly away!

Faust. (*Opening the wicket.*) She feels not that her love is listening—

Hear the chains, as they clank, and the straw rustling. [*He enters.*

Mar. (*Hiding her face in the straw of her bed.*)
Woe! woe! they come! they come! death, bitter death!

Faust. (*In a low voice.*) Hush! hush! 'tis I who come to rescue thee!

Mar. (*Rolling herself at his feet.*) Art thou a man? Have pity upon me.

Faust. Hush! hush! these screams and shrieks will wake the keepers.

[*He takes hold of the chains to unlock them.*

Mar. (*Throwing herself on her knees to him.*)
Savage, who gave this cruel power to thee?
It is not more than midnight now—have mercy!
Is it too long a time to wait till morn?

[*She stands up.*

And I am still so young—so very young!
And must I die so soon?—and I was fair—
And I was fair, and that was my undoing.
Oh, if my love were here—but he is gone—
Torn is my garland—scattered all its flowers—
Oh, do not grasp me with such violence—
Ah, spare me! sure I have not injured thee:
Let me not weep and pray to thee in vain!
Spare me—I never saw thy face before.

Faust. I must—I must endure this misery!

Mar. I know that I am wholly in thy power—
Only permit me first to give my breast
To this poor child of mine: all the long night
I hugged it to my heart, they took it from me;
They took away my child to torture me,
And now they say that I have murdered it,
And never never more shall I be happy:
And they sing songs about me—*'twas ill done;*
It was ill done—so the old ballad runs.
Who told them I was meant in it?

Faust. (*Throws himself down.*) A lover, Margaret, lies at thy feet;
He comes to undo these bonds—unloose these fetters.

Mar. (*Throws herself beside him.*) Let us kneel down and call upon the saints.
See! see! beneath us hell boils up—the devil
Is raving there below in hideous din!

Faust. (*Aloud.*) Margaret—Margaret.

Mar. (*With eager attention.*)
That is my love's voice.

[*Springs up—her irons fall off.*

Where is he?—Where?—I heard my own love's voice!
Now am I free, none, none shall keep me from him.
I'll clasp his neck, will lean upon his bosom;
I heard him call,—he's standing on the threshold,—
I heard him call the name of Margaret;—
Amid the noises and the howls of hell,
And threats, and taunts, and laughs of devilish scorn,
I heard my own love's voice—his loving voice!

Faust. 'Tis I.

Mar. 'Tis thou!—oh, tell me so once more! [*Presses him to her bosom.*
'Tis he, 'tis he—my pangs, where are they now?
Dungeon, and chains, and scaffold, where are they?
'Tis thou, and thou hast come to rescue me.
I am already free: look—there's the street
Where we first met—where first I saw my love—
And yonder is the cheerful garden, smiling,
Where I and Martha waited to receive thee.

Faust. (*Striving to take her away.*)
Come, come with me.

Mar. Oh, stay a little while—
Some moments more—I love to stay with thee!

[*Caressing him.*

Faust. Haste—haste—a moment lost we dearly rue it.

Mar. So short a time away from me, my love,
Already hast forgotten how to kiss!
Why do I feel so sad upon your neck?
Time was all heaven was pressing down upon me
In all thy words,—in every look of thine,
Yes, very heaven,—and then, then you did kiss me
As if you would smother me with your kisses!
Kiss me—now kiss me, love—or I kiss thee!

[*She embraces him.*

Ah me! your lips are cold—are dumb—are dead—
Where are my kisses, where? with whom have you left them?
Where is my love? who robbed me of your love?

[*Turns from him.*

Faust. Come, come—take courage, follow me, my love.
I love thee with unutterable love;
But follow me,—this one—this one request.

Mar. (*Turning to him.*) And is it thou, and is it thou indeed?

Faust. Yes, yes! But come!

Mar. And do you break my chains!
And do you take me to your heart again!
How is it you do not shudder at my sight?
And knowest thou whom thou art delivering?

Faust. Come!—the deep night is fading fast away.

Mar. My mother, I have murdered her—my child,
I drowned my child—Oh was it not a gift
To thee and me?—yes thee! yes, thine! and thou art here,
I scarcely can believe it is thyself.
Give me thy hand—it is not then a dream;
Thine own dear hand. Oh, God! his hand is moist—
Wipe, wipe it off! methought it felt like blood!
What hast thou done? Put up the bloody sword;
I pray thee do.

Faust. Oh think not of the past;
That which is done is done. You are killing me.

Mar. No, you must live. No, you have to remain,
I will describe to you the graves which you
To-morrow must see made; the best place give
To my poor mother—near her lay my brother—
And by their side, a little space away,
But not too far from them must be my place—
And lay the little one on my right breast;
No other will lie with me in that bed!
To nestle down in quiet side by side
To thee—oh what a happy thing it was—
A happy thing that never more can be.
I feel as if I forced myself on thee,
And that thou wert repelling my embrace;
And yet thou art the same—and yet thy looks
Are good and kind, as they have ever been.

Faust. Oh, if thou feelest that 'tis I, come, come.

Mar. What? out there?

Faust. Yes! out into the free air.

Mar. Ay, to the grave—does not death lurk without?
Come to the bed of everlasting rest—
Yes, yes—that's all—that's all—not a step farther—
Are you going, Henry? may I go with you?

Faust. Come, come; the gates are open, only come.

Mar. I dare not go; there is no help for me.
What good is it to fly? My steps are watched.
It is a hard thing to be forced to beg,
And harder, harassed by an evil conscience.
'Tis hard to wander in a foreign land,
And then, whate'er I do, at last they'll seize me.

Faust. I will be with thee.

Mar. (*Wildly.*) Fly, fly,
Save thy poor child;
Away to the road,
By the side of the stream,
And across the path
That leads to the wood;
Then turn to the left,
And over the plank,
It lies in the pond.
Loiter not, linger not.
Still does it stir
With the motion of life.
The little hands struggle
More faintly and faintly,
Rescue! Oh, rescue!

Faust. Recall thy wandering mind—be calm! be calm!
One step, and you are free.

Mar. Oh, that we had but left that hill behind!
See there, my mother sitting on a stone—
Icy-cold comes a dead hand on my temples.
My mother there is sitting on a stone.
And her gray head is trembling, and her eyes
Close, and she now has ceased to nod; her head
Looks heavy, and she sleeps too long—too long—
Oh, when she sank to sleep how blest we were!
It was a happy time!

Faust. She listens not;
Words have no weight with her. There is no way
But forcibly to bear thee hence.

Mar. Touch me not; no, I will not suffer violence.
Seize me not with that murderer's grasp; whate'er
I did was done for thee, my love. I did
Everything my love asked me, willingly.

Faust. Day dawns—oh, hasten hence, my love! my love!

Mar. Day! yes, 'tis day, the last, the judgment-day;
My bridal-day it should have been; tell none
That thou hast been with poor weak Margaret.
Alas! my garland is already withered;
We'll meet again, but not at dances, love:
The crowd is gathering tumultuously,
The square and street are thronged with crushing thousands;
The bell hath sounded; the death-wand is broken;
They bind and blindfold me, and force me on:
On to the scaffold they have hurried me;
Down in the chair of blood they fasten me:
And now, through every neck of all that multitude
Is felt the bitter wound that severs mine.
The world is now as silent as the grave!

Faust. Oh, that I never had been born!

Meph. (*Appears at the door.*) Away, or you are lost;
This trembling, and delay, and idle chattering,
Will be your ruin; hence, or you are lost;
My horses shiver in the chilling breeze
Of the gray morning.

Mar. What shape is that which rises from the earth?
'Tis he, 'tis he, oh, send him from this place;
What wants he here? Oh, what can bring him here?
Why does he tread on consecrated ground?
He comes for me.

Faust. Oh, thou shalt live, my love.

Mar. Upon the judgment-throne of God, I call;
On God I call in humble supplication.

Meph. (*To Faust.*) Come, or I leave thee here to share her fate.

Mar. Father of heaven, have mercy on thy child.
Ye angels, holy hosts, keep watch around me.
Henry—I am afraid to look at thee.

Meph. Come—she is judged!

Voice. (*From above.*) Is saved.

Meph. (*To Faust.*) Hither to me!
[*Disappears with Faust.*

Voice. (*From within, dying away.*)
Henry! Henry!

DANIEL OWEN MADDEN.

BORN 1815 — DIED 1859.

[This author was the only son of Owen Maddyn, a merchant of Cork, and was born in the town of Mallow in the year 1815. The change in the spelling of his patronymic by the subject of our memoir, was adopted in consequence of the existence of another Irish *littérateur* who bore the name of Maddyn; but his works are entered under the old form of name in the catalogues of the British Museum. Mr. Madden displayed a love for literature from childhood, and at a very early age contributed articles to Irish journals and magazines, the vividness of his sketches rendering them always welcome to editors. As he grew older his literary productions increased in extent and variety, embracing almost every subject connected with Irish history and politics. His first publication appeared in 1843, and was entitled *Ireland and its Rulers since 1829.* In 1846 he published *The Right Hon. J. P. Curran* and *A Memoir of the Life of the Right Hon. Henry Grattan.* He was an enthusiastic admirer of Grattan, and in 1853 produced a volume of that statesman's speeches, with a commentary on his career and character, a second edition of which was published in 1854. He also wrote the first volume of *The Age of Pitt and Fox*, a work of brilliant promise, though its unfavourable reception discouraged him from completing it. This volume was written during the earlier portion of his career, and was followed in 1848 by *Revelations of Ireland in the Past Generation.* In 1842 he had migrated to London, where he became permanently connected with the *Press* newspaper. In his new home he wrote *Wynville, or Clubs and Coteries; The Game of Brag or the Batteray Boys, a Comic Novel;* and *The Chiefs of Parties,* the latter being his last and most successful work. He also published anonymously *Mildmay, or the Clergyman's Secret.* A suggestion made in the *Athenæum* by a reviewer of *Wynville* induced him to turn his attention to men instead of questions, and the hint is acknowledged by him in the preface to *The Chiefs of Parties.*

About the year 1857 he returned to Dublin, having undertaken an engagement with Mr. Skeet, the publisher of his earlier works, to devote himself to history and biography. While in Dublin he also wrote occasionally on Irish topics for the *Athenæum*, as he had done for several years previously in London.

Our author's death was accelerated by his untiring energy. He died in Dublin on August 6, 1859, and was buried with his ancestors beneath the chimes of the Shandon Bells. A few days before his death he requested his friend Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick to collect from his writings a volume of papers which he proposed to publish under the title of *My Study Chair, or Memoirs of Men and Books.* He also contemplated writing *Thomas Davis, or Irish Aspirations*, a voluminous correspondence with Davis during the five years preceding the latter's death having given rise to this proposed work.

Madden was a genuine Irishman of the highest order, racy, talkative, sparkling, and prodigal of help to his young literary brethren, many a one of whom owed his rise to him. He had a singular objection to any obituary notice being written, and one of his dying requests was that no Irish newspaper should publish an account of his life or works. The only memoir of him extant is in an interesting letter by Mr. Fitzpatrick to the *Athenæum*, from which we extract our particulars of his career.]

A DAY WITH CHARLES FOX.[1]

About the noon of a summer's day (*circa* 1787–8), sauntering along that "sweet shady side of Pall Mall" sung of by Captain Morris, the fancy seizes us to visit Mr. Fox, whose orations we have read with delight, of whose marvellous talents we have heard such wonders. Accordingly we proceed to one of the innumerable residences that he occupied during the vicissitudes of his career. We find him living in second-rate lodgings in the neighbourhood of St. James's Street, and the mediocrity of his abode strikes us as contrasting with the splendour of his fame. Ascending to his sitting-room we are face to face with a great historical character, and our breath is in suspense while with eager curiosity we gaze in his retirement upon the idolized hero of his party worship.

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[1] This and the following extracts are from *The Chiefs of Parties.*

Lounging over his late breakfast sits one whose personal appearance alone would rivet the attention. His figure in robust manhood shows none of those traces of dissipation that we might have expected from the life of a roysterer. His swarthy complexion recalls to us his nickname—"Niger;" and the thick and bushy eyebrows, with something of a saturnine aspect, strangely blended with the signs of a passionate temperament, remind us of his Stuart blood through the Lennox family. There is the "Charley Fox" of aristocratic Whig coteries—the "Fox" of history's page! With what an easy, indolent air he sips his chocolate, while he glances over some piece of French trash, in which rumours, *bon mots*, scandals about the Faubourg St. Germain, and pedantry from the *pays Latin*, are jumbled together in the *fricassée* style of French literature. There is a good natural look of affability about our statesman that conciliates good-will; and yet that compressed mouth and beetling brow, with its occasional heavy frown, tell of one whose temper can be wrathful, and whose soul can be impassioned with the fire of genius.

The carelessness of the whole man as seen in his character is one of the most true and significant signs of his nature. Here is no formal bookcase with *variorum* classics and standard essayists. His books are as miscellaneous as his acquaintances, and, like his other friends, range from good to bad. A stray volume of Tacitus is beside the last Italian opera—the new *Racing Calendar* is carelessly tossed over his old Eton copy of Thucydides. His valet brings in more letters to him, in addition to the unopened pile already on the table, and we can see that the sight of all that he has to read daunts the man of ease. The variety of his life is attested by the superscriptions of his letters. Here is the formal clerky hand of a money-lending usurer. There is a trumpery letter from a tuft-hunting democrat, proud of writing "My dear sir" to the nephew of the Duke of Richmond. He takes up a long packet with "E. B." in the corner. It is a prolix MS., written in a tremulous hurried hand, with copious interlineations. But the morning is too oppressive to begin with poring over politics, and that dirty vile scrawl on yon crumpled paper, with news about "Seagull" from the famed Sam Chifney, arrests his eyes. The political MS. is crumpled into a drawer, and while our statesman, with something like bustling activity, makes fresh notes in his betting-book, there is ushered in one of his dearest friends. It is Fitzpatrick, a dandy of the eighteenth century, an Irish humorist with some Parisian grace and something of a military carriage. He is prematurely haggard and careworn from the campaigns of pleasure, and his conversation, neither edifying nor instructive, is vastly amusing. And while the two friends are confidentially discussing of their common affairs, for they are deep in each other's secrets, pleasant noise of laughter is heard on the stairs, and the swarthy face of Fox is gladdened as his dear and sprightly Jack Townshend comes in along with the "Hare of many friends." What jokes! what mirth! what capital sayings, sparkle, flash, and fly about that little shabby drawing-room! It is brilliant with hues of fancy and humour. And Fox himself—with what an easy delighted air he enjoys the banter and good humour of his companions! The names of the gifted and the beautiful are mentioned, and he tears open his invitations to the various scenes of gaiety and joy where his presence is persuasively bidden in the autographs of the fashionable rulers of the age. Well, our statesman leads a pleasant life, and who would say that politics are a grave pursuit? Ay, or a great one?

A GAMBLING HELL OF THE OLDEN TIMES.

The summer morning has dawned, and the early market-gardeners are coming into town. The eastern sky is streaked with the rising sun, and the cool air is refreshing after the heated supper-room. For the ten-thousandth time the contrast between the calm beauty of nature and the stir and noise of feverish passing life comes upon us, and the heart is touched. But as we are passing down this narrow street leading from Jermyn Street, what noise is that? Ha! there is a riot in yonder house, and the door is suddenly opened, and a couple of fellows looking like bandits in servants' livery kick out into the street, amid profuse imprecations, a cheating blackleg. Yes, it is a gaming-house.

Ascend the stairs, walk into the second-floor chamber, and look upon the horrid scene.

Yon Jew from Amsterdam is a gamester noted through Europe. Near him is an Irish peer, staking the remains of his rack-rents.

There sits Lord Egremont, who thinks the whole set around a pack of pickpockets; that fine young man with frenzy in his face, flushed with feverish rage, is a prince of the blood royal—the Duke of York. And there is Fitzpatrick, exhausted in body and excited in mind—and, oh, shame!—there is that Fox on whose burning words the senate lately hung enraptured! There is that Fox from whose lips we heard the words of virtue, the precepts of the purest morality, and the flattering accents of enthusiastic philanthropy; see him now, half maddened with the *auri sacra fames.* See the gnawing misery in his haggard features, and hear him—but no! We cannot look on.

The hero of our idolatry has fallen to a man. Our dream of a philanthropic demigod vanishes. We will not wait to see the ruined gambler stagger home to his lodgings where we found him last noon; our feelings are revolted. We have for a moment no patience with a whining sentimentalist who would cry, "Alas! poor human nature!"

WILLIAM PITT.

And now he is again at the Treasury. He gives a look at his office-book, and observes the number of interviews with all manner of people that he has appointed for this day. While looking over it he utters a regret that he has not Pretyman still for private secretary; and while he is making a note in comes William Grenville with a hurried letter from Dr. Willis, from Windsor, written in a more sanguine mood about the king; and their colloquy is interrupted by Dundas, who talks at once of more "ratting" amongst their supporters, but says the Scotch members will be faithful. "I wish we could say the same of 'more important people,'" said Pitt; "for example, Thurlow." The word has scarcely left his lips when the chancellor is announced, and Dundas mutters a Scotch saying in which "the deil" is all that is heard, and soon after Pitt is closeted with one who looks black and bold enough to make us think again of Dundas's proverb. He is indeed "the black-browed phantom" that he was described by Burke, and Pitt thinks of Fox's witty saying that "there never was any man so wise as Thurlow 'looked.'" But calmly and proudly Pitt looks down upon the arch-schemer, while the deep intriguer tries to hide his heart from that penetrating gaze.

Well, they have not broken with each other yet. Thurlow has come to talk about the Irish chancellorship, for Lord Lifford has resigned at last, and Fitzgibbon wants to get it. In a few minutes he departs, and Pitt is forced to select from his crowded antechamber what persons he will see. The first he names is "Bob Smith"—Phœbus! what a name! He is quite a pet of the great statesman, and like most of his favourites he comes from the city—a banker, still residing east of Temple-Bar, but shortly to emerge into a splendid mansion in the Green Park, and wear the sparkling coronet of "Carrington." And next he sees the Irish Fitzgibbon—small in stature, but great in audacity of design—a provincial Thurlow, as towering in arrogance as his English prototype—yet Pitt likes his clear intellect and his ready comprehension of the minister's imperializing views. Then come the thronging deputations from the city—West Indian planters raising an alarm about Wilberforce's plans for abolition, and East Indian merchants with talk about shipping, voyaging, cargoes, excise, Eastern possessions, and all the perplexed business matter on which Pitt's mind rejoices to exercise itself. He is quite happy listening to all their statements: his intuitively logical intellect grasps the relations of their facts to that scheme of commercial empire which is ever and anon recurring to his great teeming brain. Yet he listens without emotion while he is told of the city project of yesterday to purchase him an annuity of three thousand a year in case he should be driven from power.

A SPEECH OF MR. GLADSTONE.

It was two hours past midnight, and the house was eager to divide. If the orator who had just sat down had spoken under circumstances calculated to dishearten, the orator who had arisen had the difficulties to contend with of an audience at once excited and jaded, and the advanced period of the debate. Disregarding the signs of impatience in his hearers, Mr. Gladstone rapidly and artfully wound himself into the ear of the Commons. Roused himself by the great effort of his adversary, he strained his powers to the uttermost, and became grand with natural passion. For two hours he enchained the attention of that audience, and with masterly art he vindicated the policy of Free-trade, and inveighed against the Protectionists. Nor was there any other debater than Mr. Gladstone who possessed the union of financial knowledge, readiness of logic, and rare parliamentary eloquence requisite for replying to Mr. Disraeli on that eventful night. This was the greatest success as a speaker ever attained by him, and was in itself enough to stamp his name in the annals of parliament. It was indeed a curious circumstance, that on that night both Protectionists and Free-traders were satisfied with the efforts made by the two parliamentary debaters who had wound up the prolonged struggle with so splendid a display of personal prowess. Here were two men, who had in the last and crowning debate of a parliamentary campaign, publicly carried the palm of superior eloquence from a host of emulous rivals. One was the son of a Liverpool merchant who had risen from being a small shopkeeper—the other had fought his own way to reputation and power by pen and tongue. Neither belonged to the "great families" of England, neither had the *prestige* of traditions and territorial sway. Each owed his political power and his personal ascendency in the senate to his own genius.

JAMES WILLS, D.D.

Born 1790 — Died 1868.

[This poet and biographer was born in co. Roscommon, on Jan. 1, 1790. In 1809 he entered Trinity College, Dublin, from whence, after passing through the usual course, he was sent to London in order to study law in the Middle Temple. Subsequently, however, he changed his intention, and entered the Church. Being instituted to a sinecure vicarage, he resided for some time in Dublin, and contributed many papers to *Blackwood's Magazine.* In 1822 he became editor of the *Dublin University Magazine.* He also wrote frequently in *The Dublin Penny Journal*, and in conjunction with the Rev. Cæsar Otway started *The Irish Quarterly Review.* In 1838 he resigned the editorship of *The University Magazine.* The work with which his name is most intimately associated is *The Irish Nation, its History and Biography.* It contains 513 biographies of the greatest Irishmen, and is arranged in political, ecclesiastical, literary, and scientific divisions, the history of the nation being to a great extent embodied in the biographies. Each division is prefixed by an illustrative dissertation. Lord-chancellor Ball says of this magnificent production that "calm judgment, subtle analysis of the motives, and the external developments of every age, a philosophical freedom from passion and prejudice, rarely attained and still more rarely combined with a firm adherence to right principles, are especially observable." The *Dublin University Magazine* thus speaks of it:—"A better or more interesting work of the kind, we are bound to say, has not for years issued from the press. It would be an insult to the author to attempt any comparison between its merits and the similar collections of Scottish and English biographies, which it resembles in plan and appearance, and by which it was suggested. For the honour of our national spirit we hope, though the book be published in Ireland, and though it records the lives and fortunes of Irishmen, that, at least among his own countrymen, Mr. Wills may not find the curse of Swift upon him—to be an Irishman and a man of genius." The book Dr. Wills did not live to complete, and the half-finished task was taken up and ably continued by Mr. Freeman Wills. In 1855 Dr. Wills was appointed Donnellan lecturer to the Dublin University, in which capacity he attracted great notice by his course of lectures on *The Antecedent Probabilities of Christianity.* Another work of Dr. Wills appeared, by Maturin's request, under Maturin's name. This was the poem *The Universe*, to which Moore, among others, gave high praise. His papers on *The Spontaneous Association of Ideas,* read before the Royal Irish Academy, show his wonderful powers of metaphysical analysis. Dr. Wills resided for some years in the parish of Kilmacow, near Waterford; but in 1860 the living of Attanagh was given to him, and here he lived until his death in November, 1868.

We feel bound to acknowledge that the great work of Dr. and Mr. F. Wills has been of much assistance to us in compiling these volumes. It is distinguished from most volumes on Irish subjects by an evident attempt to deal impartially with all classes and men. With permission of the publishers, Messrs. A. Fullarton & Co. of Edinburgh, we give an extract from an early part of the work.]

THE LAST DAYS OF RED HUGH.

(FROM "THE IRISH NATION.")

It was in the month of October that events occurred, which at first promising a favourable turn to the affairs of O'Donnell, ended in their total ruin. A Spanish fleet arrived in the harbour of Kinsale; this event broke up all minor plans, and brought the two great leaders of the Irish, O'Donnell and O'Neill, with their whole forces, to meet and join their allies. It also caused a powerful concentration of the English under the lord-deputy and president, to the amount of 7600 men. The Spaniards were 4000, under the command of Don Juan D'Aguila. The Irish force cannot, with any tolerable certainty, be stated, but may be reasonably rated at many thousands. All circumstances had for a considerable time favoured the military improvement of the Irish. They had, according to the statements of the Irish biographer, received arms for upwards of 20,000 men, besides the large supplies taken in plunder, and not numerically stated. A great part of the money sent over from England came by the same course of traffic into their hands, and the English possessed resources far inferior to those they thus obtained. It was, indeed, to meet the disadvantage arising from the Irish being thus enabled to purchase all they wanted in Spain, that the English cabinet adopted the unsafe expedient of a debased coinage, by which the currency might be confined to the country.

As this great struggle, which terminated the insurrection of O'Donnell, O'Neill, and the other chiefs who were leagued with them, at this period belongs more appropriately to the life of Tyrone, in which we have had occasion to bring forward in detail a fuller view of various concurrent events, we shall here confine ourselves as nearly as we can to those particular incidents in which O'Donnell was more immediately a party.

The Spanish took possession of Kinsale and Rin Corran, being the main places of strength on either side of the harbour of Kinsale. They were deprived of Rin Corran, and Kinsale was closely besieged by the lord-deputy. On the 7th of November the lord-deputy, having intelligence that O'Donnell was approaching, as was also Tyrone, called a council, in which it was agreed to send the lord-president Carew and Sir Charles Wilmot with their regiments, amounting to a thousand men, with two hundred and fifty horse, to meet O'Donnell—a force which the Irish biographer, with the exaggeration of party feeling, and a very excusable ignorance of the fact, states as 4000 men.

O'Donnell was waiting near Holy Cross, in Tipperary, for the Earl of Tyrone; his camp was strongly fortified by the strong fastnesses of wood and bog, which he had secured by plashing on every side: so that no immediate assault was practicable by the English party. These in the meantime were strengthened by a regiment of foot and a few horse under Sir Christopher St. Lawrence. It was not the object of O'Donnell to risk a premature conflict with this detached body before he could effect a junction with his allies; and he very wisely determined to avoid an encounter. It was still less desirable to be cooped up within his entrenchments. He escaped by a combination of good fortune with that skill in marches which throughout appears to have been a conspicuous part of his tactics. The nearest available way through which his army could pass was twenty miles distant, near the abbey of Ownhy. This way was intercepted by the English. The only passage besides, lay through the heights and passes of the mountain Slewphelim; these were rendered impracticable by recent rains that flooded the numerous bogs and marshes which obstructed the mountain and rendered the acclivity in every part miry and slippery, so that no army could pass without leaving their entire *matêriel* behind them. A sudden frost consolidated the marshy surface; and O'Donnell, at once seizing the occasion, led his troops over a path entirely impervious on the preceding nightfall. The English lay about four miles from the Irish camp, and ere long were apprised of the enemy's movement; and about four hours before dawn they began to pursue, still hoping to intercept O'Donnell before he could reach the pass. They reached the abbey by eleven in the forenoon, and heard that he had been there before them, and had hastened on to a house of the Countess of Kildare, called Crom, his whole march being thirty-two miles. The president pushed on to Kilmallock; but before he could reach Crom, O'Donnell had departed with all his men to Conneloghe. The president on this concluded the pursuit hopeless, and returned to Kinsale. O'Donnell, following a circuitous and difficult path, at last joined the Spaniards at Castlehaven.[1]

Between the English and the Spanish in Kinsale many fierce encounters had taken place, hereafter to be described; and each had been strengthened by strong reinforcements. When O'Donnell and Tyrone were come up they received a letter from Don Juan, strongly urging an immediate attack on the English;—he informed them that the English had not men enough to defend the third part of the entrenchments, and that if their first fury were resisted all would end well.

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[1] Sir W. Betham.

On the receipt of this letter O'Donnell and Tyrone held a council, in which the manuscript biographer of O'Donnell affirms that they disagreed: O'Donnell urging an attack, and O'Neill opposing this advice. O'Donnell prevailed; but the manuscript mentions that the consequence was a quarrel between them, fatal to their cause; for neither chief giving way, after a night of warm dispute they separated in the morning, and each party came separately before the English at daybreak.[1]

It will here be enough to state that they were attacked by the lord-deputy with 1100 men; and that they were routed with desperate slaughter, leaving 1200 dead on the field, with 800 wounded. This battle was fought within a mile of Kinsale, and terminated the insurrection of O'Neill and O'Donnell. The Spanish treated for their surrender; and the Irish, it is said, disputed for several days on the proposal of another battle. Pacific resolutions prevailed, though the consultation wanted little of the violence of a fight.

O'Donnell, still bent on maintaining the struggle to which his life had been dedicated, embarked with Don Juan for Spain from Castlehaven on the 6th of January, 1602, and landed at Corunna on the 16th of the same month. The king was at the time on a progress through his dominions, and O'Donnell repaired to him at Zamora in Castile. He was received kindly by Philip, who listened with the appearance at least of generous sympathy to his complaints against their common enemy. He was promised every assistance of men and means, and desired to wait in Corunna. O'Donnell returned to Corunna, and for eight or nine tedious months suffered the penalties which but too frequently await those who put their trust in princes. The spring passed away in eager hope;—summer still smiled on the lingering day of sickening expectation. When autumn came the impatience of the fervid son of Tyrconnel had risen to its height. O'Donnell could rest no longer—it is, indeed, likely enough, that he was forgotten—he again resolved to visit the king; and set out on his way to Valladolid, where he kept his court, but did not reach the end of his journey. At Simancas, within two leagues of Valladolid, he fell sick, and died, 10th September, 1602. O'Donnell was thus cut off in his twenty-ninth year; having in the course of a few years, by his activity and the ascendency of a vigorous understanding and decisive mind, done more to make his countrymen formidable in the field than the whole unremitting fierceness and resistance of the four previous centuries had effected. He was prompt to seize every advantage, and cautious to avoid collisions to which he was unequal. He kept his people employed and brought their faculties into training while he accumulated arms and the means of war. Had he been allowed to persist a few years longer in that course of which his faithful secretary affords us many graphic views—acquiring ascendency and wealth, spoiling the chiefs who held out against him, and recompensing with the spoil those who were his allies; exercising his troops without loss or risk, while he slowly concentrated the mind and force of the country under a common leader—it is hard to say what might be the limit of the achievements of his maturer years. Far inferior in power, experience, and subtlety to the Earl of Tyrone, it is yet remarkable how early he began to take the lead on those occasions in which their personal qualities alone were brought into collision. On such occasions the temporizing temper of the earl seems ever to have given way before the frank resolution of Red Hugh. O'Donnell, of all the Irishmen of his day, seems to have been actuated by a purpose independent of self-interest; and though much of this is to be traced to a sense of injury and the thirst of a vindictive spirit, strongly impressed at an early age, and cherished for many years of suffering, so as to amount to an education; yet in the mingled motives of the human breast it may be allowed that his hatred to the English was tempered and dignified with the desire to vindicate the honour and freedom of his country. And if we look to the fickleness, venality, suppleness, and want of truth which prominently characterize the best of his allies in the strife—their readiness to submit and to rebel—O'Donnell's steady and unbending zeal, patience, caution, firmness, tenacity of purpose, steady consistency, and indefatigable energy may bear an honourable comparison with the virtues of any other illustrious leader of his time.

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[1] Sir W. Betham.

JOHN D'ALTON.

BORN 1792 — DIED 1867.

[John D'Alton, poet, historian, and antiquarian, was born at Bessville, Westmeath, in 1792. Having graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, he was in 1813 called to the bar. With a strong literary turn, and familiar with the Irish language, he devoted part of his time to the production of admirable English translations from Erin's ancient bards. A number of these translations are preserved in *Hardiman's Minstrelsy.* In 1814 he published *Dermid, or Erin in the Days of Boroimhe*—a metrical romance in twelve cantos, in which a remarkable familiarity is displayed with the manners and customs of the period poetically portrayed. In 1835 Mr. D'Alton was appointed commissioner of the Loan Fund Board in Dublin, and the ease and security derived from a settled position enabled him to devote himself more ardently than ever to the study of Irish antiquities and archæology. His valuable works, *Annals of Boyle*, *History of County Dublin*, *King James the Second's Army List*, and *The Memoirs of the Archbishops of Dublin*, published in succession, form a noteworthy addition to Irish literature. For years he was a contributor to *The Gentleman's Magazine*, and his essay on *The Social and Political State of Ireland from the First to the Twelfth Century*, obtained the highest prize of the Royal Irish Academy and the Cunningham gold medal. *The History of Drogheda* next appeared, and in 1861 *The History of Dundalk*, written in conjunction with Mr. J. R. O'Flanagan, M.R.I.A.

Mr. D'Alton passed his life in Dublin, only leaving it for an occasional tour in England and Wales. He died in Dublin, 20th January, 1867.]

THE WORLD OF YEARS LONG PAST.

Whither have fled the happy days,
When love—when friendship warmed my soul?
Dear years of early happiness!
To what Elysium do you roll?
Are you beyond the world of death?
Oh! tell me, thou! some guardian power!
I'll prize the mystic welcome path
That leads me to their joys once more.

Oh! bring me to those genial climes,
Where bursts from earth the setting day!
There is the reign of happier times,
The world of years long past away
There early friends, whose memory dear
Lives only now in sorrow's heart,
Though long—too long divided here,
Shall meet—and never more to part!

OH! ERIN!

Oh! Erin! in thine hour of need
Thy warriors wander o'er the earth;
For others' liberties they bleed,
Nor guard the land that gave them birth:
In foreign fields, it is their doom
To seek—their fame,—to find—their tomb.

For them no friend of early days
A tear of kindred grief shall shed:
Nor maiden's prayer, nor minstrel's lays,
Shall hallow their neglected bed.
They sleep beneath the silent stone,
To country lost—to fame unknown.

THE FAIR HILLS OF IRELAND.

FROM THE IRISH.

Erin's the land of hospitable cheer,
The day I left her was a day of woe;
There golden plenty crowns the labourer's year,
And shadowy glens with balmy honey flow.
Fair are her woodland paths and murmuring rills,
Sweet is the stream that from each rock distils,
Bright are the dew-drops glistening on her hills,
Land of my heart! *O uileacan dubh O!*[1]

Mark her thronged exiles, lingering on their decks,
Their eyes still kindling with the hero's glow;
The glossy ringlets curling down their necks,
Have wrung reluctant praises from the foe.
Land of Gadelians! region of delight!
Years shall not hold me from thy genial sight;
Though rich and great the country of my flight,
I sigh for Erin, *uileacan dubh O!*

Sweetly her new-mown meadows scent the gales,
Large are the corn-ricks her full barns can show;
Happy the herds, that through her dewy vales
And clover pastures linger, blithe and slow:

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[1] Darkly sorrowful.

Sorrel and cresses each fond stream delay;
Cuckoos their notes of love speak all the day;
While thrushes pour forth from each quivering spray
  Their warbling songs, *O uileacan dubh O!*

LAURENCE O'TOOLE.

(FROM "ARCHBISHOPS OF DUBLIN."[1])

Laurence O'Toole, the truly illustrious individual who succeeded to this high preferment [the archbishopric], was the youngest son of the hereditary lord or petty prince of the territory of Imaile, the head of one of the septs eligible to the kingdom of Leinster, and which maintained the privilege of electing the bishops and abbots of Glendalough, even for centuries after that see was *de jure* united to that of Dublin. His father's principality was situated in the district of Wicklow, to which he was also attached in the maternal line, his mother having been of the O'Byrnes, a family equally revered in the memory of their countrymen. In the depth of the romantic "valley of the two lakes," which gave name to the see of Glendalough, and where the ruins of its little city and cathedral are still traceable, there was, at this period, one of those schools for which Ireland was justly celebrated, and within its walls the pious Laurence imbibed the rudiments of his education and the principles of his religion. At the early age of ten his acquirements elevated him considerably above the ordinary class of his contemporaries, and the infant ardour of his patriotism so manifested itself, that when at that period his father participated in the oppressive hostilities with which Dermot Mac Murrough visited the most worthy of the chieftains of Leinster, the heartless tyrant could only be induced to avert the worst inflictions of his cruel power on receiving as a hostage from the father's hands the son of his heart and hopes.

No sooner had Dermot possessed himself of this already celebrated boy, than he subjected him to the first lessons of the persecution he was fated to endure, and with a fiendish cruelty, in thorough consistence with the character which even his Welsh allies afterwards attributed to him, he is said to have confined his victim in a barren, unsheltered spot, and only allowed him such a quality and quantity of food as might preserve an existence for tyranny to excruciate. The distracted parent, when he heard of his son's sufferings, knowing that entreaty would be responded with mockery and increased barbarity, by some successful sally from his mountain holds captured twelve of Mac Murrough's soldiers, whom he threatened instantly to immolate unless his son was restored to his home. The threat was effective, and in the valley of Glendalough Laurence was once more received in a father's embrace. The secluded and melancholy appearance of this scene, surrounded as it is by almost perpendicular mountains on all sides but the east, where alone it opens like a vast temple of nature to the rising day, early marked it as the more peculiar retreat of holiness, and must have greatly influenced the determination of the redeemed boy, who thereupon again applied himself to his studies in the place where his rudiments were imbibed, and, ultimately resigning the prospects of his birth and inheritance, devoted his great talents to the service of religion, and exhibited such eminent proofs of his knowledge, devotion, purity, and high morality, that, in the twenty-fifth year of his age, at the importunity of the clergy and people of the district, he was advanced to preside over that abbey, whose ruins still affect the observer with inexpressible reverence, and if not forming the most imposing feature at Glendalough, at least powerfully deepen its interest. His charity to the poor at this time is much commemorated, especially during a period of remarkable scarcity which miserably afflicted that part of the country during four successive years; nor is it to be overlooked that by the rectitude of his conduct throughout this interval of his life he confounded the efforts of calumny, and, by the firm but merciful superintendence of the district under his charge, converted it from a wicked waste to moral cultivation. The result was to himself as might be expected, and when the bishop of the see, Gilda na Naomh, died, Laurence was at once selected by a grateful people to fill the vacant dignity. He, however, utterly declined this honour, wisely and prudently excusing himself by reason of the fewness of his years. Providence reserved him for a more exalted and useful sphere of action, and on the death of Gregory, Archbishop of Dublin, which soon afterwards occurred, he was elected the successor; a promotion which he would also have declined, but was ultimately induced to accept, by earnest representations of the good he might thus effectuate. He was, accordingly, consecrated in Christ Church, Dublin, in 1162, by Gelasius,

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[1] By permission of Messrs. Hodges and Foster, Dublin.

Archbishop of Armagh, assisted by many bishops, the people offering up the thanksgivings of their hearts, and from that period the custom of sending the bishops of the Irish cities which the Danes had occupied to Canterbury for consecration was utterly discontinued.

In the following year Archbishop O'Toole engaged the secular clergy of his cathedral of the Holy Trinity to receive the rule of the regular canons of Aroasia, an abbey which was founded in the diocese of Arras about eighty years previously, and had acquired such a reputation for sanctity and exemplary discipline that it became the head or mother church of a numerous congregation. The better to recommend this change the archbishop himself assumed the habit of that order, which he thenceforth always wore under his pontifical attire, and equally submitted himself to their mortifications and rules of living. Although he studiously avoided all popular applause, yet his continued charity to the poor could not be concealed. He caused every day sometimes sixty, sometimes forty paupers to be fed in his presence, besides many whom he otherwise relieved; he entertained the rich with suitable splendour, yet never himself tasted the luxuries of the table, and as frequently as his duties would permit retreated to the scene of his early sanctity, where in the cave still shown as the labour of St. Kevin's self-inflictions, removed from human intercourse, he indulged himself in holy thinkings.

In 1167 he assisted at the council which King Roderic convened at Athboy, and which, in the mixed grades of those who attended it, greatly resembled a Saxon wittenagemote. . . . The political object of this assembly was to obtain more indisputable acknowledgments of the sovereignty of Roderic, and to calculate what aid and support he might expect in case of the then expected invasion of Dermot Mac Murrough's auxiliaries. The council did not, however, separate without passing many good ordinances, touching the privileges of churches and clergy, and the regulation of public morality and religious discipline. Archbishop Laurence also presided as legate at a clerical convocation held at Clonfert in 1170 by commission from the pope.

Upon the first invasion of the Welsh adventurers he adhered firmly to the independence of his country, and encouraged the inhabitants of Dublin to a vigorous defence against the invaders; they, however, daunted by the martial appearance and disciplined array of Strongbow's forces before their walls, entreated the prelate rather to become the mediator of a peace, to effectuate which he passed out into the lines of the besiegers; but while the terms of surrender were yet under discussion, Raymond le Gros and Milo de Cogan, with a party of young and fiery spirits, scaled the walls, and at once possessed themselves of the city with frightful carnage. The charity of Archbishop O'Toole was eminently exercised on this occasion. At the hazard of his life he traversed the streets of the metropolis, protesting against the ruin he could not control; snatching the panting bodies from the grasp of the invader, he administered to the dying the last consolations of religion, to the dead the hasty service of a grave, and to the wants and wounds of the wretched survivors all that their necessities could require or his means afford.

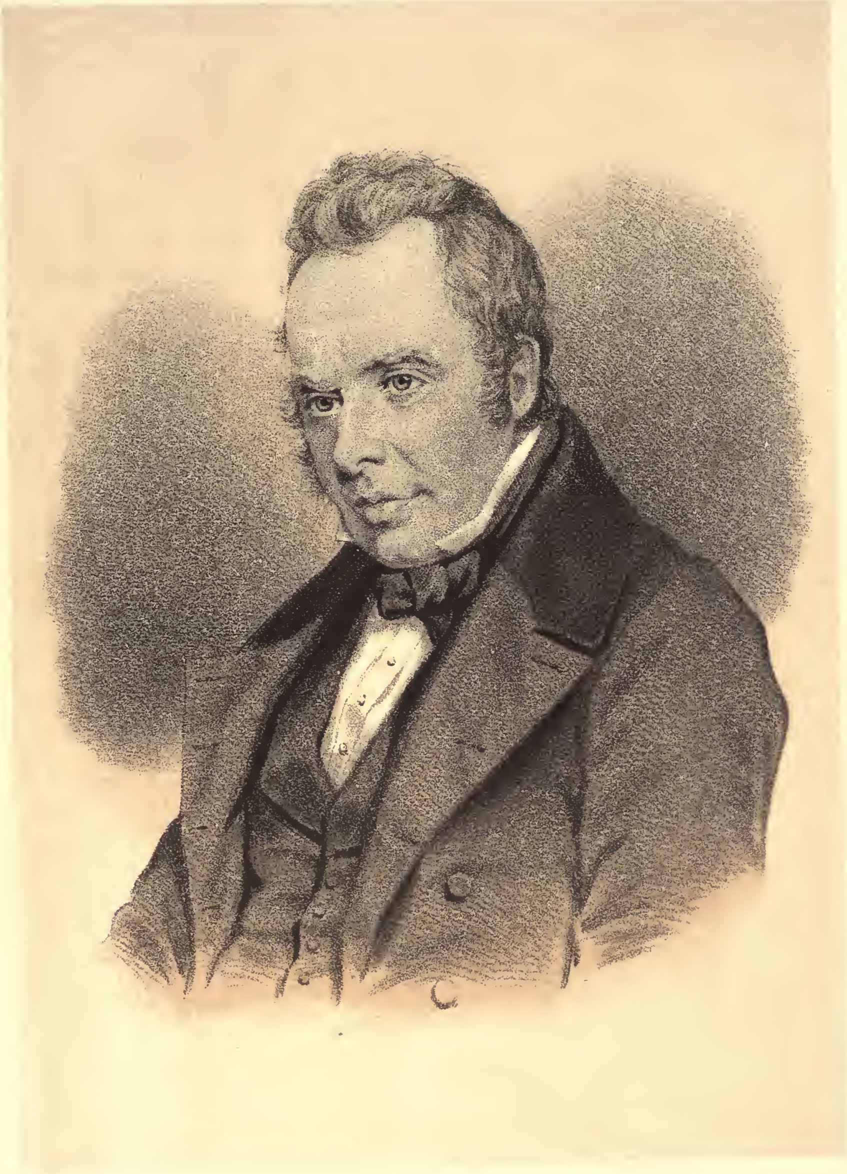
WILLIAM CARLETON.

Born 1794 — Died 1869.

[William Carleton—the "Walter Scott of Ireland," as he was not unjustly called by O'Connell—was born at Prillisk, county Tyrone, in 1794. Several writers have placed his birth four years later; but the earlier date is the correct one. He was the youngest of fourteen children. His parents were in very humble circumstances; for they had to support themselves and their large family on a farm of but fourteen acres. Carleton, in fact, was born a peasant. His parents, however, though thus poor in material gifts, appear to have been rich in intellectual endowment, and to their early influence Carleton owed much of his after success. He himself has drawn the portraits of his father and mother; and though we may see the partiality of filial affection in the pictures, they bear, at the same time, the proof of fidelity to truth. "My father," he says, "possessed a memory not merely great or surprising, but absolutely astonishing. He could repeat nearly the whole of the Old and New Testament by heart, and was, besides, a living index to almost every chapter and verse you might wish to find in it. . . . As a teller of old tales, legends, and historical anecdotes he was unrivalled, and his stock of them was inexhaustible. He spoke the Irish and English languages with nearly equal fluency. With all kinds of charms, old *ranns* or poems, old prophecies, religious superstitions, tales of pilgrims, miracles, and pilgrimages, anecdotes of blessed priests and friars, revelations from ghosts and fairies, was he thoroughly acquainted. And so strongly were all these impressed upon my mind, by frequent repetition on his part, and the indescribable delight they gave me on mine, that I have hardly ever since heard, during a tolerably enlarged intercourse with Irish society, both educated and uneducated—with the antiquary, the scholar, or the humble mechanic—any single tradition, usage, or legend that, as far as I can at present recollect, was perfectly new to me or unheard before in some similar or cognate dress."

This vast fund of information which the one parent placed at the disposal of Carleton, would, however, have been of little use if he had not had the imagination to fashion it into form: that imaginative power he received from his mother. "My mother," wrote Carleton, ". . . possessed the sweetest and most exquisite of human voices. In her early life, I have often been told by those who have heard her sing, that any previous intimation of her presence at a wake, a dance, or other festive occasion, was sure to attract crowds of persons, many from a distance of several miles, in order to hear from her lips the touching old airs of her country. No sooner was it known that she would attend any such meeting than the fact spread through the neighbourhood like wildfire, and the people flocked from all parts to hear her, just as the fashionable world do now when the name of some eminent songstress is announced in the papers, with this difference, that upon such occasions the voice of the one falls only upon the ear, whilst that of the other sinks deeply into the heart." "This gift of singing," he goes on, "with such sweetness and power the old sacred songs and airs of Ireland, was not the only one for which she was remarkable. Perhaps there never lived a human being capable of giving the Irish cry, or *keene*, with such exquisite effect, or of pouring into its wild notes a spirit of such irresistible pathos and sorrow. I have often been present when she has 'raised the keene' over the corpse of some relative or neighbour, and my readers may judge of the melancholy charm which accompanied this expression of her sympathy when I assure them that the general clamour of violent grief was gradually diminished, from admiration, until it became ultimately hushed, and no voice was heard but her own wailing in sorrowful but solitary beauty. This pause, it is true, was never long, for however great the admiration might be which she excited, the hearts of those who heard her soon melted, and even strangers were often forced to confess her influence by the tears which she caused them to shed for those whose deaths could, otherwise, in no other way have affected them."

The life which Carleton led in his boyhood was also eminently calculated to fit him to be the historian of the lives, thoughts, and feelings of the Irish peasant. His early education was very desultory, for he had no other teacher than the master of the hedge-school; and those men were of such erratic habits that their stay in any locality was uncertain. Among his earliest instructors was a Connaught man, named Pat Frayne, who stood for the portrait of "Mat Kavanagh" in the tale of "The Hedge-school." He also attended the school of a classical teacher at Tulnavert, whose name he does not give. He was really happy in his master when he was placed under the care of the Rev. Dr. Keenan, a cousin of his, who kept a school at Glasslough. Under the care of his kinsman the young fellow was making considerable progress, especially in the classics; but, unfortunately, Dr. Keenan removed to Dundalk, and Carleton had to return to home and idleness. As he was intended for the Church by his relatives, he was exempted from any share with the rest of the family in the labours of the field. The problem of getting the education necessary for entrance into Maynooth was, by the departure of Dr. Keenan, once again presented to the minds of the parents, and they resolved to resort to the expedient which in those days was still one of the commonest habits of the country. They determined that their son should go as a "poor scholar" to Munster—the land of learning for many centuries in Ireland. The youth set out on his travels, but they were brought to an abrupt conclusion by a curious and characteristic circumstance. Exhausted by fatigue, still heavy with the sorrow of leaving home and relatives, and timorous as to the uncertain future, the lad in his sleep was visited by an ominous dream,



WILLIAM CARLETON.

FROM THE DRAWING BY C. GREY R.H.A.

BLACKIE & SON, LONDON, GLASGOW, EDINBURGH & DUBLIN.

and without more ado returned from Granard, which he had then reached, to his native Tyrone.

The two years that followed were spent, partly in desultory reading, and partly in such amusements as the country side afforded. Among the books which Carleton read, that which produced the deepest impression on his mind was *Gil Blas;* and it was probably the perusal of the adventurous career of Le Sage's immortal hero that prompted Carleton to long for contact with the world. Soon after, at all events, he sought and obtained through the influence of a clergyman—the nephew of his parish priest—a situation as tutor in the family of Piers Murphy, a well-to-do farmer in county Louth. After some time spent in this employment he was again seized by the desire for a more exciting existence and a more conspicuous stage; and in search of fortune he started for Dublin, arriving there with the sum of two shillings and ninepence in his pocket. The metropolis gave him but a grim welcome; and for some time he went about vainly seeking for every and any sort of employment. One anecdote of many to illustrate this period of his career. A bird-stuffer is in want of an assistant, and young Carleton, ready for anything, offers himself for the vacant post. He is asked what he proposed to stuff birds with, and his reply is "potatoes and meal." At last he determined to resort to the last desperate remedy of the unfortunate—he resolved to enlist; previously, however, after the manner of the English poet Coleridge, addressing a letter, in tolerably good Latin, to the colonel of the regiment he proposed to join. From that gentleman he received a kind reply and a remittance, which diverted him from his purpose; and soon after he managed to obtain some tutorships: it was while thus employed he met the lady whom he afterwards married.

Among the acquaintances with whom he was brought in contact in his new occupation was the Rev. Cæsar Otway, an accomplished Protestant clergyman, who was then joint-editor of a Dublin periodical, *The Christian Examiner*. Mr. Otway had recently written a work in which there was a description of Lough Derg. In his boyhood Carleton had made a pilgrimage to this same historic spot; and as he was detailing his adventures Mr. Otway interrupted him with the natural suggestion that he should commit them to paper. Carleton modestly promised to "try." The sketch was written, approved, printed in *The Christian Examiner*, and so Carleton made his entrance into the world of literature. At the end of two years he had contributed about thirty sketches to the same periodical; they were collected in a volume, and published under the title *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*. This was in 1830, and Carleton had accordingly reached his thirty-sixth year when his first book was published. The success of the volume was great and immediate: in the course of three years it had run through several editions. A second series appeared in 1833, and the next year came yet another volume entitled *Tales of Ireland*. On the whole those early stories of Carleton are perhaps the best he ever wrote; indeed, in perfect fidelity to Irish life, in their delineation of the broad humour and the profound sorrow of Irishmen and Irishwomen, they are probably unequalled by the productions of any other pen, Irish or foreign. Many of the tales contain glimpses of Carleton's own feelings and personal experience. In "The Hedge-school"—as we have already stated—he draws a picture of the schools and the teachers of his own boyhood; in "Denis O'Shaughnessy going to Maynooth" he describes himself, when he was still filled with the desire of becoming a priest; and in "The Poor Scholar" we have a description, partly of the adventures he had, partly of those he might have encountered, when his parents resolved to send him from home to be taught in the educated province. Perhaps the last-mentioned tale is the finest in the whole series. In it we have a description of the tenderest and best feelings of the Irish heart; the touching attachment of parents to children, and of children to parents; the love of learning, the readiness of sympathy for each other among the poor; the hospitality and the general kindliness of the people. Many of the incidents in the story are conceived in the spirit of the truest pathos; and the happy ending to the many sorrows of the "Poor Scholar," and of his much-tried parents, can be read by few without feeling the breath come quicker, and the eye grow dim.

The "Poor Scholar" is a picture of the domestic and more tranquil feelings; but the "Traits" are, besides, full of pictures of the darkest national passions. "Donagh, or the Horse-stealers," presents a thrilling portrait of the effect of superstition on a criminal nature; "The Party Fight" portrays the fierce animosities which religious and political differences can excite among the ignorant; and in "The Lianhan-shee" there is a fine description of the struggle of a tortured and fanatic conscience. Finally, there are stories in those first volumes of Carleton, in which he turns to lighter and more joyous scenes; and some of the tales are as fine specimens of the broadest farce as others are of the deepest pathos. In "The Hedge-school" and "Denis O'Shaughnessy," the pretentious and sesquipedalian harangues in which the old classical masters used to indulge, cannot be read without aching sides; and the story of "Phelim O'Toole's Courtship" is told with exhaustless humour. So far for the *Traits;* the chief story in the *Tales* is "The Dream of a Broken Heart," which has been well described as "one of the purest and noblest stories in our literature." Up to this time Carleton had not ventured beyond a series of short flights: his tales were nearly all brief and unconnected with each other; and there was the natural impression that he was incapable of writing anything like the ordinary novel, of considerable length, with a well-conceived and well worked-out plot. His answer to these objections was the production in 1839 of *Fardorougha the Miser.*

This work met the demand for a regular tale; but this was the least of its merits. It is one of the most powerful and moving works ever written; indeed, its fault is that it harrows the feelings overmuch by its realistic pictures of scenes of tragic sorrow. The central figure is Fardorougha, a man whose whole soul is divided between the absorbing passion for money and an intense love for an only son; and there are scenes in which the conflict between those two strivings are depicted with a vigour that painfully excites the imagination. There are two exquisite female portraits: Honor O'Donovan, the wife of the miser, and Una O'Brien, the betrothed of his son. Of the former character Carleton's own mother was the original. The story, we may mention by the way, was dramatized by Miss Anne Jane Magrath, was produced at Calvert's Theatre, Abbey Street, Dublin, and ran for some time. The version, which was made without any previous consultation with Carleton, did not please him; and the matter led to an unpleasant correspondence. Carleton, after this, again returned to the shorter stories. Indeed, there was scarcely a period throughout his literary life when he was not engaged in writing such sketches. He has himself told us that there was no Irish publication of any importance in his time to which he did not contribute; and almost to the day of his death his pen was busy in the production of sketches. A large number of these have been republished; but for many of them the reader has to consult the pages of the magazines in which they originally appeared. In 1841 he published a series of tales, some humorous, some pathetic. The chief of the former was the sketch of "The Misfortunes of Barney Branagan," and of the latter, "The Dead Boxer." In 1845 he again ventured on an extended work of fiction, *Valentine M'Clutchy the Irish Agent, or Chronicles of the Castle Cumber Property.*

As the title suggests, the story deals with the land question. There are several fine scenes of tragic interest, but the book has not the intensity or the uniform sombreness of *The Miser.* In *Valentine M'Clutchy,* too, unlike its predecessor, the more serious passages frequently alternate with scenes of laughter and moving comedy. In the following year the work received an addition of "The Pious Aspirations of Solomon M'Slime," an attorney whose religion is that of Tartuffe. To this period also belongs *Rody the Rover, or the Ribbonman,* a description of the operations of the secret societies, which up to a recent period were so prominent a feature in the rural life of Ireland. In the year 1845, with which we are dealing, Carleton gave a striking example of the readiness with which he could, when necessary, produce work. Duffy, the well-known Dublin publisher, was then bringing out a series, under the title of "The Library of Ireland." The issue for a particular month was announced from the pen of Thomas Davis, and already sixteen pages of the story were in print. But before the tale could be completed the hand of the poet was for ever still. There remained but six days to find an author to take up the task: Carleton came forward, and in less than the appointed time had produced *Paddy-Go-Easy.* The story is a felicitous description of the happy and careless side of Irish nature, which laughs at danger, and smiles amid multitudinous difficulties.

The Black Prophet, which belongs to the year 1847, holds the same rank among his longer works as *Fardorougha.* The period chosen for the story are the years of the great famine; and the scenes in that appalling national calamity have never been more powerfully told. The weird central figure, Donnell Dhu, the "Black Prophet," is also a fine creation; and the description of him as he stands at the grave of a man he had murdered, is most graphic. His daughter Sarah is also a striking female creation, a strange combination of qualities such as are only found in the Celt—in part a Di Vernon, in part a Lady Macbeth. Another figure in this story is a miser, who takes advantage of the famine to exact exorbitant prices for his meal from the starving people; the story of his death is told with great force. About this time also appeared *The Emigrants of Ahadarra* and *Art Maguire*, the last the story of the gradual degradation by drink of a man of good inclinations and of an originally pure nature, whom a weak will and want of self-restraint lead to destruction. In 1849 was published *The Tithe Proctor*. In *The Black Baronet*, which first appeared in 1852 under the title *The Red Hall, or the Baronet's Daughter*, Carleton made the interest of his story depend more than in any of his previous works on intricacy of plot. It cannot be said that the work is wholly successful; for some of the incidents appear far-fetched, and the *dênoûment* is sensational rather than true to life. But the work has many beauties, notwithstanding this central fault. The famine is again described, but casually, and not in detail as in *The Black Prophet*. There is also a most touching picture of an evicted tenant, who, leaving the hut in which his wife lies dead, and his children are down with the fever, goes out to seek subsistence by a life of crime. In 1852 Carleton published *The Squanders of Castle Squander*, a not very happy production; and in the same year *Jane Sinclair*, *Neal Malone*, and some other of his shorter tales were republished from the periodicals in which they had originally appeared. *Willey Reilly and his Dear Coleen Bawn* (1855) is in parts weak and rather sentimental; but there are several bright bits descriptive of Irish domestic life. In 1860 was published *The Evil Eye, or the Black Spectre*, and in 1862 *Redmond Count O'Hanlon, the Irish Rapparee*. These were the last works of any considerable length which issued from his pen; but in almost every succeeding year there appeared a volume of collected sketches.

Though the pen of Carleton had been thus prolific, he was not free from the embarrassments which attend the precarious profession of authorship. His numerous friends and admirers determined to recommend him as a worthy recipient of one of those not very munificent grants which are at the disposal of the crown for the relief of literary men. Rarely did a minister receive a more imposing testimonial. Men of all parties, creeds, and ranks joined in giving it their aid. Lord Charlemont, a Protestant peer, and Mr. O'Hagan (now Lord O'Hagan), a Roman Catholic lawyer, were equally prominent in obtaining for it support; and Miss Edgeworth, who had herself spent a lifetime in the description of Irish life and character, not only gave her name to the memorial, but added that, until she had read Carleton's works, she had never really known Irish life. Lord John Russell acceded to so influentially supported a requisition, and Carleton received a pension of £200 per annum. During the latter years of his life he resided at Sandford, a suburb of Dublin. He was not left undisturbed by sorrow; two of his sons went to New Zealand, and six months before his own end a daughter, for whom he had intense affection, died. His last illness was of some duration, and on Jan. 30, 1869, he passed away. His loss was lamented with unanimity by the press of his country, who joined in recognizing him as the truest, the most powerful, and the tenderest delineator of Irish life. His *physique* was originally fine, and even in old age one could see the remains of the muscular strength that enabled him in youth to be one of the athletic champions of his district. His conversation was simple to *naïveté;* indeed, there was an ingenuousness about it which sometimes recalled the trustfulness of the period when he applied for employment to the Dublin stuffer of birds. Most of his books have been translated into French, German, and Italian. There is no collected edition of his works; they have all been several times reproduced, sometimes in one form, sometimes in another; now by a Dublin, again by a London publisher. The consequence of this is that some of his finest productions are now out of print. In the preface to the later editions of his works will be found the autobiographical sketches from which we have derived most of our materials for this notice of his life and works.]

THE MISER ON HIS SON'S LOVE.

(FROM "FARDOROUGHA THE MISER."[1])

[Connor O'Donovan, the son of Fardorougha O'Donovan, the miser, loves, and is loved by, Una O'Brien, daughter of wealthy and proud parents, her father being known by the nickname of Bodagh Buie, or the "yellow churl." A secret meeting has taken place between the lovers. The passage about to be quoted describes the miser and his wife as they await the return of their son, the story of his love, as he tells it to them, and the different manner in which the two parents receive it.]

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[1] This and the following extracts are given by permission of Messrs. Routledge & Sons, London.

"What," said the alarmed mother; "what in the world wide could keep him so long out, and on sich a tempest as is in it? God protect my boy from all harm and danger this fearful night! Oh, Fardorougha, what 'ud become of us if anything happened *him?* As for me—my heart's wrapt up in him; widout our darlin' it 'ud break—break—Fardorougha."

"Hut, he's gone to some neighbour's, and can't come out till the storm is over; he'll soon be here, now that the tundher and lightnin's past."

"But did you ever think, Fardorougha, what 'ud become of you, what you'd do, or how you'd live, if anything happened him?—which the Almighty forbid this night and for ever! Could you live widout him?"

The old man gazed upon her like one who felt displeasure at having a contingency so painful forced upon his consideration. Without making any reply, however, he looked thoughtfully into the fire for some time, after which he rose up, and with a querulous and impatient voice, said—

"What's the use of thinkin' about sich things? Lose him! why would I lose him?—I couldn't lose him—I'd as soon lose my own life—I'd rather be dead at wanst than lose him."

"God knows your love for him is a quare love, Fardorougha," rejoined the wife; "you wouldn't give him a guinea if it 'ud save his life, or allow him even a few shillin's now and then for pocket-money, that he might be aquil to other young boys like him."

"No use, no use in that, except to bring him into drink, an' other bad habits; a poor way, Honor, of showin' one's love for him. If you had your will you'd spoil him; I'm keepin' whatsomever little shillin's we've scraped together to settle him dacently in life; but, indeed, that's time enough yet; he's too young to marry for some years to come, barrin' he got a fortune."

"Well, one thing, Fardorougha—if ever two people wor blessed in a good son, praised be God, we are that."

"We are, Honor, we are; there's not his aquil in the parish—achora machree, that he is. When I'm gone he'll know what I've done for him."

"Whin you're gone—why Saver of airth, sure you wouldn't keep him out of his—husth! —here he is, the Lord be thankied, poor boy, he's safe! Oh, thin, *vich no Hoiah*, Connor, jewel, were you out undher this terrible night?"

"Connor, avich machree," added the father, "you're lost. My hand to you if he's worth three hapuns; sthrip an' throw my cothamore about you, an' draw in to the fire; you're fairly lost."

"I'm worth two lost people yet," said Connor, smiling; "mother, did you ever see a pleasanter night?"

"Pleasant, Connor, darlin'; oh thin it's you may say so, I'm sure!"

"Father, you're a worthy,—only your cothamore's too scimpit for me. Faith, mother, although you think I'm jokin', the divil a one o' me is; a pleasanter night—a happier night I never spent. Father, you ought to be proud o' me, an' stretch out a bit with the cash; faith I'm nothing else than a fine handsome young fellow."

"Be my soul an' he ought to be proud out of you, Connor, whether you're in airnest or not," observed the mother; "an' to stretch out wid the *arhighad*[1] too if you want it."

"Folly on, Connor, folly on, your mother 'ill back you, I'll go bail, say what you will; but sure you know all I have must be yours yet, acushla."

Connor now sat down, and his mother stirred up the fire, on which she placed additional fuel. After a little time his manner changed, and a shade of deep gloom fell upon his manly and handsome features. "I don't know," he at length proceeded, "that as we three are here together, I could do better than ask your advice upon what happened to me to-night."

"Why, what has happened you, Connor?" said the mother alarmed; "plase God, no harm, I hope."

"Who else," added the father, "would you be guided by, if not by your mother an' myself?"

"No harm, dear mother," said Connor in reply to her; "harm! oh! mother, mother, if you knew it; an' as for what *you* say, father, it is right: what advice but my mother's and yours ought I ask?"

"An' God's too," added the mother.

"An' my heart never was more *ris* to God than it was, an' is this night," replied their ingenuous boy.

"Well, but what has happened, Connor?" said his father; "if it's anything where our advice can sarve you, of coorse we'll advise you for the best."

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[1] Money.

Connor, then, with a glowing heart, made them acquainted with the affection which subsisted between himself and Una O'Brien, and ended by informing them of the vow of marriage which they had that night solemnly pledged to each other.

"You both know her by sight," he added; "an' afther what I've sed, can you blame me for sayin' that I found this a pleasant an' a happy night?"

The affectionate mother's eyes filled with tears of pride and delight, on hearing that her handsome son was loved by the beautiful daughter of Bodagh Buie, and she could not help exclaiming, in the enthusiasm of the moment—

"She's a purty girl—the purtiest, indeed, I ever laid my two livin' eyes upon, and by all accounts as good as she's purty; but I say that face to face, you're as good, agra, ay," she continued, addressing the husband, "an' as handsome, Fardorougha, as she is. God bless her, any way, an' mark her to grace and happiness, *mo colleen dhas dhun*."[1]

"He's no match for her," said the father, who had listened with an earnest face and compressed lips to his son's narrative; he's no match for her—by two hundre guineas."

Honor, when he uttered the previous part of his observation, looked upon him with a flash of indignant astonishment; but when he had concluded, her countenance fell back into its original expression. It was evident that, while she, with the feelings of a woman and a mother, instituted a parallel between their personal merits alone, the husband viewed their attachment through that calculating spirit which had regulated his whole life.

"You're thinkin' of her money now," she added; "but remimber, Fardorougha, that it wasn't born wid her. An' I hope, Connor, it's not for her money that you have any *grah*[2] for her?"

"You may swear that, mother; I love her little finger betther than all the money in the king's bank."

"Connor, avich, your mother has made a fool of you, or you wouldn't spake the nonsense you spoke this minute."

"My word to you, father, I'll take all the money I'll get; but what am I to do? Bodagh Buie an' his wife will never consent to allow her to marry me, I can tell you; an' if she marries me without their consent, you both know I have no way of supportin' her, except you, father, assist me."

"That won't be needful, Connor; you may manage them; they won't see her want; she's an *only* daughter; they *couldn't* see her want."

"An' isn't he an *only* son, Fardorougha?" exclaimed the wife; "an' my sowl to happiness but I believe you'd see *him* want."

"Any way," replied her husband, "I'm not for matches against the consent of parents; they're not lucky; or can't you run away wid her, an' then refuse marryin' her except they come down with the cash?"

"Oh, father," exclaimed Connor, "father, father; to become a villain."

"Connor," said his mother, rising up in a spirit of calm and mournful solemnity, "never heed; go to bed, achora, go to bed."

"Of coorse I'll never heed, mother," he replied; "but I can't help sayin' that, happy as I was a while agone, my father is sendin' me to bed with a heavy heart. When I asked your advice, father, little I thought it would be to do——but no matter! I'll never be guilty of an act that 'ud disgrace my name."

"No, avillish," said his mother, "you never will; God knows it's as much an' more than you an' other people can do to keep the name we have in decency."

"It's fine talk," observed Fardorougha; "but what I advise has been done by hundreds that wor married an' happy afterwards; how-an-iver you needn't get into a passion, either of you; I'm not pressin' you, Connor, to it."

"Connor, achree," said his mother, "go to bed, an' instead of the advice you got, ax God's; go, avillish!"

Connor, without making any further observation, sought his sleeping-room, where, after having recommended himself to God in earnest prayer, he lay revolving all that had occurred that night, until the gentle influence of sleep at length drew him into oblivion.

"Now," said his mother to Fardorougha, when Connor had gone, "you must sleep by yourself; for as for me, my side I'll not stretch on the same bed wid you to-night."

"Very well, I can't help that," said her husband; "all I can say is this, that I'm not able to put sense or prudence into you or Connor; so since you won't be guided by me, take your own coorse. Bodagh Buie's very well able to provide for them; an' if he won't do so *before* they marry, why let Connor have nothin' to say to her."

"I'll tell you what, Fardorougha, God

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[1] My beautiful brown girl.

[2] Love.

wouldn't be in heaven, or you will get a cut heart yet, either through your son or your money; an' that it may not be through my darlin' boy, oh, grant sweet Saver o' the airth this night! I'm goin' to sleep wid Biddy Nulty, an' you'll find a clane night-cap on the rail o' the bed; an', Fardorougha, afore you put it an, kneel down and pray to God to change your heart—for it wants it—it wants it." . . . .

The feelings with which they met that morning at breakfast may be easily understood by our readers, without much assistance of ours. On the part of Fardorougha there was a narrow selfish sense of exultation, if not of triumph, at the chance that lay before his son of being able to settle himself independently in life, without the necessity of making any demand upon the hundreds which lay so safely in the keeping of the county treasurer. His sordid soul was too deeply imbued with the love of money to perceive that what he had hitherto looked upon as a proof of parental affection and foresight, was nothing more than a fallacy by which he was led day after day further into his prevailing vice. In other words, now that love for his son, and the hope of seeing him occupy a respectable station in society, ought to have justified the reasoning by which he had suffered himself to be guided, it was apparent that the prudence which he had still considered to be his duty as a kind parent was nothing else than a mask for his own avarice. The idea, therefore, of seeing Connor settled without any aid from himself filled his whole soul with a wild hard satisfaction, which gave him as much delight as perhaps he was capable of enjoying. The advice offered to his son on the preceding night appeared to him a matter so reasonable in itself, and the opportunity offered by Una's attachment so well adapted for making it an instrument to work upon the affections of her parents, that he could not for the life of him perceive why they should entertain any rational objection against it.

The warm-hearted mother participated so largely in all that affected the happiness of her son, that if we allow for the difference of sex and position, we might describe their feelings as bearing, in the character of their simple and vivid enjoyment, a very remarkable resemblance. This amiable woman's affection for Connor was reflected upon Una O'Brien, whom she now most tenderly loved, not because the fair girl was beautiful and good, but because she had plighted her troth to that son who had been, during his whole life, her own solace and delight.

No sooner was the morning meal concluded and the servants engaged at their respective employments, than Honor, acting probably under Connor's suggestion, resolved at once to ascertain whether her husband could so far overcome his parsimony as to establish their son and Una in life; that is, in the event of Una's parents opposing their marriage, and declining to render them any assistance. With this object in view she told him as he was throwing his great-coat over his shoulders, in order to proceed to the fields, that she wished to speak with him upon a matter of deep importance.

"What is it?" said Fardorougha, with a hesitating shrug, "what is it? This is ever an' always the way when you want *money*, but I tell you I have no money. You wor born to waste and extravagance, Honor, and there's no curin' you. What is it you want? an' let me go about my business."

"Throw that ould threadbare cothamore off o' you," replied Honor, "and beg o' God to give you grace to sit down, an' have common feelin' an' common sense."

"If it's money to get clo'es either for yourself or Connor, there's no use in it. I needn't sit; you don't want a stitch either o' you."

Honor, without more ado, seized the coat, and flinging it aside, pushed him over to a seat, on which she forced him to sit down.

"As heaven's above me," she exclaimed, "I dunna what'll come over you at all at all. Your money, your thrash, your dirt and filth, ever, ever, an' for ever more in your thought, heart, and sowl. Oh Chierna! to think of it, an' you know there's a God above you, an' that you must meet him, an' that *widout* your money too!"

"Ay, ay, the money's what you want to come at; but I'll not sit here to be hecthor'd. What is it, I say again, you want?"

"Fardorougha, ahagur," continued the wife, checking herself, and addressing him in a kind and affectionate voice, "maybe I *was* spakin' too harsh to you; but sure it was an' is for your own good. How an' ever, I'll thry kindness, and if you have a heart at all, you can't but show it when you hear what I'm goin' to say."

"Well, well, go an," replied the pertinacious husband; "but—money—ay, ay, is there. I feel by the way you're comin' about me, that there is money at the bottom of it."

The wife raised her hands and eyes to heaven, shook her head, and after a slight pause, in which she appeared to consider her appeal a hopeless one, she at length went on in an earnest but subdued and desponding spirit—

"Fardorougha, the time's now come that will show the world whether you love Connor or not."

"I don't care a pin about the world; you an' Connor know well enough that I love him."

"Love for one's child doesn't come out merely in words, Fardorougha; actin' for their benefit shows it betther than spakin'. Don't you grant that?"

"Very well, maybe I do, and agin maybe I don't; there's times when the one's betther than the other; but go an; maybe I do grant it."

"Now tell me where in this parish, ay, or in the next five parishes to it, you'd find sich a boy for a father or mother to be proud out of, as Connor, your own darlin', as you often called him?"

"Divil a one, Honor; *damnho* to the one; I won't differ wid you in *that*."

"You won't differ wid me! the divil thank you for that. You won't indeed! but *could* you, I say, if you wor willin'?"

"I tell you I could *not*."

"Now there's sinse an' kindness in that. Very well, you say you're gatherin' up all the money you can *for him*."

"For him—*him*," exclaimed the unconscious miser, "why, what do you mane—for—well—ay—yes, yes, I did say for him; it's for *him* I'm keeping it—it is, I tell you."

"Now, Fardorougha, you know he's ould enough to be settled in life on his own account, an' you *heard* last night the girl he can get, if you stand to him, as he ought to expect from a father that loves him."

"Why, last night, thin, didn't I give my——"

"Whisht, ahagur! hould your tongue awhile, and let me go on. Truth's best—he dotes on that girl to sich a degree, that if he doesn't get her, he'll never see another happy day while he's alive."

"All *feasthalagh*,[1] Honor—that won't pass wid me; I know otherwise myself. Do you think that if I hadn't got *you*, I'd been unhappy four an' twenty hours, let alone my whole life? I tell you that's *feasthalagh*, an' won't pass. He wouldn't ate an ounce the less if he was never to get her. You seen the breakfast he made this mornin'. . . ."

"You know nothing of what I'm spakin' about," replied his wife. "*I* wasn't *Una dhas dhun* O'Brien in my best days; an' be the Vestment,[2] you warn't Connor, that has more feelin', an' spirit, an' generosity in the nail of his little finger, than ever you had in your whole carkass. I tell you if he doesn't get married to that girl he'll break his heart. Now how can he marry her except you take a good farm for him, and stock it dacently, so that he may have a home, sich as she deserves, to bring her to?"

"How do you know but they'll give her a fortune when they find her bent on him?"

"Why, it's not impossible," said the wife, immediately changing her tactics, "it's not impossible, but I can tell you it's very unlikely."

"The best way, then, in my opinion, 'ud be to spake to Connor about breaking it to the family."

"Why, that's fair enough," said the wife, "I wondher myself I didn't think of it, but the time was so short since last night."

"It is short," replied the miser, "far an' away too short to expect any one to make up their mind about it. Let them not be rash themselves aither, for I tell you that when people marry in haste, they're apt to have time enough to repint at laysure."

"Well, but, Fardorougha acushla, now hear me; throth it's thruth and sinse what you say; but still, avourneen, listen; now in case that the Bodagh an' his wife don't consint to their marriage, or to do anything for them, won't you take them a farm and stock it bravely? Think of poor Connor, the darlin' fine fellow that he is. Oh, thin, but it's he 'ud go to the well o' the world's end to aise you, if your little finger only ached. He would, or for myself, and yet his own father to trate him wid sich——"

It was in vain she attempted to proceed; the subject was one in which her heart felt too deep an interest to be discussed without tears. A brief silence ensued, during which Fardorougha moved uneasily on his seat, took the tongs, and mechanically mended the fire, and peering at his wife with a countenance twitched as if by *tic douloureux*, stared round the house with a kind of stupid wonder, rose up, then sat instantly down, and in fact exhibited many of those unintelligible and uncouth movements, which, in persons of his cast, may be properly termed the hieroglyphics of human action under feelings that cannot be deciphered either by those on whom they operate, or by those who witness them.

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[1] Nonsense.

[2] The robes in which the priest celebrates mass.

"Yes," said he, "Connor is all you say, an' more, an' more—an'—an'—a rash act is the worst thing he could do. It's betther, Honor, to spake to him, as I sed, about lettin' the matther be known to Una's family out of hand."

"And, thin, if they refuse, you can show them a ginerous example by puttin' them into a dacent farm. Will you promise me that, Fardorougha? If you do, all's right, for they're not livin' that ever knew you to break your word or your promise."

"I'll make no promise, Honor; I'll make no promise; but let the other plan be tried first. Now don't be pressin' me; he is—he is a noble boy, and would, as you say, thravel round the earth to keep my little finger from pain; but let me alone about it now—let me alone about it."

This, though slight encouragement, was still, in Honor's opinion, quite as much as, if not more than, she expected. Without pressing him, therefore, too strongly at that moment, she contented herself with a full-length portrait of their son, drawn with all the skill of a mother who knew, if her husband's heart could be touched at all, those points on which she stood the greatest chance of finding it accessible.

For a few days after this the subject of Connor's love was permitted to lie undebated, in the earnest hope that Fardorougha's heart might have caught some slight spark of natural affection from the conversation which had taken place between him and Honor. They waited consequently with patience for some manifestation on his part of a better feeling, and flattered themselves that his silence proceeded from the struggle which they knew a man of his disposition must necessarily feel in working up his mind to any act requiring him to part with that which he loved better than life. The ardent temperament of Connor, however, could ill brook the pulseless indifference of the old man; with much difficulty, therefore, was he induced to wait a whole week for the issue, though sustained by his mother's assurance, that in consequence of the impression left on her by their last conversation, she was certain the father, if not urged beyond his wish, would declare himself willing to provide for them. A week, however, elapsed, and Fardorougha moved on in the same hard and insensible spirit which was usual to him, wholly engrossed by money, and never either directly or indirectly appearing to remember that the happiness and the welfare of his son were at stake, or depending upon the determination to which he might come.

. . . .

"Connor," he began, "I've been thinkin' of this affair with Una O'Brien; an' in my opinion there's but one way of it; but if you're a fool and stand in your own light, it's not my fault."

"What is the way, father?" inquired Connor.

"The very same I tould your mother an' you before—run away wid her—I mane make a runaway match of it—then refuse to marry her unless they come down wid the money. You know after runnin' away wid *you*, nobody else ever would marry *her*, so that rather than see their child disgraced, never fear but they'll pay down on the nail, or maybe bring you both to live wid 'em."

"My sowl to glory, Fardorougha," said his wife, "but you're a bigger an' cunniner ould rogue than ever I tuck you for. By the scapular upon me, if I had known how you'd turn out, the sarra carry the ring ever you'd put on *my* finger."

"Father," said Connor, "I must be disobedient to you in this at all evints. It's plain you'll do nothing for us, so there's no use in sayin' anything more about it. I have no manes of supportin' her, and I swear by the blessed sacrayment I'll never bring her to shame or poverty. If I had money to carry me I'd go to America, an' thry my fortune there; but I have not. Father, it's too hard that you should stand in my way, when you could so easily make me happy; who have you sich a right to assist as your son—your only son, an' your only child too?"

This was spoken in a tone of respect and sorrow at once impressive and affectionate. His fine features were touched with something beyond sadness or regret, and as the tears stood in his eyes, it was easy to see that he felt much more deeply for his father's want of principle than for anything connected with his own hopes and prospects. In fact the tears that rolled silently down his cheeks were the tears of shame and sorrow for a parent who could thus school him to an act of such unparalleled baseness. As it was, the genius of the miser felt rebuked by the natural delicacy and honour of the son—the old man therefore shrunk back abashed, confused, and moved at the words which he had heard—simple and inoffensive though they were.

"Fardorougha," said the wife, wiping her eyes, that were kindling into indignation, "we're now married goin' an'—"

"I think, mother," said Connor, "the less we say about it now the better—with my own good-will I'll never spake on the subject."

"You're right, avourneen," replied the mother; "you're right; I'll say nothing—God sees it's no use."

"What would you have me do?" said the old man, rising and walking about in unusual distress and agitation;—"you don't know me—I can't do it—*I can't* do it. You say, Honor, I don't care about him—I'd give him my blood—I'd give him my blood to save a hair of his head. My life an' happiness depends on him; but who knows how he an' his wife might mismanage that money if they got it—both young and foolish. It wasn't for nothing it came into my mind what I'm afeared will happen to me yet."

"And what was that, Fardorougha?" asked the wife.

"Sich foreknowledge doesn't come for nothing, Honor. I've had it and felt it hangin' over me this many a long day, that I'd come to starvation yit; an' I see, if you force me to do as you wish, that it'll happen. I'm as sure of it as that I stand where I do; I'm an unfortunate man wid sich a fate before me; and yet I'd shed my blood for my boy—I would, an' he ought to know I would; but he wouldn't ax me to starve for him—would you, Connor, avich machree, would you ax your father to starve? I'm unhappy—unhappy—an' my heart's breakin'."

The old man's voice failed him as he uttered the last words; for the conflict which he felt evidently convulsed his whole frame. He wiped his eyes, and again sitting down he wept bitterly and in silence for many minutes.

A look of surprise, compassion, and deep distress passed between Connor and his mother. The latter also was very much affected and said—

"Fardorougha, dear, maybe I spake sometimes too cross to you; but if I do God above knows it's not that I bear you ill-will, but bekase I'm throubled about poor Connor; but I hope I won't speak angry to you agin; at all events if I do, remember it's only the mother plaidin' for her son—the only son an' child that God was plased to sind her."

"Father," added Connor, also deeply moved, "don't distress yourself about me—don't, father dear. Let things take their chance, but come or go what will, any good fortune that might happen me wouldn't be sweet if it came by givin' you a sore heart."

THE MISER GOES MATCH-MAKING

(FROM "FARDOROUGHA.")

[The miser, anxious for the success of his son's love, but unable to overcome his avarice, pays a visit to the parents of Una. He endeavours to throw on them from himself the responsibility of preventing the happiness of the young people. The struggle to justify his conscience before his affection is marvellously told.]

After some further conversation it was once more decided that Fardorougha should on the next day see the Bodagh and his wife, in order to ascertain whether their consent could be obtained to the union of our young and anxious lovers. This step, as the reader knows, was every way in accordance with Fardorougha's inclination. Connor himself would have preferred his mother's advocacy to that of a person possessing such a slender hold on their good-will as his other parent. But upon consulting with her, she told him that the fact of the proposal coming from Fardorougha might imply a disposition on his part to provide for his son; at all events she hoped that contradiction, the boast of superior wealth, or some fortunate collision of mind and principle, might strike a spark of generous feeling out of her husband's heart, which nothing, she knew, unless strong excitement, such as might arise from the bitter pride of the O'Briens, could possibly do. Besides, as she had no favourable expectations from the interview, she thought it an unnecessary and painful task to subject herself to the insults which she apprehended from the Bodagh's wife, whose pride and importance towered far and high over those even of her consequential husband.

This just and sensible view of the matter on the part of the mother satisfied Connor, and reconciled him to his father's disinclination to be accompanied by her to the scene of conflict; for in truth Fardorougha protested against her assistance with a bitterness which could not easily be accounted for.

"If your mother goes, let her go by herself," said he; "for I'll not intherfare in't if she does. I'll take the dirty Bodagh and his fat wife my own way, which I can't do if Honor comes to be snibbin' an' makin' little o' me afore them. Maybe I'll pull down their pride for them betther than you think, an' in a way they're not prepared for; them an' their jantin' car!"

Neither Connor nor his mother could help being highly amused at the singularity of the miserable pomp and parsimonious display resorted to by Fardorougha in preparing for this extraordinary mission. Out of an old strongly locked chest he brought forth a *gala* coat, which had been duly aired, but not thrice worn within the last twenty years. The progress of time and fashion had left it so odd, *outré*, and ridiculous, that Connor, though he laughed, could not help feeling depressed on considering the appearance his father must make when dressed, or rather disfigured in it. Next came a pair of knee-breeches by the same hand, and which, in compliance with the taste of the age that produced them, were made to button so far down as the calf of the leg. Then appeared a waistcoat, whose long pointed flaps reached nearly to the knees. Last of all was produced a hat not more than three inches deep in the crown, and brimmed so narrowly, that a spectator would almost imagine the leaf had been cut off. Having pranked himself out in those habiliments, contrary to the strongest expostulations of both wife and son, he took his staff and set forth. But lest the reader should expect a more accurate description of his person, when dressed, we shall endeavour at all events to present him with a loose outline. In the first place his head was surmounted with a hat that resembled a flat skillet, wanting the handle; his coat, from which avarice and penury had caused him to shrink away, would have fitted a man twice his size, and as he had become much stooped, its tail, which at the best had been preposterously long, now nearly swept the ground. To look at him behind, in fact, he appeared all body. The flaps of his waistcoat he had pinned up with his own hands, by which piece of exquisite taste he displayed a pair of thighs so thin and disproportioned to his smallclothes, that he resembled a boy who happens to wear the breeches of a full-grown man, so that to look at him in front he appeared all legs. A pair of shoes, polished with burned straw and buttermilk, and surmounted by two buckles, scoured away to skeletons, completed his costume. In this garb he set out with a crook-headed staff, into which long use, and the habit of griping fast whatever he got in his hand, had actually worn the marks of his forefinger and thumb.

Bodagh Buie, his wife, and their two children, were very luckily assembled in the parlour, when the nondescript figure of the deputy wooer made his appearance in that part of the neat road which terminated at the gate of the little lawn that fronted the hall-door. Here there was another gate to the right, that opened into the farm or kitchen yard, and as Fardorougha hesitated which to enter, the family within had an opportunity of getting a clearer view of his features and person.

"Who is that quare figure standin' there?" inquired the Bodagh; "did you ever see such a——ah thin, who can he be?" "Somebody comin' to some o' the sarvingts, I suppose," replied the wife; "why, thin, it's not unlike little Dick *Croitha*, the fairyman."

In sober truth Fardorougha was so completely disguised by his dress, especially by his hat, whose shallowness and want of brim gave his face and head so wild and eccentric an appearance, that we question if his own family, had they not seen him dress, could have recognized him. At length he turned into the kitchen yard, and addressing a labourer whom he met, asked—

"I say, nabour, which is the right way into Bodagh Buie's house?"

"There's two right ways into it, an' you may take aither o' them—but if you want any favour from him, you had betther call him *Mr.* O'Brien. The Bodagh's a name was first given to his father, an' he bein' a dacenter man, doesn't like it, although it sticks to him; so there's a lift for you, my hipstriddled little codger."

"But which is the right door o' the house?"

"There it is, the kitchen—peg in—that's *your* inthrance, barrin' you're a gintleman in disguise—an' if you be, why turn out again to that other gate, strip off your shoes, and pass up ginteely on your tippy-toes, and give a thunderin' whack to the green ring that's hangin' from the door. But see, friend," added the man, "maybe you'd do one a sarvice?"

"How," said Fardorougha, looking earnestly at him; "what is it?"

"Why, to lave us a lock o' your hair before you go," replied the wag, with a grin.

The miser took no notice whatsoever of this, but was turning quietly out of the yard, to enter by the lawn, when the man called out in a commanding voice—

"Back here, you codger—tundher an' thump—back I say—*you* won't be let in that way—thramp back, you *leprechaun*, into the kitchen—eh! you won't—well, well, take what you'll get—an' that'll be the way back agin."

'Twas at this moment that the keen eye of Una recognized the features of her lover's father, and a smile which she felt it impossible to subdue settled upon her face, which became immediately mantled with blushes. On hurrying out of the room she plucked her brother's sleeve, who followed her to the hall.

"I can scarcely tell you, dear John," she said, speaking rapidly, "it's Fardorougha O'Donovan, Connor's father; and as you know his business, stay in the parlour;" she squeezed his hand, and added with a smile on her face, and a tear in her eye, "I fear it's all over with me—I don't know whether to laugh or cry—but stay, John dear, an' fight my battle—poor Una's battle."

She ran up stairs, and immediately one of the most beggarly, sordid, and pusillanimous knocks that ever spoke of starvation and misery was heard at the door.

"I will answer it myself," thought the amiable brother; "for if my father or mother does he surely will not be allowed in."

John could scarcely preserve a grave face when Fardorougha presented himself.

"Is *Misther* O'Brien widin'?" inquired the usurer, shrewdly availing himself of the hint he received from the servant.

"My father is," replied John; "have the goodness to step in."

Fardorougha entered immediately, followed by young O'Brien, who said—

"Father, this is Mr. O'Donovan, who, it appears, has some important business with the family."

"Don't be mistherin' *me*," replied Fardorougha, helping himself to a seat; "I'm too poor to be misthered."

"With this family!" exclaimed the father in amazement; "what business can Fardorougha Donovan have with *this* family, John?"

"About our childre," replied the miser; "about my son and your daughter."

"An' what about them?" inquired Mrs. O'Brien; "do you dar to mintion them in the same day together?"

"Why not?" said the miser; "ay, an' on the same night, too."

"Upon my reputaytion, Mr. O'Donovan, you're extremely kind—now to be a little more so, and let us undherstand you," said the Bodagh.

"Poor Una," thought John; "all's lost; he will get himself kicked out to a certainty."

"I think it's time we got them married," replied Fardorougha; "the sooner it's done the betther and the safer for both o' them—espeshally for the *colleen*."

"*Dar a Lorha*, he's cracked," said Mrs. O'Brien, "sarra one o' the poor sowl but's cracked about his money."

"Poor sowl, woman alive! wor you never poor yourself?"

"Yis I wor; an' I'm not ashamed to own it; but *Chierna*, Frank," she added, addressing her husband, "there's no use in spakin' to him."

"Fardorougha," said O'Brien seriously, "what brought you here?"

"Why, to tell you an' your wife the state that my son, Connor, and your daughter's in about one another; an' to advise you both, if you have sinse, to get them married afore worse happens. It's *your* business more than *mine*."

"You're right," said the Bodagh, aside to his wife; "he's sartinly deranged. Fardorougha," he added, "have you lost any money lately?"

"I'm losin' every day," said the other; "I'm broke assistin' them that won't thank me, let alone paying me as they ought."

"Then you have lost nothing more than usual?"

"If I didn't I tell you there's a good chance of losin' it before me;—can a man call any money of his safe that's in another man's pocket?"

"An' so you've come to propose a marriage between your son and my daughter, yet you lost no money, an' you're not mad!"

"Divil a morsel o' me's mad—but you'll be so, if you refuse to let this match go an."

"Out wid him—*a shan roghara*,"[1] shouted Mrs. O'Brien, in a state of most dignified offence; "*Damnho orth*, you old knave, is it the son of a misert that has fleeced an' robbed the whole counthry side that we 'ud let our daughter, that resaved the finish to her ejjication in a Dubling boordin' school, marry wid?—*Vich na hoiah*, this day!"

"You had no sich scruple yourself, ma'am," replied the bitter usurer; "when you bounced at the son of the old Bodagh Buie, an' every one knows what *he* was."

"He!" said the good woman; "an' is it runnin' up comparishments betuxt yourself an' him you are afther! Why, Saint Pether wouldn't thrive on your money, you nager."

"Maybe Saint Pether thruv an worse—but haven't you thruv as well on the ould Bodagh's, as if it had been *honestly* come by; I defy you an' the world both—to say that ever I tuck a penny from any one more than my right. Lay that to the mimory of the ould Bodagh, an' see if it'll fit. It's no *light guinea* any how."

Had Fardorougha been a man of ordinary

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[1] The old rogue.

standing and character in the country, from whom an insult *could* be taken, he would no doubt have been by a very summary process expelled the parlour. The history of his querulous and irascible temper, however, was so well known, and his offensive eccentricity of manner a matter of such established fact, that the father and son, on glancing at each other, were seized with the same spirit, and both gave way to an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"Is it a laughin' stock you're makin' of it?" said Mrs. O'Brien, highly indignant.

"Faith, achora, it may be *no* laughin' stock afther all," replied the Bodagh.

"I think, mother," observed John, "that you and my father had better treat the matter with more seriousness. Connor O'Donovan is a young man not to be despised by any person at all near his own class of life who regards the peace and welfare of a daughter. His character stands very high; indeed in every way unimpeachable."

The bitter scowl which had sat upon the small dark features of Fardorougha, when replying to the last attack of Mrs. O'Brien, passed away as John spoke.—The old man turned hastily round, and surveying the eulogist of his son, said—

"God bless you, asthore, for thim words! an they're thrue—thrue as the gospel; arrah what are you both so proud of? I defy you to get the aquil of my son in the Barony of Lisnamona, either for face, figure, or timper. I say he's fit to be a husband for as good a girl as ever stood in your daughter's shoes; and from what I hear of her, she's as good a girl as ever the Almighty put breath in; God bless you, young man! you're a credit yourself to any paarents."

"An' we have nothin' to say aginst your son, nor aginst your wife aither," replied the Bodagh; "an' if your own name was as clear—if you wor looked upon as they are—tut, I'm spakin' nonsense! How do I know whether ever your son and my daughter spoke a word to one another or not?"

"I'll go bail Ooña never opened her lips to him," said her mother; "I'll go bail she had more spirit."

"I'll go bail she can't live widout him, an' will have him whether *you* like it or not," said Fardorougha.

"Mother," observed John, "will you and my father come into the next room for a minute—I wish to say a word or two to each of you; and will you, Fardorougha, have the goodness to sit there till we return?"

"Divil a notion," replied O'Donovan, "I have of stirrin' my foot till the thing's settled one way or other."

"Now," said young O'Brien, when they had got into the back parlour, "it's right that you both should know to what length the courtship between Una and Connor O'Donovan has gone."

"Coortship! *Vich na hoiah!* sure she wouldn't go to coort wid the son o' that ould schamer."

"I'm beginning to fear that it's too thrue," observed the Bodagh: "and if she has—but let us hear John."

"It's perfectly true, indeed, mother, that she *has*," said the son. "Yes, and they are both this moment pledged, betrothed, promised, *solemnly* promised to each other; and in my opinion the old man within is acting a more natural part than either of you give him credit for."

"Well, well, well," exclaimed the mother; "who afther that would ever thrust a daughter? The girl that we reared up as tindher as a chicking, to go to throw herself away upon the son of ould Fardorougha Donovan, the misert. Confusion to the ring he'll ever put an her! I'd see her *stretched*[1] first."

"I agree with you in that, Bridget," said the husband; "if it was only to punish her thrachery and desate, I'll take good care a ring will never go on them—but how do you know all this, John?"

"From Una's own lips, father."

[Una confesses her love, and her parents, finding the case hopeless, determine to consent to the marriage, in case the miser will make a proper provision for his son. They return to the drawing-room, and the conversation is resumed by the miser.]

"Well," said the miser, "you found out, I suppose, that she can't do without him?"

"Provided we consint to the marriage," asked the Bodagh, "how will you settle your son in life?"

"Who would I settle in life, if I wouldn't settle my only son?" replied the other; "who else is there to get all I have?"

"That's very true," observed the Bodagh; "but state plainly what you'll do for him on his marriage."

"Do you consint to the marriage all of yez?"

"That's not the question," said the other.

"Divil a word I'll answer, till I know

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[1] Dead.

whether yez do or not," said Fardorougha. "Say at once that you consint, and thin I'll spake—I'll say what I'll do."

The Bodagh looked inquiringly at his wife and son. The latter nodded affirmatively. "We do consent," he added.

"That shows your own sinse," said the old man. "Now what fortune will you portion your *colleen* wid?"

"That depinds on what *you'll* do for your son," returned the Bodagh.

"And that depends upon what *you'll* do for your daughter," replied the sagacious old miser.

"At this rate we're not likely to agree."

"Nothin's asier; you have only to spake out; besides, it's your business, bein' the colleen's father."

"Try him, and name something fair," whispered John.

"If I give her a farm of thirty acres of good land, stocked and all, what will *you* do for Connor?"

"More than that, five times over; I'll give him all I have. An' now when will we marry them? Throth it was best to make things clear," added the knave, "and understand one another at wanst. When will we marry them?"

"Not till you say out openly and fairly the exact sum of money you'll lay down on the nail—an' that before ever a ring goes upon them."

"Give it up, acushla," said the wife, "you see there's no schrewin' a promise out of him, let alone a penny."

"What 'ud ye have me do?" said the old man, raising his voice. "Won't he have all I'm worth? Who else is to have it? Am I to make a beggar of myself to plaise you? Can't they live on your farm till I die, an' thin it 'ill all come to them?"

"And no thanks to you for that, Fardorougha," said the Bodagh. "No, no; I'll never buy a pig in a poke. If you won't act generously by your son, go home in the name of goodness, and let us hear no more about it."

"Why, why," said the miser, "are yez mad to miss what I can lave him? If you knew how much it is, you'd snap——; but, God help me, what am I sayin'? I'm poorer than any body thinks. I am—I am; an' will starve among you all, if God hasn't sed it. Do you think I don't love my son as well, an' a thousand times better than you do your daughter? God alone sees how my heart's in him—in my own Connor, that never gave me a sore heart—my brave, my dutiful boy!"

He paused, and the scalding tears ran down his shrunk and furrowed cheeks, whilst he wrung his hands, started to his feet, and looked about him like a man encompassed by dangers that threatened instant destruction.

"If you love your son so well," said John mildly, "why do you grudge to share your wealth with him? It is but natural, and it is your duty."

"Natural! what's natural?—to give away—is it to love him you mane? It is, it's *un*natural to give it away. He's the best son—the best—what do you mane, I say?—let me alone—let me alone—I could give my blood, my blood to sich a boy; but, you want to kill me—you want to kill me, an' thin you'll get all; but he'll cross you, never fear—my boy will save me—he's not tired o' me—he'd give up fifty girls sooner than see a hair of his father's head injured—so do your best; while I have Connor I'm not afraid of yez. Thanks be to God that sent him," he exclaimed, "oh, thanks be to God that sent him to comfort an' protect his father from the schames and villany of them that 'ud bring him to starvation for their own ends!"

"Father," said John, in a low tone, "this struggle between avarice and natural affection is awful. See how his small gray eyes glare, and the froth rises white to his thin shrivelled lips. What is to be done?"

"Fardorougha," said the Bodagh, "it's over; don't distress yourself—keep your money—there will be no match between our childre."

"Why? why won't there?" he screamed—"why won't there, I say? Haven't *you* enough for them until *I* die? Would you see your child breakin' her heart? Bodagh, you have no nathur in you—no bowels for your *colleen dhas.* But I'll spake for her—I'll argue wid you till this time to-morrow, or I'll make you show feelin' to her—an' if you don't—if you don't——"

"Wid the help o' God, the man's as mad as a March hare," observed Mrs. O'Brien, "and there's no use in losin' breath wid him."

"If it's not insanity," said John, "I know not what it is."

"Young man," proceeded Fardorougha, who evidently paid no attention to what the mother and son said, being merely struck by the voice of the latter—"young man, you're kind, you have sinse and feelin'—spake to your father—don't let him destroy his child—don't ax him to starve me, that never did him harm. He loves you—he loves you, for he can't but love you—sure I know how I love my own darlin' boy; oh, spake to him—I'll go down on my two knees to you, to beg, as you hope to see God in heaven, that you'll make him not brake his daughter's heart! She's your own sisther—there's but the two of yez, an' oh, don't desart her in this throuble—this heavy, heavy throuble!"

"I won't interfere farther in it," replied the young man, who, however, felt disturbed and anxious in the extreme.

"Mrs. O'Brien," said he, turning imploringly, and with a wild haggard look to the Bodagh's wife, "I'm turnin' to you—you're her mother—oh think, think——"

"I'll think no more about it," she replied. "You're mad, an' thank God, we know it. Of coorse it 'ill run in the family, for which reas*ing* my daughter 'ill never be joined to the son of a madman."

He then turned as a last resource to O'Brien himself. "Bodagh—Bodagh, I say:" here his voice rose to a frightful pitch; "I enthrate, I ordher, I command you to listen to me! Marry them—don't kill your daughter, an' don't, don't, don't dare to kill my son. If you do I'll curse you till the marks of your feet will scorch the ground you tread on. Oh," he exclaimed, his voice now sinking, and his reason awaking, apparently from exhaustion, "what is come over me? what am I sayin'?—but it's all for my son, my son." He then sat down, and for more than twenty minutes wept like an infant, and sobbed, and sighed, as if his heart would break.

A feeling very difficult to be described hushed his amazed auditory into silence: they felt something like pity towards the unfortunate old man, as well as respect for that affection which struggled with such moral heroism against the frightful vice that attempted to subdue this last surviving virtue in the breast of the miser.

On his getting calm they spoke to him kindly, but in firm and friendly terms communicated their ultimate determination, that in consequence of his declining to make an adequate provision for his son the marriage could by no means take place. He then got his hat, and attempted to go to the road which led to the little lawn, but so complete was his abstraction, and so exhausted his faculties, that it was not without John's assistance he could reach the gate which lay before his eyes. He first turned out of the walk to the right, then crossed over to the left, and felt surprised that a wall opposed him in each direction.

"You are too much disturbed," said John, "to perceive the way, but I will show you."

"I suppose I thought it was at home I was," he replied, "bekase at my own house one must turn aither to the right or to the left, as, indeed, I'm in the custom of doin'."

[After many cruel trials, all obstacles were overcome by the lovers, and Connor and Una were married.]

A LOVE SCENE IN A CABIN.

(FROM "TRAITS AND STORIES.")

Phelim, as is the wont, on finding the din of the conversation raised to the proper pitch, stole one of the bottles, and prevailed on Peggy to adjourn with him to the potato-bin. Here they ensconced themselves very snugly; but not, as might be supposed, contrary to the knowledge and consent of the seniors, who winked at each other on seeing Phelim gallantly tow her down with the bottle under his arm. It was only the common usage on such occasions, and not considered any violation whatsoever of decorum. When Phelim's prior engagements are considered it must be admitted that there was something singularly ludicrous in the humorous look he gave over his shoulder at the company as he went toward the bin, having the bottom of the whisky-bottle projecting behind his elbow, winking at them in return, by way of a hint to mind their own business and allow him to plead for himself. The bin, however, turned out to be rather an uneasy seat, for as the potatoes lay in a slanting heap against the wall, Phelim and his sweetheart were perpetually sliding down from the top to the bottom. Phelim could be industrious when it suited his pleasure. In a few minutes those who sat about the fire imagined, from the noise at the bin, that the house was about to come about their ears.

"Phelim, you thief," said the father, "what's all that noise for?"

"*Chrosh orrin!*" said Molly Donovan, "is that tundher?"

"Devil carry these piatees," exclaimed Phelim, raking them down with both hands and all his might, "if there's any sittin' at all upon them! I'm levellin' them to prevint Peggy, the darlin', from slidderin', an' to give us time to be talkin' somethin' lovin' to one another. The curse o' Cromwell an them! One might as well dhrink a glass o' whisky wid his sweetheart, or spake a tindher word to her, on the wings of a windmill as here.

There, now they're as level as you plase, acushla! Sit down, you jewel, you, an' give me the egg-shell, till we have a sup o' the crathur in comfort. Faith, it was too soon for us to be comin' down in the world!"

Phelim and Peggy, having each emptied the egg-shell, which among the poorer Irish is frequently the substitute for a glass, entered into the following sentimental dialogue, which was covered by the loud and entangled conversation of their friends about the fire; Phelim's arm lovingly about her neck, and his head laid down snugly against her cheek.

"Now, Peggy, you darlin' o' the world—bad cess to me but I'm as glad as two tenpennies that I levelled these piatees; there was no sittin' an them. Eh, avourneen?"

"Why, we're comfortable now, anyhow, Phelim!"

"Faith, you may say that"—(a loving squeeze). "Now, Peggy, begin an' tell us all about your bachelors."

"The sarra one ever I had, Phelim."

"Oh, murdher sheery, what a bounce! Bad cess to me, if you can spake a word o' thruth afther that, you common desaver! Worn't you an' Paddy Moran pullin' a coard?"

"No, in throth; it was given out on us, but we never wor, Phelim. Nothin' ever passed betune us but common civility. He thrated my father an' mother wanst to share of half a pint in the Lammas Fair, when I was along wid them; but he never broke discoorse wid me, barrin', as I sed, in civility an' friendship."

"An' do you mane to put it down my throath that you never had a sweetheart at all?"

"The nerra one."

"Oh, you thief! Wid two sich lips o' your own, an' two sich eyes o' your own, and two sich cheeks o' your own! Oh, by the tarn, that won't pass."

"Well, an' supposin' I had—behave, Phelim—supposin' I had, where's the harm? Sure, it's well known all the sweethearts you had, an' yet have, I suppose."

"Be gorra, an' that's thruth; an' the more the merrier, you jewel, you, till one gets marrid. I had enough o' them in my day, but you're the flower o' them all, that I'd like to spend my life wid"—(a squeeze).

"The sarra one word the men say a body can trust. I warrant you tould that story to every one o' them as well as to me. Stop, Phelim—it's well known that what you say to the colleens is no gospel. You know what they christened you 'Bouncin' Phelim' for."

"Betune you an' me, Peggy, I'll tell you a sacret; I *was* the boy for deludin' them. It's very well known the matches I might a' got; but you see, you little shaver, it was waitin' for yourself I was."

"For me! A purty story, indeed! I'm sure it was! Oh, afther that! Why, Phelim, how can you——Well, well, did any one ever hear the likes?"

"Be the vestments, it's thruth. I had you in my eye these three years, but was waitin' till I'd get together as much money as ud set us up in the world dacently. Give me that egg-shell agin. Talkin's druthy work. *Shudorth, a rogarah!* an' a pleasant honeymoon to us!"

"Wait till we're marrid first, Phelim; thin it'll be time enough to dhrink *that*."

"Come, acushla, it's your turn now; taste the shell, an' you'll see how lovin' it'll make us. Mother's milk's a thrifle to it."

"Well, if I take this, Phelim, I'll not touch another dhrop to-night. In the manetime here's whatever's best for us! Whoo! Oh, my! but that's strong! I dunna how the people can dhrink so much of it!"

"Faith, nor me; except bekase they have a regard for it, an' that it's worth havin' a regard for, jist like yourself an' me. Upon my faix, Peggy, it bates all, the love an' likin' I have for you, an' ever had these three years past. I tould you about the eyes, mavourneen, an'—an'—about the lips ——"

"Phelim—behave—I say—now stop wid you — well — well — but you're the tazin' Phelim!—Throth! the girls may be glad when you're marrid," exclaimed Peggy, adjusting her polished hair.

"Bad cess to the bit, if ever I got so sweet a one in my life—the soft end of a honeycomb's a fool to it. One thing, Peggy, I can tell you—that I'll love you in great style. Whin we're marrid it's I that'll soodher you up. I won't let the wind blow on you. You must give up workin', too. All I'll ax you to do will be to nurse the childhre; an' that same will keep you busy enough, plase goodness."

"Upon my faix, Phelim, you're the very sarra, so you are. Will you be asy now! I'll engage when you're marrid it'll soon be another story wid you. Maybe you'd care little about us thin!"

"Be the vestments, I'm spaking pure gospel, so I am. Sure you don't know that to be good husbands *runs* in our family. Every one o' them was as sweet as thracle to their wives. Why, there's that ould cock, my fadher, an' if you'd see how he butthers up the ould woman to this day, it ud make your heart warm to any man o' the family."

"Ould an' young was ever an' always the same to you, Phelim. Sure the ouldest woman in the parish, if she happened to be single, couldn't miss of your blarney. It's reported you're going to be marrid to an ould woman."

"He—hem—ahem! Bad luck to this cowld I have! It's stickin' in my throath entirely, so it is!—hem!—to a what?"

"Why, to an ould woman wid a great deal o' the hard goold!"

Phelim put his hand instinctively to his waistcoat-pocket, in which he carried the housekeeper's money.

"Would you oblige one wid her name?"

"You know ould Molly Kavanagh well enough, Phelim."

Phelim put up an inward ejaculation of thanks.

"To the sarra wid her, an' all sasoned woman! God be praised—that the night's fine, anyhow! Hand me the shell, and we'll take a *gauliogue* aich, an' afther that we'll begin an' talk over how lovin' an' fond o' one another we'll be."

"You're takin' too much o' the whisky, Phelim. Oh, for goodness' sake!—oh—b—b—n—now be asy. Faix, I'll go to the fire, an' lave you altogether, so I will, if you don't give over slustherin' me that way, an' stoppin' my breath."

"Here's all happiness to our two selves, acushla machree! Now thry another *gauliogue*, an' you'll see how deludin' it'll make you."

"Not a sup, Phelim."

"Arrah, nonsense! Be the vestments, it's as harmless as new milk from the cow. It'll only do you good, alanna. Come now, Peggy, don't be ondacent, an' it our first night's coortin'! Blood alive! don't make little o' my father's son on sich a night, an' us at business like this, anyhow!"

"Phelim, by the crass, I won't take it; so that ends it. Do you want to make little o' me? It's not much you'd think o' me in your mind, if I'd dhrink it."

"The shell's not half full."

"I wouldn't brake my oath for all the whisky in the kingdom; so don't ax me. It's neither right nor proper of you to force it an me."

"Well, all I say is that it's makin' little of one Phelim O'Toole, that hasn't a thought in his body but what's over head an' ears in love wid you. I must only dhrink it for you myself, thin. Here's all kinds o' good fortune to us! Now, Peggy—sit closer to me acushla!—Now, Peggy, are you fond o' me at all? Tell thruth now."

"Fond o' you! Sure you know all the girls is fond of you. Aren't you 'the boy for deludin' them'?—ha, ha, ha!"

"Come, come, you shaver; that won't do. Be sarous. If you knew how my heart's warmin' to you this minute, you'd fall in love wid my shadow. Come now out wid it. Are you fond of a sartin boy not far from you, called Bouncin' Phelim?"

"To be sure I am. Are you satisfied now? Phelim! I say ——"

"Faith, it won't pass, avourneen. That's not the voice for it. Don't you hear *me*, how tendher I spake wid my mouth brathin' into your ear, acushla machree? Now turn about, like a purty entisin' girl as you are, an' put *your sweet bill* to my ear the same way, an' whisper what you know into it? That's a darlin'! Will you, achora?"

"An' maybe all this time you're promised to another?"

"Be the vestments, I'm not promised to one. Now! Saize the one!"

"You'll say that, anyhow!"

"Do you see my hands acrass? Be thim five crasses, I'm not promised to a girl livin', so I'm not, nor wouldn't, bekase I had you in my eye. Now will you tell me what I'm wantin' you? The grace o' heaven light down an you, an' be a good, coaxin' darlin' for wanst! Be this an' be that, if ever you heerd or seen sich doins an' times as we'll have when we're marrid. Now the weeny whispher, *a colleen dhas!*"

"It's time enough yet to let you know my mind, Phelim. If you behave yourself an' be——Why, thin, is it at the bottle agin you are? Now don't dhrink so much, Phelim, or it'll get into your head. I was sayin' that if you behave yourself, an' be a good boy, I may tell you somethin' soon."

"Somethin' soon! Live horse, an' you'll get grass! Peggy, if that's the way wid you, the love's all on my side, I see clearly. Are you willin' to marry me, anyhow?"

"I'm willin' to do whatsomever my father an' mother wishes."

"*I'm* for havin' the weddin' off-hand; an', of coorse, if we agree to-night, I think our best plan is to have ourselves called on Sunday. An' I'll tell you what, avourneen,—be the holy vestments, if I was to be 'called' to fifty on the same Sunday, you're the darlin' I'd marry."

"Phelim, it's time for us to go up to the fire; we're long enough here. I thought you had only three words to say to me."

"Why, if you're tired o' me, Peggy, I don't want you to stop. I wouldn't force myself on the best girl that ever stepped."

"Sure you have tould me all you want to say, an' there's no use in us stayin' here. You know, Phelim, there's not a girl in the parish ud believe a word that ud come out o' your lips. Sure there's none o' them but you coorted one time or other. If you could get betther, Phelim, I dunna whether you'd be here to-night at all or not."

"Answer me this, Peggy. What do you think your father ud be willin' to give you? Not that I care a *crona baun* about it, for I'd marry you wid an inch of candle."

"You know my father's but a poor man, Phelim, an' can give little or nothin'. Them that won't marry me as I am needn't come here to look for a fortune."

"I know that, Peggy, an' be the same token, I want no fortune at all wid you but yourself, darlin'. In the manetime, to show you that I *could* get a fortune—*Dher a Lorha Heena*, I could have a wife wid a hundhre an' twenty guineas!"

Peggy received this intelligence much in the same manner as Larry and Sheelah had received it. Her mirth was absolutely boisterous for at least ten minutes. Indeed, so loud had it been, that Larry and her father could not help asking:

"Arrah, what's the fun, Peggy achora?"

"Oh, nothin'," she replied, "but one o' Phelim's bounces."

"Now," said Phelim, "you won't believe me! Be all the books——"

Peggy's mirth prevented his oaths from being heard. In vain he declared, protested, and swore. On this occasion he was compelled to experience the fate peculiar to all liars. Even truth, from his lips, was looked upon as falsehood.

Phelim, on finding that he could neither extort from Peggy an acknowledgment of love, nor make himself credible upon the subject of the large fortune, saw that he had nothing for it now, in order to produce an impression, but the pathetic.

"Well," said he, "you may lave me, Peggy achora, if you like; but out o' this *I'll* not budge, wid a blessin', till I cry my skinful, so I won't. Saize the toe I'll move now till I'm sick wid cryin'! Oh, murdher alive, this night! Isn't it a poor case entirely, that the girl I'd suffer myself to be turned inside out for won't say that she cares about a hair o' my head! Oh, thin, but I'm the misfortunate blackguard all out! Och, oh! Peggy achora, you'll break my heart! Hand me that shell, acushla—for I'm in the height of affliction!"

Peggy could neither withhold it nor reply to him. Her mirth was even more intense now than before; nor, if all were known, was Phelim less affected with secret laughter than Peggy.

"Is it makin' fun o' me you are, you thief. Eh?—Is it laughin' at my grief you are?" exclaimed Phelim. "Be the tarn' o' war, I'll punish you for that."

Peggy attempted to escape, but Phelim succeeded, ere she went, in taking a salutation or two, after which both joined those who sat at the fire, and in a few minutes Sam Appleton entered.

GENERAL CHESNEY.

BORN 1789 — DIED 1872.

[Francis Rawdon Chesney was born at Ballyhea, in county Down, on the 16th March, 1789. Evincing a fondness for military life, he was presented with a Woolwich cadetship by his godfather, Lord Moira, and in his sixteenth year obtained a first lieutenancy in the Royal Artillery. During the great European war he was confined to the irksome offices of garrison duty. In 1827, while on leave of absence, he offered his services to the Porte, then at war with Russia, and was intrusted with the task of fortifying the Balkan passes. The peace of Adrianople left him without employment, and, having visited the scenes of the different engagements between the hostile armies, he embodied the result in his work, *Russo-Turkish Campaigns of 1828–9*, which was not published, however, till 1854. A mission to Egypt on which he was despatched in 1829 by Sir Robert Gordon, then British ambassador at Constantinople, first introduced him to the task which was to become the work of his life. The government were in doubt as to the comparative merits of the routes to India by Egypt and Syria. Lieutenant Chesney proposed to personally examine and report on the subject, and, before he could receive an answer, started an exploring expedition at his own expense. His journey through Asiatic Turkey, Syria, Arabia, and Persia, which lasted from 1829 to 1832, was full of strange adventures and extraordinary perils, and the story is well told in his *Narrative of the Euphrates Expedition.* On his return to England he found many influential supporters of his views, among others the king, William IV., and a grant of £20,000 was voted by parliament to enable him to try the experiment of communicating with India by the Euphrates. The expedition set out from Liverpool on Feb. 10, 1835, and the commander did not return to England till the August of 1837. His intention was to publish a detailed account of his observations, but he had only completed the first volume of the work when he was ordered on active service to China, where, as brigadier-general of artillery, he took part in the expedition against Canton in 1847. On his return home he finished the work, but the MS. was stolen at Paddington station and was never recovered. This piece of ill-luck necessitated three years more of labour, and thus the book did not appear on the large scale originally contemplated, the government, who were to pay the expenses, having become parsimonious. The publication took place in 1850, under the title of *The Expedition for the Survey of the Rivers Euphrates and Tigris, carried on by order of the British Government,* &c.; and in 1868, the ministry having again expressed a desire for extensive information on the subject, General Chesney produced his *Narrative of the Euphrates Expedition.* In 1852 he had published *Observations on the Past and Present State of Fire-arms.* The closing years of his life General Chesney spent in his home in Ireland, and after the disestablishment of the Irish Church he took an active part in the work of reorganizing that body. He died on Jan. 31, 1872, at his residence in Kilkeel, county Down, in the 82d year of his age. The views in General Chesney's works as to our best means of communication are still matter of controversy, but he certainly deserves the honour of being the first to really explore the Euphrates, and the strangeness of the scenes, the adventures, and the experiences recorded in his books make them interesting reading.]

WITH THE ARABS.

(FROM "NARRATIVE OF EUPHRATES EXPEDITION.")

A great change had taken place in Beles and its neighbourhood since it had been visited by our surveying parties a short time previous to our arrival. It was at that time quite deserted: now we found more than a thousand tents of the redoubted Aniza tribe pitched in the centre of the rich pasture-lands by which it is surrounded, while another formidable tribe, the Beni Saïd, were encamped on the opposite side of the river. These circumstances did not cause us to make any change in our plans, and on April 20 we commenced clearing the vessels for painting. Thunder-storms and heavy rain prevented us from doing much before the 24th, when the proceedings of the Arabs attracted our anxious attention. Our confidence in them, which had hitherto been unshaken, was now somewhat staggered. Corporal Greenhill of the Sappers, while employed in planting a station-flag in the vicinity, was suddenly seized by three mounted Arabs, who jumped from their horses, put their lances to his throat, and proceeded to cut off his brass coat buttons, which they no doubt took for gold. Having obtained the coveted booty they released the corporal, and hastened away lest they should be seen from the steamer. Such conduct could not be left unchecked, and Captain Estcourt, Lieutenant Cleaveland, Mr. Fitzjames, and fourteen men moved up the adjoining ravine, where they encountered a strong party of the Anizas, apparently preparing to retreat, although this was evidently only a feint; for the Arabs, who were mounted on horses and dromedaries, endeavoured to intercept our party, and would probably have succeeded in doing so, had not Captain Estcourt at once perceived their purpose, and with admirable presence of mind made a rapid demonstration in light infantry order which checked them, and gave his own party time to reach some ground, rather difficult of access, and within range of the steamer's guns and rockets. This affair, which had threatened to be serious, ended without anything more than an accident to Mr. Fitzjames, who, in his extreme zeal, broke his ankle in leaping from a height. The Anizas, however, kept us all on the alert; for as they chose to remain at a short distance from us, we were obliged to keep a party on the elevated ground close by to watch their movements; . . . but our great object was to avert any threatened hostilities on the part of the Arabs, and to establish friendly relations, based, if possible, on a formal treaty of peace.

With this end in view we endeavoured at once to open amicable communications with them, proposing to follow these up by inviting the principal sheiks to visit us, and to take advantage of this intercourse to impress them by a display of our power. We opened negotiations through Mr. Rassam, who, finding the Arabs well disposed, spent two or three days in their camp, accompanied by Mr. Elliot. His intimate knowledge of the Arab character gave him great advantages, and he stimulated their curiosity to see our wonderful steamships, feeling sure that their astonishment would effect all that we wished. On the 28th Mr. Elliot (himself half an Arab) returned to us accompanied by three Aniza chiefs with eight attendants, who were at once accommodated with a tent which we had prepared for them on shore. We purposely postponed their visit to the vessels until the next day, in order to treat them, after dark, to a discharge of Congreve and Whale rockets along the surface of the river, which, owing to its width at this place, was particularly favourable to a grand display of the rushing power and increasing speed of these fiery missiles. This exhibition overcame our guests completely, and impressed them with a feeling of helpless inferiority. The rockets occupied them till supper time, and on setting food before them, with spoons and forks, they said, "God supplies us with fingers—why do you give us metal hands?"

On the following morning their wonder and admiration were increased on their being shown every part of both vessels, and these feelings reached their climax when, returning on deck, after the bewildering sight of the engines, they were treated to some discharges of canister from the 9-pounders, as well as from some of our smaller brass guns, which produced such an effect on the surface of the noble river as would have been very striking even to those well acquainted with the effects of artillery, while to the Arabs it suggested the utter impossibility of any attempt to resist such tremendous power. The result of this exhibition was all that we could have wished. The Aniza chiefs themselves proposed to render our present good understanding permanent by means of a treaty, and consented to go into the necessary details forthwith. . . .

We resumed the descent on the 9th, keeping one of the boats ahead to facilitate our examination of the river, and give notice of any obstruction. In this way we carefully examined the banks on either side of the memorable passage of Thapsacus (now Hamman), and also the extensive ruins of ancient Susa, and other sites of interest which we visited during our thirteen miles' steaming to Racca, where we brought up, notwithstanding its low and swampy situation, which on the score of health was very undesirable. It is, however, a place of some celebrity in Moslem history, although our researches next morning were scarcely repaid by the discovery of a spacious cistern, the remains of a mosque, the ruins of Haroun-el-Raschid's palace, and the extensive walls which once surrounded this city of the Khaliph el-Mansour, whose name has been deservedly handed down to us in connection with astronomical observations, and with his promotion of the science of astronomy itself by the measurement of a grand base-line on the plain near this city.

The astronomical position of Racca having been fixed by Lieutenant Murphy, we steamed eleven miles farther down the river to Amram, which is situated on its left bank, about half-way through the forest of the same name. On the right bank is an elevated plain bounded by a range of chalk hills. Here we again met some of the friendly Weldah Arabs, but, to our surprise, they scampered away from their tents in the wildest manner, owing, as we soon learned, to an alarm caused by the Effadees, who had crossed the river on skins to seize their bullocks, as they thought, at our instigation.

An assurance of friendship was quickly given by Rassam, "on his head and beard," which solemn invocation induced them to return; and we followed it up by offering them bread in token of friendship, in which spirit they received it, and ate it with evident relish and confidence. Rather more than a hundred of the tribe were present on this occasion, and these, having secured the alliance of the powerful strangers, uttered shouts of defiance against the Effadees, who were looking on from the opposite bank of the river.

We thought this a favourable opportunity for producing some of the goods which we had brought out for the purpose of opening a trade by barter, but our negotiations were interrupted by the ludicrous circumstance of one of our guns being accidentally turned towards the Arabs. The moment they perceived this all bartering was at an end, and in less than five minutes all had fled. The sheik afterwards returned alone to ask why we desired to hurt them, since they were quite ready to be submissive, and to give us wood or anything else they possessed; and thus a good understanding was re-established, and barter at once resumed with the greatest avidity by the Weldahs, and their example would have been eagerly followed by their enemies, the Effadees, had it been practicable.

The facilities for laying in a store of wood induced us to remain another day at Amram, and to send parties on shore to cut it; and our men, while so employed, found themselves in a singularly isolated position, for so dense and tangled was the undergrowth of the forest, that, although guided by the sounds of numerous hatchets and bill-hooks, some of the party were almost unable to find their way from one steamer to the other—a distance scarcely over a hundred yards.

Whilst all hands were busy cutting and stowing away on board as much wood as possible, Mr. Ainsworth and I made a walking excursion to some ruins in the neighbourhood. We had not proceeded far before eight Arabs, each armed with a long gun in addition to their spears, favoured us with their company. Thinking this suspicious, we took the precaution of separating from each other—Ainsworth, with his usual coolness, keeping at such a distance as would enable us to give each other mutual support. Moving on thus cautiously I suddenly saw an unexpected enemy close to us—a cobra-capella just rising on his tail, and ready to dart his fangs into my companion, in which, no doubt, he must have succeeded had not one of the Arabs, with admirable dexterity, struck the point of his spear through the creature's head. This feat effected a double purpose. It freed us from the cobra,[1] and led to a friendly understanding with the Arab, who, pleased with himself, was ready to meet our advances; and mutual confidence being thus established, we went on to their tents, which were in the neighbourhood.

On recrossing the river to our steamer we heard that the day's work had been most satisfactory, and the descent was therefore resumed next day, the flat boats preceding the two steamers as usual, *Tigris* leading the way. The river was deep and favourable to us, its width varying from 250 to 300 yards. On the right bank we had a continuation of the elevated plain already mentioned, terminating in a range of hills, whilst on the left was the luxuriant forest, tenanted by innumerable nightingales. . . . The village of El-Khudhr stands in the midst of an extensive grove of poplars, and as we required fuel to carry us to Basrah, the inhabitants were employed in cutting wood for us during the evening of our arrival and the following morning. But when called upon to resume their work during the day we found a decided unwillingness on their part to fulfil their engagement; and Lieutenant Murphy, who was employed in taking sights in the castle of El-Khudhr, sent us word to be prepared for an attack, of which Lieutenant Cleaveland had also perceived symptoms, for the people had not only refused to continue their work, but were seen preparing their muskets, swords, knives, and other arms. Ignorant of any possible cause for hostility, Seyd Ali went to the chief of the tribe (the Beni-Hakem) for an explanation; but the only reply that he could obtain was that we were cowards, and the assurance, coupled with the most opprobrious epithets possible, that if we did not depart instantly their allies, who had been summoned to their aid, would join them in attacking us. Seyd Ali, therefore, returned to us with the intelligence that the whole population of the place was in a state of violent excitement, which was evinced by their commencing their war-dance, moving round and round in a circle with joined hands.

Mr. Ainsworth was on shore at this time collecting botanical specimens in the adjoining wood, when we perceived that the Arabs were preparing to seize him. I and several of our party instantly landed, and throwing ourselves between him and the excited crowd we held them in check, and protected him, until he, and the rest of our party also, safely reached the steamer. Once on board we might easily have left the Arabs to themselves, had we not felt that our moral influence would have suffered from such a course. Instead of retreating, therefore, we steamed directly up to the wood on the northern side of the town, where the mass of the tribe had by this time assembled, in the hope of finding some opening for negotiation.

Instead of this we were received with a heavy fire. Fortunately, none of our party were struck, although Lieutenant Cleaveland, who occupied his usual position on the paddle-box, was much exposed. Our bulwarks, &c., were otherwise almost a complete protection. Our people burned to return this attack, and it was with difficulty that I restrained them for the moment in the hope of preserving peace; but as a dropping fire was still kept up against us, notwithstanding our forbearance, we discharged a broadside of grape and canister into the wood with telling effect. Still the Arabs continued to fire at us, and we gave them a second discharge, which cleared the wood at once, after some consultation on their part. An attack had also been made upon us from a castellated building on the opposite side of the river, but the discharge of a Congreve rocket and two or three Cohorn shells caused its immediate evacuation; and some hundreds of an adjoining tribe of Arabs were seen scampering away, to the infinite delight of Madam Helfer, who, contrary to my orders, came up the companion steps to see what was going on.

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[1] The skin of this animal may be seen in the Zoological Society's collection.

This was the only affair attended with hostility on the part of the people which occurred throughout the whole expedition. We had to quit El-Khudhr without having any opportunity of obtaining an explanation of their conduct from the Beni-Hakem. We were afterwards told that their hostility had been aroused by our having (in ignorance of their superstition) cut down a part of the wood, which, owing to their Persian descent, they regarded as sacred.

ARRIVAL AT BAGDAD.

We quitted Kūt el-Amrah on the morning of Sept. 21st, the British and Turkish ensigns flying, intending to reach Tauk-Kezra before night. More than half the distance to Bagdad had now been accomplished with very little difficulty, but the state of the river rendered the remainder of this day's navigation very intricate, in fact we had to proceed so cautiously that we barely accomplished ten miles in four hours. The river presented a wide-spread surface, but was evidently so shallow that we had very little expectation of our vessel being able to pass at all. Still, as we had observed that the large boats which navigate the Tigris river managed to pass up and down even at this season, we determined to make the attempt.

We made a most careful examination, not only by soundings but also by means of our two pilots, who went into the water, and by wading and swimming, as the case might be, ascertained where a passage was practicable; and we steamed ahead, with the expectation of reaching deeper water before long. To our disappointment our steamer grounded again in what turned out to be a blind passage, and the hope of reaching Bagdad seemed to be almost at an end. The next morning, however, whilst we were employed in lightening and floating the vessel, the boats and pilots fortunately discovered a passage, which we succeeded in following under very novel circumstances.

Occasionally swimming, but more generally wading, the two pilots followed the winding which the water had made for itself along the bed of the river. They marked its course by means of a double row of sticks and willow-branches, and the vessel then followed along the passage thus carefully traced out into the opener part of the river, when she steamed onwards with comparative ease to Al-Hamarah jungle, which is 42½ miles from El-Būne. The next day we experienced some delay when passing through the islands and shallow water near Debouny, which is about midway to Um-el-Būl, or "Mother of Drummers," so named from the sound caused by the reverberation of the water against the rocks. We ascended 35 miles this day, but, owing to a succession of sandy islets and shallow water, we barely made 19 miles during the 24th to Zerviya.

Our progress had also of late been a good deal retarded in consequence of a failure in the supply of coal expected from Basrah; green wood was our only resource, and this, as a matter of course, was burned at the expense of time. But at this halting-place a tolerable supply of wood was obtained, and our ascent was prosperously continued until we anchored, after dark, eight miles short of Ctesiphon, having steamed rather more than 53 miles during the day.

Early on the following morning the resident's boat arrived from Bagdad, bringing Dr. Ross to renew the acquaintance which he had commenced with us at the moment of the Arab tumult at Hillah. . . . During the afternoon of August 30th we steamed the remaining nine miles by water, and Colonel Taylor came on board and was saluted with eleven guns. As we approached the city the bridge was thrown open. Our salute was returned from the Residency, and we steamed through the bridge towards evening into the midst of the wondering population, which covered the roofs of every house, when one individual, placing his head between his knees, was heard to call out with great emphasis, "Has God been pleased to make only one such creation?"

Our entrance into Bagdad carried me back in recollection to the commencement of that singular train of events which had this day reached its culminating point by our steamer's arrival at this city. For it was here, as far back as 1831, that Colonel Taylor and myself took the first steps for submitting to the consideration of the Home as well as the Indian authorities the information which had been obtained concerning the state of the Euphrates and Tigris. And as various circumstances which led step by step to the organization of the expedition had chiefly originated at this place, the arrival of our steamer at Bagdad was one of the most triumphant moments in the progress of the undertaking.

THOMAS KEIGHTLEY.

BORN 1789 — DIED 1872.

[Thomas Keightley was born in Dublin in October, 1789. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and was intended for the law. In the preface to the *Fairy Mythology* he says that ill health and a delicate constitution excluded him from the learned professions, and want of interest from everything else; thus more from necessity than choice he entered on a literary career. In 1824 he settled in London, and made the acquaintance of one of his earliest literary friends, Mr. Crofton Croker. Croker's collection of *Fairy Legends* were at this time being produced, and Keightley was requested to furnish a few tales on Irish fairy lore. To the research necessary for these he attributes the subsequent production of his *Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy* and *Tales and Popular Fictions,* in which he traced the points of resemblance between the legends of different nations, and their transmission from country to country. *Fairy Mythology,* a kindred work, deals not only with the fairy lore of most European countries, but also with those of Jewish, African, and Oriental origin. In 1829 he published a volume of *Outlines of History,* in *Lardner's Cyclopædia.* Its success was so great that Dr. Arnold advised the author to write a series of histories of moderate size which might be used in schools. Accordingly Keightley's histories of England, Greece, Rome, India, &c., were produced. *The War of Independence in Greece* appeared in 1837, followed by *Notes on the Bucolics and Georgics of Virgil,* 1846; *The Crusades,* comprising the events, characters, and scenes of the times of the Crusades; *Epistles and Satires of Horace,* and *Account of the Life, Writings, and Opinions of John Milton,* 1855. Mr. Keightley was for years a contributor to the *Foreign Quarterly.* His latest work was *The Shakespeare Expositor,* published 1867. He died at his residence in Chiswick on the Thames in 1872. Keightley's works were highly popular in their day, but they belong to a period which, though not remote, has been already rendered antique by the great advance in scholarship and the vast improvement in school literature within the last few years.]

BROKEN OATHS.

(FROM THE "FAIRY MYTHOLOGY."[1])

There was a man who was very rich and who had but one only son. He bestowed upon him every kind of instruction, so that he became very learned and of great talent.

Before his death the old man gave a great entertainment, and invited all the chief people of the city; and when the entertainment was over he called his son, and made him swear in the name of the great God of the whole universe, that he never would travel or go out of his own country. He then left him the whole of his riches on this condition, and made him sign a paper to that effect, with sufficient witnesses, in the presence of all that company, and he gave the paper into the custody of one of the principal persons.

Some years after the death of his father there came a very large ship from India, laden with merchandise of great value. The captain when he arrived inquired after the father of this young man, and the people said unto him that he was dead, but that he had left a son, and they conducted the captain to the young man's dwelling. The captain then said unto him, "Sir, I have brought hither much property belonging to thy father, and as there is much property of thy father's still remaining, if thou wilt come with me thou wilt be able to obtain much riches, for thou canst recover all that is owing unto thy father." He made answer unto the captain and said, that he could not travel, as he had taken an oath unto his father that he never would go out of the country. The captain, however, ceased not every day to persuade him, until at length he gave him his word that he would go with him. He then went unto the learned rabbin that were at that time, to see if they would give him absolution respecting the oath he had sworn unto his father. But they counselled him not to leave the country. But his eagerness to acquire more riches was so great that he would not hearken unto the counsel of any one. So he finally took his resolution, and went away with the captain.

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[1] By permission of Messrs. Bell & Sons, London.

Now, when they were in the midst of the sea, lo! the ship went to pieces, and all the merchandise that was on board was lost, and all the people were drowned save only this young man, who got upon a plank. And the water carried him about from one place unto another, until it cast him upon the land. But here he was in danger of starving, and had nothing to eat but the herbs of the field, or to drink but the running water.

One day an exceeding large eagle drew near unto him, and seated himself on the ground before him. As he was now reduced to despair, and had little hopes of being able to preserve his life, and knew not where he was, he resolved to mount this eagle, and to sit upon his back. He accordingly mounted the bird, and the eagle flew with him until he brought him unto a country that was inhabited, where he left him.[1] When he saw that he was in a land where there were people he was greatly rejoiced, and he immediately inquired where the great rabbi of that country dwelt. But all the people that were there stood mocking at him and cursing him, and saying that he should die, because he had broken the oath he had sworn unto his father. When he heard this he was greatly astonished at their knowing it, but he went to the house of the chief person among them, who said unto him that he should abide in his house until they did him justice, because in that country they were all Mazikeen, and they wanted to kill him because he deserved death on account of the oath to his father, which he had broken. "Therefore," said he, "when they will sentence thee, and will lead thee forth to punishment, cry aloud and say, I call for justice before God and the king! The king will then do his utmost to deliver thee out of their hands, and thou wilt remain alive."

Accordingly when he was tried before the senate, and before their princes and great men, he was found guilty and sentenced to death, according to the law of God. And when they led him forth to be slain he put his fingers before God and before his majesty the king.[2] When they heard this they took him before the king, who examined him, and saw that, in justice, he was worthy of death. But the king asked him if he had studied or knew the law of Moses, or had studied the Talmud, and various authors; and he saw that he was very learned, and a great rabbi, and it grieved him much that he should be put to death. The king, therefore, begged that they would defer his execution until the following day, for he wished to give his case a little further consideration. At this they all held their peace and departed.

Next day all the senators, governors, chief men, and all the people of the city, came together to see and hear the sentence of the king, and also to behold the death of this man, as it would be for them a very curious sight. Now, while they were all standing there assembled, before the king came forth from his palace to give his judgment he called for this man who was condemned to death, and asked him if he was willing to remain with him and teach his children what he knew, as, in such case, he would do his utmost to deliver him from death. He made answer that he was willing. The king then went forth from his palace and seated himself upon his throne of judgment, and called all the chief men, and all the people, and spake unto them in this sort:—

"Sirs, it is a truth that you have adjudged this man to death, which he deserves: but there is no rule without an exception, and I believe that this man hath not yet come to his time that he should die. For if it was the will of God that he should die he would have died along with the rest of the people who were on board the same ship with him when the ship went to pieces, and not have escaped as he hath done. Again, if it was the will of God that he should die he would not have reached the land, and an eagle would not have come and brought him hither amongst us. In like manner God hath delivered him from you, for he might have been slain by you. He hath thus been delivered out of these manifold and great perils, and it therefore seemeth unto me that he should live; as for the sin that he hath committed in breaking his oath, it is between him and God, who shall reward him for it one day or other. He shall therefore be free from us; and I ordain that no one shall touch him or do him any evil; and whosoever troubleth him shall be put to death."

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[1] Comp. Lane, *Thousand and One Nights*, iii. p. 91.

[2] To signify that he appealed to them.

When they heard these words of the king they all expressed themselves well pleased at his decision; and the man remained in the house of the king, teaching his children. He continued in the palace for three years, highly respected by every one, and greatly esteemed by the king for his talents and his capacity.

Now it came to pass that the king was obliged to set forth with an army to war against one of the provinces of his kingdom which had rebelled. As he was on the point to set out he called for this man, and gave him all the keys of his palaces and his treasures, and said unto him, "Behold! thou mayest view everything that is in the land and in the palaces; but thou hast here a golden key of one palace which thou must beware of opening, for on the day that thou openest it I will slay thee." Then, charging the people to respect and attend to him, the king took his leave of him and departed. When the king was gone he began to open and examine all the palaces and all the curiosities, which were such as he had never seen in his life, and all the treasures of the greatest riches that could be in the world; in short, he saw mountains upon mountains of diamonds of great weight, and other things of various kinds most admirable to behold. But when he had seen all he was not satisfied; he wanted to see more. And as his desire was very great he would open the other palace; and he thought he should suffer no injury thereby, so that he resolved to open it. Five or six times he drew nigh to open it, and as often he drew back in fear: at length he took courage and opened it.

There were seven apartments, one within the other, and every apartment was full of different rich and curious things. In the seventh apartment was the princess, with other women, all richly dressed and very beautiful. When the princess saw him she gave a sigh and said, "Man, it grieveth me for thee! how art thou come hither? Where is thy regard for the advice of my father, who entreated thee not to open this palace when he gave thee the keys of his palaces and his treasures, and straitly charged thee not to come hither? Know now that my father is coming, and that he will surely slay thee. But if thou wilt follow my counsel, and wilt espouse me, I will save thee; but thou must give unto me thy oath that thou wilt do it." He replied that he would, and he sware unto her, and gave it unto her in writing. She then said unto him, "When my father asketh thee why thou hast opened the palace, thou shalt make answer and say that thou desirest to marry me, and then he will let thee escape and not slay thee."

He had scarcely ended speaking with her when the king entered with his sword drawn in his hand to slay him. Then he threw himself on the ground and began to entreat him, and said that he was desirous to marry the princess. When the king heard this he was rejoiced that he would remain there, and so teach his children all the knowledge he possessed; for he was of great capacity in everything. He therefore told him that he would leave it to his daughter whether she would have him or not. The king then asked his daughter, and she replied, "What your majesty doth for me is well done." The king then gave his consent for her marriage with him. The contract was made, and notice was given to all the chief persons of the city, and the wedding was appointed to be in two months.

When the appointed time was come all the chief men of all the provinces of the kingdom were invited, and a great feast was made to celebrate the marriage of the princess; and they were married to their great joy and happiness.

On the first night of their marriage, when the husband and the wife were alone, she said unto him, "Behold! I am not like one of you, and thou seest that, thanks be unto God! there is no defect in my body; if, therefore, though we have been publicly married with the consent of my father, thou art not content to live with me as husband and wife, thou art at liberty, and no one shall know it; but if thou art content with all thy will, thou must swear unto me that thou wilt never leave me." He replied that he was well content with everything; and he sware unto her and wrote it down on paper, and signed it with his hand, and gave it unto her; and they lived happily as man and wife for many years, and they had children; and his first-born he named Solomon, after the name of King Solomon.

Immediately after the marriage the king caused it to be proclaimed that his son-in-law should be the second person in the kingdom to give judgment, and to punish such as should be deserving of punishment. This the king did with the consent of all the great men of the country.

But after some years this man began to be very anxious and melancholy, and his wife asked him many times what it was that ailed him, but he would never tell her the cause: yet she persuaded him so much that at length he told it unto her, and said that when he looked upon his children he remembered the other children that he had, and his other wife, and that he yearned to behold them once more. His wife replied, "My dear husband, let not this give thee any uneasiness, for if thou wishest to see them thou canst see them." He answered, "If thou wilt do me this favour and grace I shall thank thee much." She asked him how long he wished to stay with his wife and children, and he answered three months; but she said, "No; I will give thee the space of a year on condition that as soon as the year is expired thou return again unto me." He answered, "If thou show me this favour I will do all that thou wilt command me." She said, "Take an oath that thou wilt keep thy word." He then sware, and wrote it down on paper and gave it unto her.

She then called one of her servants and ordered him to convey him to his own house with all the speed he could make; and in the space of a few minutes he found himself in his own house with his wife and children. The man then asked him if he had any commands for his lady? He replied, "I have nothing to do with thee or thy lady. I am now with my wife and children; I know no other, and therefore I have no message to give." The servant then returned to his mistress, and she asked him what his master had said, and if he had given him any message. He answered, "Madam, if I tell thee what he hath said thou wilt not believe me." She then pressed him, and he told her all. She said, "It doth not signify."

He remained, then, very happy with his family; but at the end of the year his wife sent a messenger unto him to call him back unto her, as the year was expired. But he answered that he would not, and that he had nothing to do with them, as he was a man and had nothing more to say with them. The messenger returned and told his mistress, and she sent other messengers of greater dignity, for she said this one is not sufficient for him. But he made the same reply that he had made unto the first. She then sent greater still, three or four times, and at last she was obliged to send her son Solomon. When he saw his son he embraced him and asked him what he wanted. He told him that his mother had sent him that he might come back with him, and that if he would not she would come and avenge herself upon him. His father replied that he had no mind to depart from his house; that he would stay with his wife and children, who were human beings like himself. So when his son saw that there was no remedy, and that he would not come with him, he returned unto his mother, and related the whole unto her.

His mother was then obliged to go herself with her great army. When they arrived at the city where the man dwelt they said unto the princess that they would go up and slay the man that was her husband, and all the people of the city; but she answered, "No; they had not permission to kill any one, as all the Hebrews when they lie down to sleep at night make their prayers unto God to protect and guard them from all Mazikeen, so that we have no right or permission to touch them; and if we do them a mischief we shall be chastised for it by the God of Israel, who governeth the whole world. Do you, therefore, bide here without the city, and in the morning I and my son Solomon will arise and go unto the school of the rabbin and the Sanhedrim, and if they will do me justice with him, well, if not, I will avenge myself upon him and upon them." They all made answer and said, "It is well said."

In the morning she arose with her son Solomon and went unto the great school where the divine law was taught. They were consulting when they heard the voice of one crying aloud and saying, "Sirs, justice before God and before you upon such a one, my husband;" and all the people were amazed and were in astonishment when they heard the voice three times and saw no one. They then sent for the man, who came unto them and related the whole story, and said that he had no mind to go with her. They again heard the voice, which said, "Sirs, here are his oaths, signed by himself, which he sware and signed each time;" and then three written papers fell before them. They read them, and asked him if that was his signature. He said it was. They said unto him, "It is ill done to break so many oaths," and that there was no remedy, but that he should go with her to where he had lived so many years with her, and where she had saved him from death and he had had children by her. "As for us, we advise thee to go with her, and if thou dost not it will not come to good; for she is not an ordinary person, but is a princess, and merits attention, more especially as she hath right on her side." He answered that he would give her guet (a bill of divorce), but she made answer that that would not be for her honour. In fine, he refused absolutely to go with her.

After a great deal of argument, and when she saw that there were no means to persuade him, she said, "Sirs, I am highly obliged and grateful to you, for I see that you do me the justice of God and he will not accept it. You are free, and the sin will be upon his soul. Wherefore, sirs, since there is no remedy with him, I entreat that he will suffer me to take leave of him, and to embrace him." He replied that she might, and as soon as she embraced him she drew out his soul and he died. She then said, "Sirs, here is his son Solomon, who is one of yourselves. I will give him sufficient riches, and he shall be heir along with the children of his other wife, and you will make him among you a great rabbi, for he is of sufficient ability, as you may see if you will examine him. Farewell." So saying she departed with her army.[1]

CARDINAL WISEMAN.

BORN 1802—DIED 1865.

[Born at Seville, in Spain (August 2, 1802), Cardinal Wiseman is yet justly claimed as an Irishman; for both his parents were Irish. His father, Mr. James Wiseman, who had settled for a period in the Spanish city for the purpose of carrying on better the trade in which he was engaged, was a native of Waterford; his mother, Zaviera Strange, was the daughter of Mr. Peter Strange, of Aylward's-town Castle, Kilkenny. Nicholas Patrick Stephen, the future cardinal, was but six years of age when he was sent from Spain; and he was in early boyhood a pupil at a private school in Waterford. His principal place of education in youth, however, was St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, near Durham, where so many children of leading Irish and English Roman Catholic families have been trained. Here he had among his other teachers Dr. Lingard, the eminent historian; and he had also the benefit of being watched over by the eye of his mother; for she had removed to Durham in order to be near him during his years of study. She had every reason to be gratified, for her son's application and talents rendered his course a highly distinguished one. In 1818 he left Ushaw, and, with five others, set out for the English College at Rome, which had been desolate and uninhabited for almost an entire generation. In his new abode Wiseman soon attracted attention; and in his eighteenth year he published a book of some learning. The title was *Horæ Syriacæ;* and the subject the languages of the East—a study in which he felt deep interest throughout his whole life. He could not be ordained till he was twenty-three years of age; but before that time he had obtained the degree of D.D.

After he had become a priest his first appointment was to a professorship in the Roman University; and he filled in succession the offices of professor of oriental languages, vice-rector, and rector of the English College. In 1827 he received a high mark of distinction from the then pope—Leo XII.—having been requested to preach in Rome on every Sunday from Advent to Easter—the season when the Eternal City used to receive the largest influx of foreign visitors. During all this time he was busy in the pursuit of the severer forms of study; and in the Lent of 1835 he published some of the fruits of his labours in the famous series of *Lectures on the Connection between Science and Revealed Religion.* In this same year he paid a visit to England, and, besides repeating those lectures, delivered, in the following year, another series on religious topics. He resumed residence in Rome, and did not return to England till 1840, when it was considered advisable to increase the number of vicars apostolic in England. Dr. Wiseman was named coadjutor to Dr. Walsh, the vicar apostolic of the central district. On the 8th of June, 1840, he was consecrated Bishop of Melipotamus *in partibus*. He was also made president of St. Mary's College, Oscott. In 1848 Dr. Walsh was appointed vicar apostolic of London in room of Dr. Griffiths; Dr. Wiseman again became his coadjutor; and when, in the following year, Dr. Walsh died, Dr. Wiseman was raised to the presidency of the district, taking upon himself the duties of the office on February 18, 1849.

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[1] From a rabbinical book called *Mahasee Yerusalemee, i.e.* History of a Hebrew of Jerusalem. "Very old," says Moses Edrehi, "and known by the Hebrews to be true."

We now come to a stormy period in a career which had hitherto passed along the smooth paths of study and of regular ecclesiastical promotion. In 1850 it was determined by the Vatican to change the system of church government in England, and instead of vicars apostolic, to establish dioceses with bishops. On the 29th of September, 1850, the pope issued the bull making this alteration; on the 30th Dr. Wiseman was created cardinal by the title of St. Pudentiana, and was named Archbishop of Westminster. In the following month Dr. Ullathorne was enthroned as Bishop of Birmingham. The effect of those steps on the English public was extraordinary; and so strong was the antipathy to the proceedings of the Curia, that Lord John Russell, the prime minister, brought in the famous "Ecclesiastical Titles Bill," which made illegal the assumption by Roman Catholic prelates of such titles as the pope had recently conferred on them. This measure led to wild and prolonged debates in parliament, split parties, and broke up a government; and the final result of all this hubbub was that the bill, when passed, was openly violated without an attempt at prosecution; and that some years afterwards it was repealed with almost universal assent, and without attracting any particular notice. With the excitement caused by those controversies, passed away the unpopularity of the cardinal. In the following years he was a frequent and a welcome lecturer in art and science to large and mixed audiences throughout the country; at one moment addressing the merchants of Liverpool, at another the artisans of Manchester, on a third the savans of London.

In 1859 he paid a visit to Ireland, and was there received by his co-religionists with much enthusiasm. His last public lecture was delivered in January, 1863, before the Royal Society. He died at his residence, 8 York Place, Baker Street, London, on February 15, 1865. His writings are voluminous, and deal with a large range of subjects: with religious controversy, science, philology, and art. His *Recollections of the Last Four Popes* give several graphic pictures and amusing sketches of life in Rome during the pontificates of Pius VII., Leo XII., Pius VIII., and Gregory XVI. He is also the author of a romance, *Fabiola*, in which a vivid and apparently lifelike description is given of the days when the early Christians had to worship among the Catacombs. This book has been translated into several languages. He also wrote a drama called *The Hidden Gem*, which was first performed at the jubilee of St. Cuthbert's, Ushaw; and, being produced on the stage at Liverpool in 1859, was well received. A considerable number of his essays have been reprinted from the *Dublin Review*, of which he was one of the founders. Several memoirs have been published of this eminent ecclesiastic, but no complete biography. We may say finally, that his genial manners, vast accomplishments, and great abilities, made him popular in many circles outside those of his own Church.]

THE FALL OF TORQUATUS.

(FROM "FABIOLA.")

[Torquatus is a convert from Paganism to Christianity. The authorities determine to corrupt him in order to make him a spy against his fellow-Christians.]

On a beautifully inlaid table were dice. Fulvius, after plying Torquatus with more liquor, negligently took them up, and threw them playfully down, talking in the meantime on indifferent subjects. "Dear me!" he kept exclaiming, "what throws! It is well I am not playing with any one, or I should have been ruined. You try, Torquatus."

Gambling, as we learnt before, had been the ruin of Torquatus: for a transaction arising out of it he was in prison, when Sebastian converted him. As he took the dice into his hand, with no intention, as he thought, of playing, Fulvius watched him, as a lynx might its prey. Torquatus's eye flashed keenly, his lips quivered, his hand trembled. Fulvius at once recognized in all this, coupled with the poising of his hand, the knowing cast of the wrist, and the sharp eye to the value of a throw, the violence of a first temptation to resume a renounced vice.

"I fear you are not a better hand than I am at this stupid occupation," said he indifferently; "but I dare say Corvinus here will give you a chance, if you will stake something very low."

"It must be very low indeed—merely for recreation, for I have renounced gambling. Once, indeed—but no matter."

"Come on," said Corvinus, whom Fulvius had pressed to his work by a look.

They began to throw for the most trifling stakes, and Torquatus generally won. Fulvius made him drink still, from time to time, and he became very talkative.

"Corvinus, Corvinus," he said at length, as if recollecting himself, "was not that the name that Cassianus mentioned?"

"Who?" asked the other, surprised.

"Yes, it was," continued Torquatus to himself, "the bully, the big brute. Were you the person," he asked, looking up to Corvinus, "who struck that nice Christian boy Pancratius?"

Corvinus was on the point of bursting into a rage; but Fulvius checked him by a gesture, and said, with timely interference:

"That Cassianus whom you mentioned is an eminent schoolmaster; pray, where does he live?"

This he knew his companion wished to ascertain; and thus he quieted him. Torquatus answered:

"He lives, let me see,—no, no; I won't turn traitor. No; I am ready to be burnt, or tortured, or die for my faith; but I won't betray any one,—that I won't."

"Let me take your place, Corvinus," said Fulvius, who saw Torquatus's interest in the game deepening. He put forth sufficient skill to make his antagonist more careful and more intent. He threw down a somewhat larger stake. Torquatus, after a moment's pause of deliberation, matched it. He won it. Fulvius seemed vexed. Torquatus threw back both sums. Fulvius seemed to hesitate, but put down an equivalent, and lost again. The play was now silent: each won and lost; but Fulvius had steadily the advantage, and he was the more collected of the two.

Once Torquatus looked up and started. He thought he saw the good Polycarp behind his adversary's chair. He rubbed his eyes, and saw it was only Corvinus staring at him. All his skill was now put forth. Conscience had retreated; faith was wavering; grace had already departed. For the demon of covetousness, of rapine, of dishonesty, of recklessness, had come back, and brought with him seven spirits worse than himself, to that cleansed but ill-guarded soul; and as they entered in, all that was holy, all that was good, departed.

At length, worked up by repeated losses and draughts of wine into a frenzy, after he had drawn frequently upon the heavy purse which Fabiola had given him, he threw the purse itself upon the table. Fulvius coolly opened it, emptied it, counted the money, and placed opposite an equal heap of gold. Each prepared himself for a final throw. The fatal bones fell; each glanced silently upon their spots. Fulvius drew the money towards himself; Torquatus fell upon the table, his head buried and hidden within his arms. Fulvius motioned Corvinus out of the room.

Torquatus beat the ground with his foot; then moaned, next gnashed his teeth, and growled; then put his fingers in his hair, and began to pull and tear it. A voice whispered in his ear, "Are you a Christian?" Which of the seven spirits was it? surely the worst.

ITALIAN GESTICULATION.

(FROM "ESSAYS.")

When Italians converse, it is not the tongue alone that has full occupation; their words are sure to have an instrumental accompaniment in the gestures of their bodies. You never see among them two gentlemen standing bolt upright, one with his hands behind his back and the other leaning on his umbrella, while they are resolving to oppose a bill in Parliament, or to file one in Chancery, or to protest one in the City. You never see an orator, sacred or profane, screwed down in the middle of his pulpit, or wedged between the benches of his court, or holding hard on the front of his hustings, as though afraid of being run away with by his honourable pillory, and pouring forth impassioned eloquence with a statue-like stillness of limbs; unless the right arm escape to move up and down with the regularity of a pump-handle, or inflict from time to time a clenching blow upon the subjacent boards. No, it is not so in Italy. Let two friends sit down to solace themselves at the door of a *café* in the cool of a summer's evening, or let them walk along the noisy street of Toledo at Naples; let their conversation be upon the merest trifle, the present opera, the last festival, or the next marriage, and each speaker, as he utters his opinion in flowing musical sounds, will be seen to move his fingers, his hands, and his entire body, with a variety of gestures, attuned in perfect cadence to the emphasis of his words. See, one of them now is not actually speaking, though the other has ceased; but he has raised his right hand, keeping the points of the thumb and index joined, and the other fingers expanded, and has laid his left gently on his companion's arm. Depend upon it, his reply is going to open with a sententious saw, some magnificent truism, from which he will draw marvellous consequences. His mouth will open slowly, ere it yields a sound; and when at last "Sir Oracle" speaks, the right hand will beat time, by rising and falling on each substantive and verb of the sentence; and at its close the two wedded fingers will fly apart, and the entire expanded hand wave with grace and dignity outwards, if the propositions be positive. If negative, the forefinger alone will remain extended and erect, and be slowly moved backwards and forwards between the interlocutors' faces. When the solemn sentence has been pronounced and enforced by a dignified toss of the head it is the other's turn. But the *dictum* was probably too vague and general to receive a specific reply; and therefore, reserving his opinion till he has better felt his way, he shakes his head and hands, uttering, you may depend upon it, the monosyllabic but polysemous exclamation, "Eh!" which, like a Chinese word, receives its meaning from its varying accent. The active speaker perceives that he has not carried the outworks of his friend's conviction, and addresses himself to a stronger attack. He now assumes the gesture of earnest remonstrance; his two hands are joined palm to palm, with the thumbs depressed, and the fingers closely glued together (for were the former erect, and the little fingers detached, and especially were they moved up and down, the gesture would signify not to *pray* but to *bray*, being the hieroglyphic for a donkey); and in this position they beat time, moving up and down, while the head is thrown back upon the right shoulder. We can hear the very words too here; they begin for certain with *abbia pazienza*, a reproachful expostulation; after which follows a more energetic repetition, slightly varied, of what had been previously urged; and, as the sentence closes, the hands are separated and fly apart. If the point is not carried the reasoning is enforced by a more personal appeal. All the fingers of the right hand are joined together with the thumb, and their united points are placed upon the forehead, which bends forward towards the unconvinced and incredulous listener, while a new form is given to the argument. This gesture is a direct appeal to the common sense of the other party; it is like intimating, that if he have brains he must understand the reasoning. Further obstinacy would lead to altercation; and assent is yielded by a slow shrug, with the head inclined, and the hands separately raised, the palms turned downwards. *E vero, ha ragione*, or *non si puo negare*, are doubtless the accompanying words.

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN POET.

(FROM "THE PERCEPTION OF NATURAL BEAUTY BY THE ANCIENTS AND THE MODERNS.")

But Shakspere I would compare to the ancient sculptor, or to one of Michael Angelo's stamp. Content with a mere sketch before him (traced upon some old romance or preceding play—he cares not for the vaunt of originality in his first invention), he dashes at once into the block from which his great and noble or graceful groups have to be hewn. At every one of his apparently random strokes on granite or on marble he knocks out sparks of fire, or produces fresh sparkling surfaces that reflect light at a new angle. Now it looks as if the whole work would be smashed in pieces, now he seems to be playing about it and doing nothing, till gradually wind out of the mass and stand revealed forms of grandeur or of beauty, not faultless, indeed, but in their nature matchless. The exquisite model was being shaped in the mind, where its mould lay hidden amidst treasures of creative art, while its solid representation was being produced in the study.

The tradition mentioned by Dryden, of Shakspere's having said that he killed Mercutio in the third act because he did not see how he could have carried him through (and what could have come to overmatch his Queen Mab?), and Ben Jonson's double assertion that he never erased a line once written, and that he had "an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary that he should be stopped;" these, and indications traceable in his dramas, showed that he blocked out his pieces and their figures as he worked, sometimes (as Canova said he could see had been done by the great sculptor of the Athenian pediment) driving his chisel too far, yet leaving the scar on the surface, rather than soften the bold mascles to its level. Not so with Wordsworth, in whom the love of nature and of her simplest forms was sound, noble, and moral. He could muse for hours over the daisy of the sward, and he could exult in the majestic scenery of his own lake home. For he could bring the star and the glowworm to converse together. His tone is ever healthy, his lessons rise above his text. His art seems to be in the power of touching chords in his reader's heart which harmonize with his, though before concealed from himself, and awakening, by the very simplicity and naturalness of his thoughts, a kindred love for nature, pure and innocent, and a step to higher and better feelings.

The Canticle of Solomon, for instance, may be said to resemble what I have described the Persian "Paradise" to have been, the combination of the two aspects of nature, the more untutored and the most highly cultivated. When a garden is incidentally described, perhaps the very "inclosed gardens" of Solomon yet traceable near Bethlehem, it contains fruit-trees and spice shrubs, mingled with the timber of the forest: "pomegranates and fruits of the orchard, spikenard and saffron, sweet cane and cinnamon, myrrh and aloes, and all the trees of Libanus." And "the fountain of the gardens" is "a well of living waters," not shut up in tanks, nor dribbling in jets, but "running with a strong stream" from the mountains. There is no part of nature overlooked. It is no pastoral; for the hart and the roe bounding over the mountains are as familiar to its imagery as the flocks of the goats descending from Mount Galaad, or the milk-white sheep coming from the pool. The lily of the field and the fruit of the orchard, the vineyard with its clustering flowers and the cedars with their noble stems, furnish figures bolder or pictures more varied than any profane poetry has done. Nor is this love of nature confined to the trim garden or cultivated field, but it loves to roam among the wild crags of Sanir and Hermon, amidst the dens of the lion and the mountains of the leopards.

ON SHAKSPERE.

(FROM "WILLIAM SHAKSPERE: A LECTURE.")

There have been some men in the world's history—and they are necessarily few—who, by their deaths, have deprived mankind of the power to do justice to their merits, in those particular spheres of excellence in which they had been pre-eminent. When the "immortal" Raphael for the last time laid down his palette, still moist with the brilliant colours which he had spread upon his unfinished masterpiece destined to be exposed to admiration above his bier, he left none behind him who could worthily depict and transmit his beautiful lineaments; so that posterity has had to seek in his own paintings, among the guards at a sepulchre, or among the youthful disciples in an ancient school, some figure which may be considered as representing himself. When his mighty rival, Michael Angelo, cast down that massive chisel which no one after him was worthy or able to wield, none survived him who could venture to repeat in marble the rugged grandeur of his countenance; but we imagine that we can trace in the head of some unfinished satyr, or in the sublime countenance of Moses, the natural or the idealized type from which he drew his stern and noble inspirations.

And, to turn to another great art, when Mozart closed his last uncompleted score, and laid him down to pass from the regions of earthly to those of heavenly music, which none had so closely approached as he, the science over which he ruled could find no strains in which worthily to mourn him except his own, and was compelled to sing for the first time his own marvellous requiem at his funeral.

No less can it be said that when the pen dropped from Shakspere's hand, when his last mortal illness mastered the strength of even his genius, the world was left powerless to describe in writing his noble and unrivalled characteristics. Hence we turn back upon himself, and endeavour to draw from his own works the only true records of his genius and his mind.

Was he silent, thoughtful, while his fertile brain was seething and heaving in the fermentation of his glorious conceptions; so that men should have said—"Hush! Shakspere is at work with some new and mighty imaginings!" or wore he always that light and careless spirit which often belongs to the spontaneous facility of genius; so that his comrades may have wondered when, and where, and how his grave characters, his solemn scenes, his fearful catastrophes, and his sublime maxims of original wisdom were conceived, planned, matured, and finally written down, to rule for ever the world of letters? Almost the only fact connected with his literary life which has come down to us is one which has been recorded, perhaps with jealousy, certainly with ill-temper, by his friend Ben Jonson—that he wrote with overhaste, and hardly ever erased a line, though it would have been better had he done so with many. . . .

It seems, therefore, hardly wonderful that even the last year, dedicated naturally to the tercentenary commemoration of William Shakspere, should have passed over without any public eulogy of his greatness in this metropolis. It seemed, indeed, as if the magnitude of that one man's genius was too oppressive for this generation. It was not, I believe, an undervaluing of his merits which produced the frustration of efforts, and the disappointment of expectations that seemed to put to rout and confusion, or rather to paralyze the exertions so strenuously commenced, to mark the year as a great epoch in England's literary history. I believe, on the contrary, that the dimensions of Shakspere had grown so immeasurably in the estimation of his fellow-countrymen, that the proportions of his genius to all that followed him, and all that surround us, had grown so enormously in the judgment and feeling of the country, from the nobleman to the workman, that the genius of the man oppressed us, and made us feel that all our multiplied resources of art and speech were unequal to his worthy commemoration. No plan proposed for this purpose seemed adequate to attain it. Nothing solid and permanent that could either come up to his merits or to our aspirations seemed to be within the grasp either of the arts or of the wealth of our country.

TWO ROMAN CHARACTERS.

(FROM "RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST FOUR POPES.")

The antiquarian Fea, one of those men of the old school, like the Scaligers, the Vossii, or rather Grœvius and Gronovius, who could bring to the illustration of any subject a heap of erudition from every imaginable source, from classics or fathers, from models, vases, bas-reliefs, or unheeded fragments of antique objects, hidden amongst the rubbish of museum magazines. He is perhaps best known in the literary world by his magnificent edition of *Winkelmann,* the notes to which are not inferior in value to the text. Indeed, one might say that the two authors divide the qualities of the book; the unfortunate German, who was assassinated by his servant, bringing to it the taste and sagacity of the artistic antiquarian, and his Italian annotator the abundant, or even redundant, learning of the erudite but dry archæologist. Day after day might one see him sitting for hours in the same place in the library of the Minerva, at the librarian's desk, poring to the end of life over old books still. . . . He was, indeed, an antiquarian of the old school, as has been remarked, and perhaps had he been asked which method he preferred, the digging in the earth round ancient monuments to discover their history and name, or excavating them from old authors and determining them by skilful combinations of otherwise unintelligible passages, he might have preferred the second method. . . . The Abbate Fea was verily not a comely nor an elegant man, at least in his old age; he had rather the appearance of a piece of antiquity, not the less valuable because yet coated with the dust of years, or a medal still rich in its own oxidization. He was sharp and rough, and decisive in tone as well as dogmatic in judgment. If one went up to him, rather timidly, at his usual post, to request him to decipher a medal at which one had been poking for hours, he would scarcely deign to look at it, but would tell you at once whose it was, adding, perhaps, for your consolation, that it was of no value.

A contrast to him in externals was another priest whose learning was as various, though of a totally different class, the Abbe Francesco Cancellieri. I remember him coming to pay his annual Christmas visit to the rector of the college, an octogenarian at least, tall, thin, but erect, and still elastic; clean and neat to faultlessness, with a courteous manner, and the smiling countenance that can only be seen in one who looks back serenely on many years well spent. He used to say that he began to write at eighteen and had continued till eighty; and certainly there never was a more miscellaneous author. The peculiar subjects of which he treats, and even the strange combinations in their very titles, are nothing compared with the unlooked-for matters that are jumbled and jostled together inside. Few would have thought of writing a volume on "the head physicians of the popes;" or on "the practice of kissing the pope's foot antecedently to the embroidery of the cross on his shoe;" or on "the three papal functions in the Vatican Church;" or on "men of great memory, or who have lost their memories;" or finally, "on the country-houses of the popes, and the bite of the tarantula spider." But the fact is, that under these titles are to be found stray waifs and *trouvailles* of erudition which no one would think of looking for there. Hence his works must be read through to ascertain what they really contain. No clue is given by the title, or any other usual guide, to the materials of his book.

THE ABBE LA MENNAIS.

(FROM "RECOLLECTIONS.")

Never had the head of a religious school possessed so much of fascinating power to draw the genius, energy, devotedness, and sincerity of ardent youth about him; never did any so well indoctrinate them with his own principles as to make these invincible by even his own powers. . . . How he did so mightily prevail on others it is hard to say. He was truly in look and presence almost contemptible; small, weakly, without pride of countenance or mastery of eye, without any external grace; his tongue seemed to be the organ by which unaided he gave marvellous utterance to thoughts clear, deep, and strong. Several times have I held long conversations with him, at various intervals, and he was always the same. With his head hung down, his hands clasped before him, or gently moving in one another, in answer to a question he poured out a stream of thought flowing spontaneous and unrippled as a stream through a summer meadow. He at once seized the whole subject, divided it into its heads as symmetrically as Flechier or Massillon, then took them one by one, enucleated each, and drew his conclusions. All this went on in a monotonous but soft tone, and was so unbroken, so unhesitating, and yet so polished and elegant, that, if you had closed your eyes you might have easily fancied that you were listening to the reading of a finished and elaborately corrected volume.

EGYPTIAN ART.

(FROM "THE HIGHWAYS OF PEACEFUL COMMERCE HAVE BEEN THE HIGHWAYS OF ART."

There never was a country which more satisfactorily tested this principle [the principle expressed in the title of the lecture] than Egypt. From the earliest period it had an art of its own, obstinately indigenous, as much belonging to its soil as the lotus or papyrus to its waters. In architecture, sculpture, painting—in decoration, writing, illumination—its art was national, and most characteristic. It existed early enough for Moses to have studied it. It lasted long enough for Christianity to destroy it. For it was heathenish in its very essence, in its rind, and its core. It was entirely an outward expression of Pagan untruth. It was, consequently, nearly stationary. The practised eye of the antiquarian or artist will see in that lapse of many ages a certain ebb and flow, a slight decline, and a partial revival; but the main and striking features scarcely alter. The type of Egyptian art flags or varies but little. Yet four times was this country conquered, and in three instances long and successfully held in subjection by nations which had an art of their own; but in this the conquerors were conquered, and had to yield. Not to dwell on its temporary subjugation to the Assyrians, it was thoroughly subjected by Cambyses to the Persian rule, 525 years before Christ, and in spite of one successful rebellion, and partial insurrections, it remained in subjection for 111 years. Yet the conquerors were obliged to have their deeds recorded, not in the sculptured forms and legends of Persepolis, but in the colours and hieroglyphics of the Pharaohs. Then came the still more complete and influential conquest by the Grecian power, under which Egypt was not merely a province of a distant empire, but the seat of a new dynasty foreign to it in every respect. From its invasion by Alexander the Great, 332 years, till the death of Cleopatra, 30 years before Christ, Egypt was held for 302 years by a race of kings mostly pacific, or who, when warlike, carried their contests into other lands. The period of this conquest was one when the literature and arts of Greece were at their perfection, when eloquence shone unrivalled in Demosthenes, philosophy was directed by Aristotle, and painting represented by Apelles, and when the civilization of the people had reached its highest refinement. And so soon as the Ptolemies had established their reign, Demetrius Philareus bore thither the very pride of Grecian science, made Alexandria the rival of Athens, which he had governed, and laid the foundations of a school of philosophy which in time outshone the original teacher, and may be said to have continued more or less active till it broke out again with greater brilliancy in the third century of Christianity in Clement and Origen. Shortly after, too, was the first great public library in the world founded at Alexandria, which continued in existence till it was destroyed by the Saracens. In it were collected all the treasures of Greek learning, which thus became substituted for the mystic lore of Egypt. The polished language of Attica supplanted the uncouth dialect of the Nile; laws, habits, and customs were changed, but every attempt to introduce the beautiful art of Greece failed; it scarcely impressed a passing modification on the surface of the national representations. The Greek Ptolemies, though they might erect a tablet or a pillar of their own, though they might compromise so far as to have a bilingual or a trilingual inscription set up, were obliged to submit to have their polysyllabic names cut up into little bits, and each portion represented by a feather, or a lion, or an owl, as the case might be, to suit the artistic and intellectual capacities of their subjects. Not even imperial Rome, the next and last subduer of that tenacious race, could wrench from it its arts, any more than its religion; and it continued to grow its deities and its gardens, and to record its new emperors in hieroglyphics, till Christianity replaced the one, and holier symbols superseded the other.

EYRE EVANS CROWE.

Born 1799—Died 1868.

[This distinguished historian, journalist, and contributor to the periodical literature of his time was of Irish origin, and was born at Redbridge, in the New Forest, Hampshire, in the month of March, 1799. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. His first literary experience was as a writer for the *Morning Chronicle*, for which newspaper he afterwards acted as correspondent during his residence in Paris. His writings were long familiar to the readers of *Blackwood*, of *Lardner's Cyclopædia*, and of numerous English liberal journals. While an undergraduate he wrote many poetical compositions for the *Examiner*, to which paper he contributed for many years. One of the best biographical sketches of modern statesmen (Thiers), was written by him for that journal. Few men have done better or sounder service to the cause of literature. The department which was favoured more particularly by him was that of continental history and politics, with which he gained an intimate acquaintance through communications with foreign public men, and by means of travel. Standard literature is greatly indebted to his labours for his *Lives of Foreign Statesmen* (1830); *The Greek and Turk* (1853); *The Reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X.* (1854). In the earlier portion of his career he had produced in *Blackwood*, "Letters from Italy" (1823); "To-day in Ireland," his first novel (1825), followed by "Yesterday in Ireland;" "Vittoria Colonna;" "English in Italy;" "Connemara;" "Charles Delmer," &c. His most important work is a *History of France*, in five volumes. This occupied his attention during eleven years. Its diction is very clear and flowing, and the work bears the impress of impartiality, though, in point of style, it cannot be said to be very vivid. It is based upon original materials, to consult which the author removed to Paris. The work was first published by Longmans in the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, and was reproduced in America, and subsequently rewritten and considerably enlarged for Messrs. Longmans. For some time previous to his death Mr. Crowe officiated as principal editor of the *Daily News*. He died in London, from exhaustion consequent upon a surgical operation, on February 25th, 1868. His eldest son is one of our best known historic painters.]

MR. POYNTZ'S MAIDEN SPEECH.

(FROM "CHARLES DELMER: A STORY OF THE DAY.")

Mr. Omichund held that a capitalist aristocracy was as useful to the country as a landed one; and it was the interest of the people to play one against the other.

This strange, but not shallow reflection, was loudly applauded and chuckled over by one of the council, who never said anything, not having the gift of speech, but who used, however, to make up for it by brooding in silence over such theories, which he had taken, at first from Owen, and improved from Fourrier; for Shuttlefield, in antiquity, was rich in all kinds of political statesmanship. But, notwithstanding the hilarity of Mr. Omichund, and the strenuous desire of Sir Jonathan, impelled by Lady Tukes, to have civic homage paid to Lord Poyntztett, nothing could be made of the town council, and no satisfactory result elicited. The reluctance of many worthy members astonished Mr. Omichund, who knew their opinions better than themselves; but the courtesy of the council was lost in the certainty that they should be laughed at. The fear of ridicule in them overcame the love of servility.

Nevertheless, there was a grand civic dinner given to the heir of Poyntztett, at which that young gentleman uttered his maiden address to the public. He not maladroitly handled the prominent question of the day; that he would never be for what made the sustenance of the people more dear, or more difficult to obtain. He was for superseding the present hard-hearted relation of employer and employed by the old and more generous one of patron and client. He would not leave to the poor all the task and responsibility of not only earning for the day, but providing for the future of his family, rearing them, educating them, keeping them and self from crime. He would not offer a daily shilling to the working-man, and then tell him that with that shilling all their physical wants were to be supplied, and moral duties performed. All these were easy to the rich, whilst they were labours of Hercules to the poor.

We will not weary the reader with Mr. Poyntz's Young England speech, which made the corporation stare. Mr. Omichund's eyes twinkled with delight, as Mr. Wherry extended his snuff-box; while Bishop Stromboli beheld a second Daniel come to judgment. The good mayor, however, had discernment enough to declare, that although he admired Mr. Poyntz exceedingly, he could not say that he comprehended his new university principles, which he feared might prove impracticable in a community such as Shuttlefield.

MR. JACOBI'S TACTICS.

(FROM "CHARLES DELMER.")

Oratory, however,—at least, such as passes for first rate in parliament,—is after all but a knack; and Jacobi, too conscious of his powers to bow to the award of a first failure, resolved to persevere and conquer. He had no friend to urge and encourage him to it more strenuously and sincerely than Delmer, who had himself succeeded, though with all the precautions of preparation, friends, party, and management. Jacobi took two sessions to redeem his first failure. It was no easy matter. His successful penmanship was against him, and was too manifest in his set speeches.

Jacobi, at length finding that a speech, like a novel, might be rendered interesting by personality, tried it. He pushed it, and it told. Malice will do more in this house, thought he, than wisdom. I have failed in seeking men's good opinion and appealing to their sense and good nature; let me appeal to their malignity and ill nature. Let me amuse them by pricking some of the leviathans of the house with the small sword of my wit, and the day is my own. Jacobi went in and won, showing himself to be the best horse that started for many years before or after, though he did shy and lose his first race.

The target for Jacobi's arrowy diatribes was Peel; and never certainly had statesman put himself in a position more obnoxious to malicious ridicule. A grave man, and one who had begun public life as a purist, to assume the part of weathercock, and twist round on the most important question of politics! No doubt conviction influenced him; he was well assured that no one, save himself, could act up to his convictions, and carry them into effect. There are a hundred excuses for him as a politician, but as a man, who could pardon or admire him? Yet there was no statesman at whose feet Jacobi could have more appropriately sat, aiming solely at the practical and the expedient,—aloof from, yet between the two aristocratic parties. Conservative enough for the timidity of the middle classes, and not enough liberally inclined to inspire despairing and discontented Radicals with hopes, Peel's independent position was the one for talent to have rallied to, especially a talent such as Jacobi's; but Peel was a Louis Philippe, who did not like anything beyond official cleverness; at the same time his character and weight filled up the entire road to political eminence, and it was necessary to travel with him, or else to bound over his carcass, and make it a stepping-stone to advance by. Jacobi chose the latter, and was flung by it into that band of politicians whose rule, law, and principle was a horror of Peel. They had lost everything by him—privileges, ascendency, and wealth. Peel was rapidly impelling the country down from a landed aristocracy into the condition of a commercial one; and although it was but the rapid and irresistible current of time and things which Peel chose to move in, rather than struggle against, they exclaimed against his betrayal of the party and the principles which he pretended to serve. No doubt they were right. To affect the Tory and play the Radical, after all, in facilitating a material revolution, may be wisdom, but it is decidedly not honesty.

Jacobi remained with the party into which chance had flung him, and to which his aversion to all other parties moved him. This said chance, like poverty, certainly introduced him to strange bed-fellows; but they were very innocent, undesigning, amiable, and reckless fellows. The old officials of Toryism had died out, the Wherrys were superannuated, the Tadpoles defunct. The rogues of the party died out, and the roguery had gone with them. The very traditions of official knavery were far under water, and no one seemed to cast a line to fish them up again.

SMYRNA.

(FROM "THE GREEK AND TURK."

There are few greater pleasures than to extricate one's-self from the caulked circumference of a ship, and step forth upon the quay of a Levantine city, generally on a level with the tideless waters. If it is for the first time we step amongst a crowd of Orientals, the scene and sensations are never forgotten. It was a fête—Friday, I suppose. There was a café full of loungers, sipping and smoking within and without. The Turks wore their embroidered jackets, and if the turbans of the boatmen were replaced by the tasselled fez of the new generation, neither cleanliness nor colour lost by the change. The Franks were as numerous as the Turks, that is, of the well dressed; and as the lower orders predominated in every uncouthness of costume, one might fancy they were specimens of every Asiatic race, in their brown and rusty rags. Three peculiarly fine fellows struck me from the fierceness of their attitude and superabundance of their arms; their girdles were stuck all round with pistols and yataghans, and the vigilant way with which their eyes kept guard upon the rear of each other. These amiable gentlemen, I was informed, made part of a gang of robbers and desperadoes then encamped on the hills above the city. They had for the last fortnight robbed every one that ventured outside the city, had seized the Danish consul, and at that moment held him prisoner for ransom; the monks had been obliged to evacuate their convent, though within a stone's throw of the walls. Bernabat and its sister village, which contain the villas of Smyrniotes, were deserted; the city was in fact in a state of siege after the fashion of the East; and the authorities? Oh, the Pasha was the Sultan's brother-in-law, who had been dismissed from high office, and cast here into a kind of honourable exile. Of course he was ill-humoured with the government and with the world, and cared not how crazily and disgracefully both went. Instead of marching against the robbers, he seemed to admire their impudence, and to enjoy the rueful faces of the Frank merchants when they came to complain. However, the seizure of the Danish consul had made some stir even in the police of the frontier, and it was rumoured that the troops were to be mustered on the morrow for a field-day against the brigands. No doubt these bandits had come to examine the truth of the rumour, and they certainly performed their reconnaissance with perfect security and satisfaction.

MICHAEL BANIM.

BORN 1796—DIED 1874.

[Michael Banim, the elder by a year and nine months of the two talented brothers, although not devoting his life entirely to literature, yet possessed a wonderful faculty of depicting truthfully and eloquently scenes and characters from Irish life. His great modesty, together with his affection for his brother, with whom literature was a profession, led him to hold back, and to refrain from claiming his share in the tide of popularity which centered round John Banim. At the same time it is a noteworthy fact that his contributions to the joint publications which appeared under the well-known *nom de plume* of "The O'Hara Family," were most favourably criticised by the public journals.

Michael Banim was born in Kilkenny in August, 1796. For many years of his boyhood he attended the school of Mr. Buchanan in his native town. This school the eccentric proprietor dignified with the name of "The English Academy," and the curious reader may find a true and amusing picture of both this establishment and its master in the pages of *Father Connell.* On leaving this school Michael was sent to what was considered the foremost Catholic school in Ireland, conducted by Dr. Magrath. When about sixteen years of age his father offered him choice of a profession, and he decided on the bar. With this end in view he studied closely for about two years, and attained a considerable knowledge of law, when a reverse of fortune overtook his father and brought on delicate health. With a self-sacrifice for which his whole life was remarkable, Michael Banim gave up his cherished design, and quietly stepped back into what he considered the path of duty. He took up the tangled threads of business, applied his whole energy and perseverance to the task, and at length had the satisfaction of unravelling the complication and replacing his parents in comfort, both material and mental. When his life became comparatively easier he used his leisure hours for reading and study, and spent his spare time in rambles through the beautiful scenery of county Kilkenny. In these journeys his peculiar kindliness of manner won the confidence of the peasantry, and enabled him to gain that deep insight into their daily lives which he afterwards reproduced in his life-like portraits of character.

The arrival of John Banim on a visit in 1822, after the success of his drama *Damon and Pythias,* gave a new direction to Michael's ideas. In one of their rambles John detailed his plan for writing a series of national tales, in which he would strive to represent the Irish people truly to the English public. Michael approved of the idea, and incidentally related some circumstances which he considered would serve as the foundation of an interesting novel. John, struck with the story and the clear manner of its narration, at once advised Michael to write it himself. After some modest hesitation the elder brother consented, and the result was one of the most popular among the first series of "The O'Hara Tales," *Crohoore of the Bill Hook.* This was written, as were his succeeding productions, in the hours which he could spare from business. To assist John with his work *The Boyne Water* Michael travelled in the south of Ireland and supplied him with a description of the siege of Limerick and the route taken by Sarsfield to intercept the enemy's supplies. An adventure befell him during this tour, which he also placed at the disposal of his brother, and it forms the introduction to John Banim's novel *The Nowlans.* In 1826 Michael visited his brother in London, and there made the acquaintance of Gerald Griffin, John Sterling, and other celebrities. In the following year the struggle for Catholic emancipation was in progress, and, putting himself under the leadership of O'Connell, he devoted his energies to the cause. In 1828 *The Croppy* appeared. He had been engaged on this work at intervals during the previous two years. Although not so full of striking situations nor so sensational as *Crohoore,* the characters were more carefully drawn and the composition more easy and natural. For some time he was entirely prostrated with severe illness, and almost five years elapsed before the appearance of his next tale, *The Ghost Hunter and his Family.* This was considered by the critics quite equal to the best of "The O'Hara Tales," and presents a striking picture of Irish virtue. *The Mayor of Windgap* appeared in 1834, followed by *The Bit o' Writin', The Hare, Hound, and the Witch,* and other tales. About this time the news of his brother's failing health alarmed him, and he wrote earnestly entreating John to return with his family and share his home. "If it be the will of God you should sink under your sufferings," he writes, "is it no consolation to have me near you and yours?" In the same letter he says, "You speak a great deal too much about what you think you owe me; as you are my brother never allude to it again. My creed on this subject is, that one brother should not want while the other can supply him." About 1840 Michael married Miss Catherine O'Dwyer. At this time his means were ample, and with a considerable sum—the saving of years—he enjoyed comparative independence. But scarcely a year elapsed after his marriage when the merchant in whose care his property had been placed failed, and Michael Banim found himself almost a ruined man. Alone this reverse would have affected him little, but he grieved for his young wife; his health suffered severely, and for two years his life was despaired of. On his partial recovery he wrote one of his best novels—*Father Connell.* In this work the author sketches to the life the good priest whom he had known and loved in his childhood, and we find the piety, simplicity, and peculiarities of Father O'Donnell reproduced in *Father Connell.* The publisher to whom this novel was intrusted failed after a portion of it was in type. The failure resulted from no fault of his own, and in time he was able to resume his business. This, however, delayed the appearance of the work, and, no doubt owing to this disappointment, the author became discouraged, and it was many years before he again resumed his pen. *Clough Fion* at length appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine* for 1852, and as its plot turned on a popular grievance of the country—evictions—it was well received. Through the Earl of Carlisle the author was appointed postmaster of his native city. For many years the duties of this office were sufficient occupation for him, his delicate state of health being now increased by a bleeding from the lungs. *The Town of the Cascades,* published in 1864, was his last literary work, and quite equalled his former productions. Its purpose was to paint in a popular form the awful effects of the vice of intemperance. In 1873 his health became completely broken, and he was forced to resign his situation of postmaster, and retire with his family to Booterstown, a prettily situated coast-town in the county of Dublin. Before leaving Kilkenny his fellow-townsmen testified their respect and admiration for his talents by an address and handsome presentation. Shortly afterwards the committee of the Royal Literary Fund recognized his services by making him an annual allowance, which was both well deserved and opportune. He expired on the 30th August, 1874, leaving a widow and two daughters. The premier, Mr. Disraeli, interested on her behalf by Dr. R. R. Madden and Mr. Burke, under-secretary, Dublin Castle, granted Mrs. Banim a pension from the civil list.—For the particulars of this biography we are indebted to Miss Mathilde Banim, a daughter of the author.]

LYNCH LAW ON VINEGAR HILL.

(FROM "THE CROPPY.")

After the great mass of the insurgents abandoned their position on Vinegar Hill to advance upon Wexford (which, as we have seen, was yielded to them without a struggle) a considerable number, attached to their cause, still remained on the rocky eminence, ostensibly as a garrison to guard the conquered town below, but really to shun the chance of open fighting, or else to gratify a malignant nature. We might indeed say that all who acted upon either of the motives mentioned were influenced by both. For it is generally true that the bravest man is the least cruel, the coward most so. That he who hesitates not to expose himself in a fair field, will yet hesitate to take life treacherously, coolly, or at a disproportioned advantage over his opponent. While the boastful craven, who shrinks from following in his footsteps, glories to show a common zeal in the same cause by imbruing his hands in the blood of the already conquered, of the weak, or of the defenceless.

Apart from the new recruits that continued to come in to the popular place of rendezvous, the majority of the executioners and butchers of Vinegar Hill were, according to the accounts of living chroniclers on both sides of the question, individuals of this last kind. Amongst them, indeed, were some who, if peculiar outrages had not temporarily roused their revenge to a maddening thirst for blood, would never have brutalized themselves and shamed the nature they bore by participation in such deeds as were done upon the breezy summit of that fatal hill. But these were outnumbered by their brethren of a different character; men, demons rather, to be found in all communities, whose natural disposition was murderous, and who, but for the coward fear of retributive justice, would spill blood upon the very hearthstone of household peace. Alas for our boasted nature when such beings share it!

At the head of the main force all the principal or more respectable leaders had necessarily taken their departure from "the camp." The so-called leaders who remained in nominal command over the skulking mob we have described were themselves scarce raised above the scum and dregs who, for a recognized similarity of character rather than for any merit, chose them as their "capt'ns." And by these men were conducted or despatched, during the previous night and day, different bands in different directions, to seize on provisions, to drive in cattle and sheep, and to lead captive to the rendezvous all whom they might deem enemies to the cause of what was now pompously styled—poor, brave little Peter Rooney's heart jumping at the sound—"The Waxford Army of Liberty."

Accordingly sheep, cows, oxen, and Orangemen, or supposed Orangemen, had, previous to Sir William Judkin's approach to the hill, been abundantly provided for the satiety of the only two cravings felt by their ferocious captors. Such of the former as could not immediately be devoured were suffered to ramble among the rocks and patches of parched grass on the side of the eminence until hunger again called for a meal; such of the latter as, from whim or fatigue, were not summarily despatched, were thrust into a prison—a singular one—until revenge or murder again roared for its victims.

On the summit of the height stood a roofless, round building, originally intended for a wind-mill but never perfected, because, perhaps, in the middle of the projector's work it became tardily evident to him that the river at his feet supplied a better impetus for grinding corn than was to be gained from the fitful breeze after mounting up the side of the steep hill. In Ireland such buildings rarely occur, inasmuch as in almost every district the river or the rill invites the erection of the more diligent water-wheel. Indeed we have heard that the half-finished pile in question was the first thought of an English settler, accustomed to such structures in his own country, and subsequently abandoned for the reasons already mentioned.

But at the time of our story this roofless round tower, about seven paces in diameter and perhaps twenty-five feet in height, was appropriated to a use very different from that for which it had been planned. It served, in fact, as a temporary prison for the unfortunate persons captured by the marauding garrison of Vinegar Hill. Many were the victims thrust through its narrow doorway to meet a horrid death on the pikes of the savages abroad.

Never before or since, in Ireland, did the summer sun dart fiercer rays than, as if in sympathy with the passions and acts it witnessed during the hot struggle of civil war in the year 1798. As Sir William Judkin spurred his jaded smoking horse towards the eminence beast and rider were faint with heat and toil.

His horse, although stretching every muscle at the goad of his bloody spur, could but creep with distended nostril and bursting eye against the steep and rock-encumbered acclivity. Impatient of the animal's tardy progress, Sir William sprang, with an imprecation, from his back, and pushed upward; drenched indeed in perspiration at every step, yet with a constancy and a nerve scarce to be accounted for, unless that his heated brain gave him such stimulus as imparts incredible strength to the maniac. He gained a view of the old windmill-tower. Upon its top was hoisted a rude flag of sun-faded green, on which, in clumsy white letters, had been inscribed "Liberty or Death." Had the breeze been brisk enough to float the banner to its full extent such were the words that would have met the eye. But the summer breeze had fled the summit of Vinegar Hill, leaving that baleful flag to droop over the scene beneath it, until within its heavy folds the word "Liberty" became hidden, and "Death" alone was visible.

His banner it might indeed well appear to be—drooping, in appropriate listlessness, as it flaunted the name of the destroyer above the havoc he had made. For, just below the base of the tower the rocks and the burned grass were reddened, and lifeless bodies, frightfully gashed, lay here and there, some fully to be seen, others partly concealed by the stunted furze and shrubs.

Sir William still toiled upward. In different places along the hill-side, and even at some distance beyond its foot, were groups of men, women, and children,—some reposing after fatigue, others seated round blazing fires of wood and furze. The slaughtered carcasses of sheep and cows often lay in close neighbourhood with the mortal remains of their enemies. And the houseless Croppy, when necessitated by hunger, hacked a piece from the plundered animal he had killed, held it on his pike-head before the blaze, and when thus inartificially cooked, either stretched his rude spit, still holding the morsel on its point, to some member of his family, or voraciously devoured it himself. Even here, amongst these houseless and friendless people—none, we would add, of the ferocious garrison of the windmill-prison, but rather some poor wanderers from a burned cabin, recently come in —even amongst these, surrounded by sights of horror, and stifling their hunger in this almost savage manner, national characteristics were not beaten down. The laugh was frequent as the cook made some droll remark upon the novelty of his occupation or the excellence of the fare, the words deriving half their import from his tone and manner as he perhaps said—"Well! it's nate mate, considherin' Orange sheep;"—or "By gonnies! Orange is the Croppy's friend, an' who'll deny it?"—holding the broiled flesh high on his pike:—"Sure it's no other than a friend 'ud feed fat sheep for a body;—open your mouths an' shet your eyes. Now, boys an' girls—the biggest mouth 'ill have this undher the teeth, I'm thinkin'." And they gaped and laughed loud, as, with a grave face, the examiner went round to decide on the comparative width of each yawning cavern.

There were carousing groups too, sending illicit whisky or other more legal liquor from hand to hand; and the beverage did not fail of its enlivening effect. And leaders appeared, with green ribbons or perhaps a military sash around their persons, or epaulettes on their shoulders, torn from officers they had slain. These were busy inspecting different bands of insurgents as they practised their pike exercise, now driving forward the weapon at a given object, now darting it over their shoulders as if to meet a foe from behind, now adroitly grasping it at either end with both hands, and bringing into play the elastic staff, as with great dexterity they whirled it round their persons to keep off an attack in front. Through all arose loud vociferations, each directing the other, according as he arrived, or fancied he had arrived, at greater proficiency than his neighbour.

Sir William's attention was at length riveted upon the particular throng who, variously occupied, surrounded the narrow entrance to the old tower. With furious action and accents the clamorous crowd here hustled together, and a first glance told that their present occupation brought into energy all the ferociousness of their nature.

Some of them who were on horseback waved their arms, and endeavoured to raise their voices over the din of those around, who, however, vociferated too ardently to listen to their words. While all looked on at the slaughter committed by a line of pikemen drawn up before the tower, whose weapons were but freed from one victim to be plunged into another, it was not merely a shout of triumph but the more deadly yell of glutted vengeance or malignity, which, drowning the cry of agony that preceded it, burst with little intermission from all.

Two sentinels armed with muskets guarded the low and narrow entrances to the temporary prison, and grimly did they scowl on the crowded captives pent up within its walls. Another man, gaunt and robust in stature, having a horseman's sword buckled awkwardly at his hip, a green ribbon tied round his foxy felt hat, the crimson sash of a slain militia officer knotted round his loins, two large pistols thrust into it, and a formidable pike in his hand, rushed from time to time into the tower, dragged forth some poor victim, and put him to a short examination. Then, unless something were urged in favour of the destined sufferer sufficient to snatch him from the frightful fate numbers had already met, he flung him to his executioners. And this man, so furious, so savage, and so remorseless, was Shawn-a-Gow.

Armed also with a musket, and stationed between the line of pikemen and the door of the tower in order that he might be the first agent of vengeance, stood the ill-favoured scoundrel we have mentioned in a former chapter—the murderous Murtoch Kane, late a "stable-boy" at the inn of Enniscorthy. As he levelled at his victim, proud of the privilege of anticipating his brother-executioners, the ruffian's brow ever curled into the murderer's scowl.

The hasty interrogatories proposed to each cringing captive by Shawn-a-Gow midway between the tower and the pikemen had exclusive reference to the religious creed of the party. The acknowledgment of Protestantism, deemed synonymous with Orangeism, at once proclaimed, or rather was assumed as proclaiming, a deadly enemy, meriting instant vengeance. Yet in this the rabble insurgents of Vinegar Hill acted with a curious inconsistency. Many Protestants held command in the main force of which they called themselves adherents; nay, the individual selected by unanimous choice as "commander-in-chief," was of the established religion of the state. But why pause to point out any departure from principle in the persons of such men as are before us? Were their deeds to be justly visited on the more courageous as well as more numerous bodies of the insurgents we might indeed occupy ourselves with the question.

Panting and nearly fainting Sir William Judkin gained the tower, and ere he could address a question to those around, stood still to recover his breath. Two prisoners were dragged forth by the relentless Shawn-a-Gow.

"Are you a Christian?" he demanded, glaring into the face of one trembling wretch as he grasped him by the collar.

"I am, Jack Delouchery," he was answered.

"Are you a right Christian?"

"I am a Protestant."

"Ay—the Orange."

"No, not an Orangeman."

"Now, hould silence, you dog! every mother's son o' ye is Orange to the backbone. Is there any one here to say a word for this Orangeman?"

There was an instant's silence, during which the pale terror-stricken man gazed beseechingly upon every dark and ominous face around him. But the cry "Pay him his reckonin'" soon sealed the victim's doom. With a fierce bellow, the words, "Ay, we'll weed the land o' ye—we'll have only one way; we'll do to every murtherer o' ye what ye'd do to us!"—was the furious sentence of the smith as he pitched him forward. Murtoch Kane shot, and a dozen pikes did the rest.

The smith seized the second man. One of the lookers-on started forward, claimed him as a friend, and told some true or feigned story of his interference previous to the insurrection between Orange outrage and its victims. He was flung to his patron by Shawn-a-Gow with the carelessness of one who presided over life and death; the same savage action tossing the all but dead man into life which had hurled the previous sufferer into eternity.

Sir William Judkin, as the smith again strode to the door of the prison, came forward, with the question ready to burst from his chopped and parched lips, when the man whose name he would have mentioned, already in the gripe of Shawn, was dragged forth into view.

The baronet stepped back, his manner changed from its fiery impetuosity. He now felt no impulse to bound upon a prey escaping from his hands. In the Gow's iron grasp, and in the midst of a concourse of sworn enemies, the devoted Talbot stood closely secured. Either to indulge the new sensation of revenge at last gratified, or compose himself to a purpose that required system in its execution, Sir William stood motionless, darting from beneath his black brows arrowy glances upon his rival, his breathing, which recently had been the pant of anxiety, altered into the long-drawn respiration of resolve.

Captain Talbot appeared despoiled of his military jacket, his helmet, his sash, and all the other tempting appendages of warlike uniform, which long ago had been distributed amongst the rabble commanders of "the camp." No man can naturally meet death with a smile: it is affectation even in the hero that assumes it; it is bravado on other lips to hide a quailing heart. And Captain Talbot, whatever might have been the strength and the secrets of his heart, as he instinctively shrank from the rude arm of Shawn-a-Gow, was pale and trembling, and his glance was that of dread.

Hopeless of mercy he spoke no word, used no remonstrance; it was unavailing. Before him bristled the red pikes of his ruthless executioners; behind him stood Murtoch Kane, cocking his musket. The grasp that dragged him along told at once the determination and the strength of the infuriated giant.

"There's a dozen o' ye, I'm sure!" sneered Shawn: "I'll stand out to spake for Sir Thomas Hartley's hangman." The tone of bitter, savage mockery in which he spoke grated at Talbot's ear, as first grinning into his prisoner's face, he glanced in fierce triumph over the crowd.

"A good pitch to him, Capt'n Delouchery," cried one of the executioners; "don't keep us waitin'; we're dhry and hungry for him." A general murmur of execration followed, and an impatient shout at the delay of vengeance.

"My undeserved death will be avenged, murderers as you are," cried the pallid Captain Talbot, in accents distinct through desperation.

Shawn-a-Gow held him at arm's-length, and with an expression of mixed ferocity and amazement again stared into his face.

"An' you're callin' us murtherers, are you?" he said, after a moment's pause—"Boys, bould Croppy boys, d'ye hear him? Tell me, ar'n't you the man that stood by the gallow's foot, wid the candle in your hand, waitin' till the last gasp was sent out o' the lips o' him who often opened his dour to you, and often sat atin' and dhrinkin' wid you, under his own roof? Ar'n't you, Talbot, that man?"

No answer came from the accused.

"You don't say No to me. Ay! becase you can't! Yet you call murtherers on us. Are you here, Pat Murphy?" he roared.

"I'm here," replied the man who had before raised the first cry for instant vengeance.

"Do you know anything good this caller of names done to you?"

"It was him an' his yeomen hung the only born brother o' me."

"D'ye hear that, *you* murtherer? D'ye hear that, an' have you the bouldness in you to spake to us?—I'll tell you, you Orange *skibbeah!* we'll keep you up for the last. Ay, by the sowl o' my son! we'll keep you for the very last, till you're half dead wid the fear, an' till we'll have time to pay you in the way I'd glory to see, or—Come here, Murphy! Come out, here—stand close—you ought to be first. Take your time wid him! Keep him feeling it as long as a poor Croppy 'ud feel the rope, when they let him down only to pull him up again."

The man stepped forward as he was ordered. Shawn-a-Gow swung the struggling Captain Talbot around. With his instinctive avoidance of a terrible death the prisoner grasped with the disengaged hand the brawny arm that held him, and being a young man of strength, clung to it in desperation—in desperation without hope. But although he was young and strong and desperate, he opposed the sinew of a Hercules. The smith, with his single arm, dashed him backwards and forwards, until maddened by Talbot's continued clinging and his agile recovery of his legs, at every toss Shawn's mouth foamed. He seized in his hitherto inactive hand the grasping arms of the struggler, and tore them from their hold. "Now, Murphy!" he bellowed, as Murphy couched his pike, and pushed down his hat and knit his brows to darkness. Shawn-a-Gow's right side was turned to the executioner, his black distorted face to the weapon upon which he should cast his victim; he stood firmly on his divided legs, in the attitude that enabled him to exert all his strength in the toss he contemplated;—when Sir William Judkin, hitherto held back by a wish perhaps to allow all vicissitudes of suffering to visit his detested rival, sternly stepped between the writhing man and his fate.

"Stop, Delouchery!" he said, in a deep impressive voice. Before the smith could express his astonishment or rage at the interruption,—"Stop," he said again, in higher accents; "this villain"—scowling as he used the term of contempt—"this villain must be given into my hands—*I* must kill him!"—he hissed in a whisper close at Shawn's ear—"*I* must kill him myself!"

"Why so?" growled the smith.

"He is the murderer of my father-in-law, Sir Thomas Hartley."

"People here has just as good a right to him," answered Shawn-a-Gow surlily, much vexed at the interruption he had experienced, and scarce able to stay his hand from its impulse. "Here's Pat Murphy. He hung the only born brother of him: Murphy must have a pike through Talbot. *I* had one through Whaley!"

"And he shall. But, Delouchery, listen farther. Talbot has forced off my wife—has her concealed from me—Sir Thomas Hartley's daughter. After murdering the father he would destroy the child—and that child my wife. Before he dies I must force him to confess where she is to be found. And then, Murphy and I for it between us."

"I'll soon force out of him, for you, where the wife is."

"No, Delouchery, he will tell nothing here."

"An' where will you bring him to make him tell?"

"Only to yonder field at the bottom of the hill."

The smith paused, and seemed resolving the proposition in all its points. He cast his eyes around. "Molloney, come here—Farrell, come here," he said. Two men advanced from the interior of the prison.

"Where's the rope that tied the Orangemen that come into the camp from Bunclody?"

"It's to the good for another job, capt'n."

Without further explanation he forced Captain Talbot backward into the prison, reappeared with him, his hands tied behind his back, and gave the end of the rope into Sir William Judkin's hand. Then he called Murphy aside, and, in a whisper of few words, directed him to accompany "Curnel Judkin," and give him a helping hand, or watch him close, as the case might seem to demand. Then turning to the baronet, "There he's for you now: have a care an' do the business well," he said.

The last slanting rays of the setting sun shot upward against the slope of the eminence as the victim and his escort strode down to its base. The brilliant beam that can turn to a mass of vermilion and gold the most unsightly vapour which hangs in the heavens, or fling a glowing interest over objects the most rude or uncouth in themselves, could not make less horrible the horrors of the steep hill-side. Suddenly the burning orb sank from view behind the distant curvings of the extensive horizon: night began to fall more appropriately to hide what the glorious summer evening only rendered frightfully distinct.

As was generally the case amongst the insurgent multitudes, such of the occupants of the rude camp as had cabins to repair to were now wending from the hill to pass the night under a roof. Others, and those by far the greater number, stretched themselves by some rock or patch of furze to sleep beneath the twinkling of the stars. The work of death ceased for a time. With an approach towards military usage the leaders were placing sentinels at different distances to give notice of any approach of the enemy, and imparting to them some oddly-sounding and fantastic watchword. The cooking fires sank down; comparative stillness reigned over the barren extent that had so lately sounded to the shouts of carousal, to the screams of agony, and to the fierce clamour of maddened passions.

Amid this altered aspect of the scene Sir William Judkin and Captain Talbot entered through a gap in its fence a lonesome field, northward from the base of Vinegar Hill. It may seem a subject for inquiry why the baronet thus chose to convey his prisoner to a spot so solitary and so far removed from observation, but men bent upon any fearful act will, perhaps unconsciously, select a fit place to do it in. And Sir William might have had some vague idea of the kind as he strode towards this remote field, holding a stern silence, during which he probably nerved himself for the coming event, and pulling at every step the end of his victim's manacle. About the middle of the waste ground he suddenly halted, whirled short upon Talbot, raised his person high as he struck the end of his pike-staff into the sod, and then leaning on the weapon, and glaring a cool though fierce glance from beneath his meeting brows, at last broke the long silence.

"Talbot, where is my wife?" His tones were not loud, yet they sounded strangely distinct.

"*Your wife?*" repeated Talbot meaningly, as he returned his rival's stare. His voice wanted little of the rigid composure of that in which he had been addressed, while it seemed an echo as well of the baronet's cadence as of his words.

The querist started; perhaps at the recognition of a resolved mood, cool as his own, when something more to his purpose was naturally to have been expected in Talbot's situation.

"Heaven and earth!—do you only repeat my question? Have you heard it distinctly?"

"Yes, distinctly."

"And will not answer it?"

"No."

"No?—I have saved your life!"

"That is yet to be shown."

"How?—how better than I have already shown it?"

"Set me at liberty."

"You would do so in my situation?"

Talbot was silent. Sir William repeated his question.

"I will make no reply."

"You need not. I know well in what manner you would use over me the power I now have over you."

"If so, pass the subject."

"Talbot, still you can bribe me to set you free. Speak but a few words and I cut this rope and give you safeguard beyond the last insurgent outpost."

"Propose the words."

"First—I again demand—where is my wife?"

"You mean Sir Thomas Hartley's daughter?"

"Be it so. How have you disposed of her?"

"Still I must decline to answer you."

"Well, this at least, this—" Sir William began to tremble, while his captive remained self-possessed, and he hissed a question into Talbot's ear.

"No!" was the quick answer: "No! she is yet what she has ever been, innocent as the angel inhabitant of heaven!"

"Swear it!—swear by the Eternal Ruler of the universe, who, in the silence of this night, listens to record your oath! to record it, Talbot, for you, or against you."

"By that Great Judge, before whom in a few seconds I may appear, I swear it!"

"Well, I believe you. For, Talbot, could you, without peril to your eternal lot, answer me otherwise—otherwise I had been answered."

Sir William's voice sank low, expressing the relief his feelings experienced. For a moment his head drooped towards his breast: but soon he raised it to its former fierce elevation.

"Villain!—and you have well and truly judged my character—you dare not suppose I could drag you here, bound in a felon rope, at my mercy, and not kill you. Kill you—ay! and your last answer has sealed your doom! Murderer, miscreant, fool!—yes, fool! your death now becomes necessary—now—here—this instant, inevitable, to hinder you from accomplishing over me the triumph you have not yet attained. You know me, and I know you. With all the stains upon your accursed name I can credit your oath, and you die that you may not disentitle yourself to repeat it."

"And do not suppose," retorted Talbot, still seemingly echoing the tones in which he was addressed—"do not *you* suppose that, after understanding your character and your nature, I had expected mercy at your hands when I gave that answer! Call me not fool. Fool, at least, you do not believe I am. You know that, from your first interference on the top of the hill, I read your purpose. That I did not dream of averting it by my reply to a question worthy of your base nature. That all along I expected you would coolly shed my blood!—Now, point your pike at once and rid me of your abhorred company!"

"Ay?"—laughed out Sir William Judkin, at last openly excited—"ay! by the spacious heavens above us! And I feared—I trembled at the thought that any other man than myself might have a share in killing you. You saw me whisper and motion from us ere we entered this field the man who, on account of the murder of his beloved brother through your agency, pretends to dispute the right with me. I bribed him to leave us together for a moment. Had he refused I would have earned the opportunity of dealing with you alone by first stretching him at my feet. No hand but this—this—shall dare to let forth one drop of your blood. For it is all mine—mine, every little atom!"

"The Lord have mercy on my soul!" said Talbot, solemnly, and now not without emotion.—"Oh, well I know it—the least animal knows its natural murderer; and I, could I mistake you?—The Lord have mercy on my soul!" he repeated in a broken voice, and yet in such fervour of appeal as a courageous man assumes when, though taking a farewell of this life, he can cast forward a hopeful look into eternity—"The Lord have mercy on my soul!" he said for the third time.

"And," resumed Sir William Judkin in his former strain of loud exultation—"I could satisfy a sceptic, if he dared to raise a doubt, of my fair, my indisputable claim to every bubble that courses round your heart!"

"I ask but one minute's liberty to kneel," interrupted Talbot, evidently not attending to the last words—"hold the rope more at length, and only let me kneel."

"First hear me," answered his rival, twining yet another coil round his left hand, while he grasped the pike in his right. "Even to yourself I will recite the grounds of my exclusive proprietorship in your life. Gainsay them if you can"—his high voice sank ominously low. "You dared to cross my love—you dared to raise your eyes to the very lady I had wooed and won! You leagued and plotted with a common ruffian to murder me!—You sent him to waylay me!—upon the felon gallows, hanging like a dog, you watched the last agonies of my father-in-law!—By perjury you contrived his fate and by perjury you would have doomed me to the same death of ignominy. Next, with the hands that all but strangled her father you tore away my wife, and you now refuse to render her back to me, or to discover the place of her imprisonment. But,—" his voice sank lower still—"but, Talbot, the deadliest item is to be told—you dared, too—"

Sir William stopped, for the footsteps of Murphy sounded near as he said,—"Tundher-an'-fire, Curnel! will you keep him talkin' all the night long! Let me have my share o' the work, till I be goin'."

"Here, Murphy," cried Sir William, speaking rapidly, "what value do you set on your revenge against this man?"

"What value duv I—what?" asked the gaping fellow, as he endeavoured to comprehend the question.

"Sir, take these two guineas," rejoined Sir William eagerly; "take them and leave him to me—I would have no partner in putting him to death."

"Och, by the hokey!" replied Murphy, and he could say no more, for still he was not able to understand why he should get so considerable a bribe.

"Or, if you persist,"—Sir William burst into rage—"I will first kill you and then stretch him upon your body!—Begone, I say!"

"An' is it to go away your honour is givin' the good money?"

"Yes—I would purchase from you the sole privilege of taking vengeance upon him."

"That's as much as to say you'll pike him yourself, widout anybody to help you?"

"Ay!" cried Sir William exultingly—"pike him while an inch can quiver!"

"Well, I wish you loock, Curnel: the only spite I have to 'im is on the head o' the poor brether o' me; but sense you say you'll do it for the both of us at onct, an' do it so well into the bargain, sure there's no differ betuxt us;—good night!"

"Leave me! quick, quick!"

"Och, as quick as you plase: to tell the blessed truth, I had only half a heart for it in the night time, this a-way, an' in this ugly, lonesome place, whatever I'd do by the light o' the sun:" and the man plodded towards the hill, wondering much at the fancy of "the Curnel," who, "it was asy enough to see, thought the pike exercise to be great fun, when he'd give two yellow guineas to have it all to mysef, an' be ready to ate one up in a bit, jest for not takin' 'em at the first offer."

"Now, Talbot," said Sir William Judkin, "we are quite alone. Prepare yourself! You stand here my bound and manacled victim, and I will slay you."

"Finish the last charge you were about to make against me when your fellow-murderer interrupted us," replied the other calmly.

"No, Talbot—not now—I perceive it would gratify you, and I will not. You know my meaning, that is sufficient."

"Then even of you I can crave a last boon one already preferred—Let me kneel down."

"Ay, there—" he held the rope at its full length, so that Talbot could, without struggling, gain the position he wished. "It tallies with my humour," he said; "I am unwilling to spare you one pang. Kneel—look your last at the bright stars. Think your last thought of her whom you leave behind to *my* love and to *my* triumph over you! Fully feel what it is to die by the hand of an exulting rival, in youth, in hope,—a few hours ago almost his conqueror! I can kill you only once, but the torments these thoughts must give you will prolong, in anticipation, to my heart the positive enjoyment of the final act. Nor dare to build a lying comfort upon the hope of my not discovering the place to which you have forced her. Fool! I call you so again, fool! I will find my wife—ay, *my wife*, Talbot, if she yet lives upon the surface of the earth!"

Captain Talbot had quickly availed himself of the permission to fall upon his knees. For a moment he seemed occupied in mental prayer, his eyes turned upward. Then he suddenly broke forth aloud:

"I have fearful things to answer for at thy judgment-seat—in thy mercy accept my present repentance, on the verge of an early and fearful death. And O, Almighty Father of my being! if the prayer of a wretched sinner can ascend into thy presence, give ear to my last earthly petition. Permit not the approach of my base murderer to the mistress of my heart! Stretch forth thy interposing arm between them: shield her, save her! Thou wilt, O God, thou wilt! I feel the comfort of thy promise in my soul! Unworthy as I am, my prayer has been heard!" He started to his feet as quickly as his pinioned arms would permit him, and addressed Sir William Judkin—"Yes! I have had a view into futurity. The spirit of prophecy is upon me. You can slaughter me. But listen—never, never, will you enjoy her smiles from whom you thus separate me! Never will her white arms clasp my murderer's neck! And I leave her but a little time before you—*you*, too, must sink into an early and ignominious grave. And during your short sojourn upon earth my watchful spirit, hovering over your most secret steps, will still protect my beloved from your touch!"

"This, then, to free you for your mission!" scoffingly cried Sir William Judkin. While Talbot spoke he had gradually shortened the pike handle in his grasp, and pointed its head to his victim's breast. With cool and deadly certainty he was making the push forward, when he felt the weapon seized behind him and forcibly tugged backward. At the same instant both his arms were secured, and the pistol, which he had thrust into his bosom, was snatched from him by a woman's hand, that woman the same through whose agency he had escaped from the castle of Enniscorthy.

While he struggled desperately to force himself out of the grasp of two strong men, each of whom held separately one of his arms, the woman cut asunder Talbot's bonds. "Now!" she cried, in the same impressive voice which on a former occasion had startled Sir William Judkin; "now, Talbot, fly; for you are free to fly! Pause not an instant: your eye tells the vengeance you would in turn take upon him—but dare not to injure a hair of his head! If I have saved him from the guilt of shedding your blood, I can and will farther save him from death or injury at your hands. Fly, and do not parley; fly while you are not prevented!"

"We meet again!" cried Captain Talbot, walking close up to his rival. Then he made use of his unforeseen freedom, and quickly left the spot.

JOHN O'DONOVAN, LL.D.

BORN 1809—DIED 1861.

[John O'Donovan, the first of Irish topographers and a distinguished Celtic scholar, was born in the county of Kilkenny on the 9th July, 1809. On the death of his father, who was a respectable farmer, and a descendant of the Cork O'Donovans, John took up his abode in Dublin with his brother Michael. Although far from wealthy, this brother managed to procure for the boy a good education. His progress was rapid, and to a knowledge of Greek and Latin he added a thorough acquaintance with the Irish language.

When about seventeen he gladly accepted a place in the Record Office in Dublin, where he was engaged upon the transcription of legal documents, earning a pittance barely sufficient to maintain him. In 1829 a vacancy occurred in the historical department of the Ordnance Survey, and O'Donovan was selected by Dr. Petrie to fill the place. He reduced to order a mass of manuscript, and the names of 62,000 townlands were correctly fixed with due regard to the ancient Irish appellations. From 1831 to 1833 he wrote for the *Dublin Penny Journal*, his articles on "Cormac's Glossary," "Irish Proverbs," "Antiquity of Mills in Ireland," &c. &c., forming the chief attraction of this periodical. In 1836 he was engaged in examining and cataloguing the Irish manuscripts in Trinity College, Dublin, and during his researches discovered many historical errors of former authorities. The principal publications of the Irish Archæological Society were edited by O'Donovan, the most important among them being *The Battle of Magh Rath*, published in 1842; *The Genealogies, Tribes, and Customs of Hy-Fiararch*, 1843; and *The Tribes and Customs of Hy-Many*, 1844. In 1845 appeared his valuable *Grammar of the Irish Language*, on which he had been engaged at intervals for a number of years, Professor O'Curry and Dr. Todd assisting him in the compilation. In 1847 Mr. O'Donovan was called to the Irish bar, but it does not appear that he followed the legal profession. In this same year his *Book of Rights* was published. This was a translation of the Irish Doomsday Book, which contained details connected with the government of Ireland in the tenth century. His greatest work, the editing and translation of *The Annals of the Four Masters*, next occupied his attention. He carefully collected the four transcripts extant, placing English and Irish in juxtaposition, and adding copious notes. The first portion of the work appeared in 1848, the remainder in 1851. "There is no instance that I know of in any country," says Professor O'Curry, "of a work so vast being undertaken, much less of any completed in a style so perfect and so beautiful, by the enterprise of a private publisher."[1] This magnificent work contains 4215 pages, and extends to seven large quarto volumes. In acknowledgment of his great services to literature, the Royal Irish Academy awarded Mr. O'Donovan the Cunningham Medal, which was the highest honour in their gift. The honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by Trinity College, Dublin, and he was elected an honorary member of the Royal Academy of Science at Berlin. In conjunction with Professor O'Curry he was now employed on a translation of the *Senchus Mor* (*Ancient Laws of Ireland*). This was commenced in 1853, and occupied several years. His latest work was a translation of the curious topographical poems written by John O'Dubhagain and Gillana-naomh O'Huidrin, in which the chief families and territories of Ireland in the fourteenth century were enumerated. To this work were prefixed several learned treatises on ancient Irish names, male and female Christian names, English names assumed by the native Irish, and the ancient names of tribes and territories in Ireland. This valuable work was published in 1862, with an index by Dr. Reeves.

Early in November, 1861, Dr. O'Donovan was prostrated by an attack of rheumatic fever, of which he died on December 9th of the same year. He was buried in Glasnevin Cemetery. The *Dublin Review*, in an article on O'Donovan, says he "may be said to have been the first historic topographer that Ireland ever produced, and in this department he will probably never be equalled." His private character procured him universal esteem, and his death was regarded as a national bereavement. *The Martyrology of Donegal*, translated from the Irish by Dr. O'Donovan, and edited by Drs. Todd and Reeves, appeared in 1864; and the translation of *Senchus Mor* (*Ancient Laws of Ireland*), so far as completed, was published in one volume in 1865.]

CORMAC'S GLOSSARY.[2]

This curious remnant of ancient Irish literature has been so often referred to in our preceding numbers, that our readers must necessarily feel some curiosity to be acquainted with its contents, and with the evidences on which its claims to authenticity rest. Before we proceed to examine the contents of the work itself, it will be found necessary to show that the arguments of Ledwich, who made great exertions to prove that this *Glossary* was a forgery, are as baseless as he himself was unqualified to examine its contents.

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[1] Publishers, Messrs. Hodges and Smith, Dublin.

[2] From valuable articles on "Ancient Irish Literature" in the *Dublin Penny Journal*.

That mighty reformer of Irish history, speaking of this *Glossary*, has the following words:—

"As to *Cormac's Glossary*, Lynch says that it was the work of Cairbre Liffechair, A.D. 279; Colgan, as good authority, ascribes it to Cormac Ulfada, A.D. 257. O'Conor, who published *Ogygia Vindicated*, 1775, and was well acquainted with Irish literature, had never seen this *Glossary*, and fears it was lost to the public. However, it is said to have been *printed* in the last century by O'Clery, one of the Four Masters. Lynch and Colgan are better informed than later antiquaries, and neither give the composition to Cormac of Cashel, but to others who lived six hundred years before Cormac. But even Lynch and Colgan are *romancing* when they suppose letters known or common in the third century.

"Grant that Cormac M'Cuilenan was author of a *Glossary* in the tenth century, was not this to serve as an interpreter to the precedent Irish language, grown obsolete in his time? This is the common idea of the use of a glossary, and it evinces the fluctuation and corruption of the language. It is now nine hundred years since Cormac writ this pretended glossary; has the Irish tongue suffered no alteration in such a lapse of ages? It must have astonishingly changed when we are assured by the author of an Irish grammar that the Irish language of four hundred years back is totally different from the present in *sense* and *orthography*. Let the reader mark the words *sense* and *orthography*, and draw his conclusion as to the authenticity of this impudent and blundering forgery. I should not have detained the reader so long were not *Cormac's Glossary* and *Psalter* constantly appealed to as authentic literary monuments."

In this extract Ledwich, while he shows his disgust to everything Irish, makes a curious display of his own *ignorance*, and I might almost say *stupidity*.

First, he states that Lynch ascribes this work called *Cormac's Glossary* to Cairbre Liffechair. Here he shows either ignorance or dishonesty, and as the former is more creditable to his memory I shall attribute it to his ignorance; for Lynch, in the page of Cambrensis Eversus to which he refers, speaks not of *Cormac's Glossary*, but of "*Cormac's Instructions* to his son Cairbre Liffechair."

In a former number of this *Journal*, I have collected all the historic evidences concerning Cormac Ulfada, and given specimens of his instructions to his son Cairbre; and it will be seen that that tract is totally different from this *Glossary;* and, therefore, he who was not capable of distinguishing the one from the other was but ill qualified to pass an opinion upon the authenticity or antiquity of either.

Colgan refers to the same tract, not to *Cormac's Glossary.*

Ledwich says, "*O'Conor had never seen this Glossary.*"

Here the antiquary confounds *Cormac's Glossary* with the *Psalter of Cashel.*

Charles O'Conor, in page 161 of *Ogygia Vindicated*, to which this historic charlatan refers, writes the following note:—

"This PSALTER OF CASHEL was begun by Cormac M'Cuilenan, king and archbishop of Munster, about the year 900, and was continued by other collectors after his death. Duald M'Firbis had the perusal of it, and very probably it was the copy which his friend *Sir James Ware* possessed. We are afraid that this *valuable collection* is now lost to the public."

Not a word about *Cormac's Glossary;* and still from this very passage Ledwich boldly infers—

"O'Conor, who published *Ogygia Vindicated* in 1775, had never seen this *Glossary.*" ! ! (*O tempora!*)

O'Conor never hinted at his not having seen this *Glossary*—far from it. In giving the derivation of *Erin*, he says that the conjecture of the King of Munster was ingenious, when he derived it from *Iber*, western, and *Nayon*, an island.

A historian is not to be condemned if he quote authorities faithfully, and draw even subtle conclusions. But when he falsifies his authorities, and then draws inferences unfavourable to the people of whom he writes, he should be considered as influenced by malevolent feelings, not as a historian searching after truth.

"However, it is stated to have been printed in the last century by O'Clery, one of the Four Masters."

A *Glossary* was printed and published by O'Clery, at Louvain, A.D. 1643, but this was O'Clery's own compilation from ancient glossaries, as stated in his prefixed preface, not *Cormac's Glossary.*

The remainder of Ledwich's grumbling against this *Glossary* amounts to this:—

This *Glossary* is said to have been written in the tenth century, to explain Irish words grown obsolete in that age; we are informed by the author of an Irish grammar, that the Irish language of four hundred years back is *totally* different from the present in sense and orthography: therefore, if this *Glossary were* written in the tenth century, it could not be intelligible *now;* and as quotations from it are given and translated in our time, it cannot be the work of so early an age.

In reply to this half reasoning, I say that the work was not to *serve as an interpreter to the* PRECEDENT *Irish language*, but to give the derivation of Irish words most of which were *then*, and *now* are, in constant use; wherefore the learned O'Flaherty calls it the Etymological *Book of Cormac, Bishop and King of Munster.* The language is ancient, and EXTREMELY *difficult*, and many parts of it are perfectly unintelligible to those who read and understand only the modern Irish language.

Ledwich's exclamations against this work are wild in the extreme; and in order to show the shallowness of his remarks, I shall set down here a few quotations from the *Glossary*, showing that parts of it might be quoted and understood, were it even the production of the third century.

It begins with the word ADAM, which is explained by the Latin "*homo* vel *terrigena*, vel *truncus*."

"*Antichristus* Græcè dicitur quod est Latinè contrarius Christo: *anti* Græcè, *contra* Latinè significat."

"*Aimin*, ab eo quod est *amœnum*" *.i. aibin.*"

"*Aircinec*, i.e. *aircendac*, *archos* Græcè *excelsus* Latinè dicitur."

"*Ane* (the name of a territory) de nomine *Aineingene Eogabail.*"

"*Aislinge .i. linge as*, vel absque linguâ *.i cen labrad inte .i. isin tengaid.*"

"*Annac .i. andag*, i.e. non *dag*, non bonum *Dag* Ebraicè bonum interpretatur; *droc* Ebraicè *malum* interpretatur."

"*Buanand*, quasi mater erat *na fian.*"

"*Bo* (a cow), nomen de sono factum est suæ vocis."

"*Manandan mac lir .i. cenduide amra boi i ninis manand. Ba he luamaire is dec boi in i artar Domain. Ro findad tria nemgnact* (*.i. tria gnatugad in nime .i. in eoir*) *in uair no beit in t-soinend acos in doinend acos in tan nos cloeclobad cectar de ar re;* Inde Scotici Britonesque eum Deum vocaverunt maris, eum filium maris esse dixerunt, i.e. *mac lir*. De nomine Manandan Insula Monandain dicta est."

From these quotations it is evident that many passages in this *Glossary* are quite intelligible to a Latin scholar, and that by the assistance of the Latin part he might, without much difficulty, learn the signification of the Irish.

As far as the mere explanation of words is concerned, this *Glossary* is not so unintelligible as Ledwich thought it should be if it were the production of the tenth century. It must be acknowledged, however, that many quotations given in this *Glossary* from the SEANCHUS MOR, and other tracts of the ancient laws of Ireland, and from the poetry of writers of the seventh and eighth centuries, are extremely difficult and unintelligible to all except those who have made ancient Irish lore their particular study and pursuit.

The orthography and even syntax of many passages in this *Glossary*, though quite different from the modern language of Ireland, are not, however, so disguised as to be altogether unintelligible, as we shall make appear in a future article upon this curious remnant of ancient Irish lore, which still remains as a kind of index to works which time has hurled into the gulf of oblivion.

The Irish language has not suffered such violent changes as Ledwich endeavoured to prove; all our Irish scholars have asserted the contrary—as the learned O'Flaherty, in *Ogygia* and *Ogygia Vindicated;* and Charles O'Conor, of Belanagare, in a note upon *Ogygia Vindicated.* . . .

Ledwich, in another part of his book, says, "Supposing the *Glossary* genuine, would it now be intelligible?" Strange that a man who set up as an Irish antiquary should ask such a question! Surely, although he could not understand a line of it, he must have known that those who are really versed in the Irish language find but little difficulty in translating Irish documents still more ancient than the tenth century, as may be seen in Colgan's works. But it is painful to dwell upon the unlearned remarks of this *soi-disant* Irish antiquary, whose only view in writing his book was to stigmatize the ancient Irish with the character of "*a barbarous people, naked and ignorant as American Indians.*" I shall, therefore, make one general remark upon his work, and then have done with him.

Ledwich's book, which he improperly styles *The Antiquities of Ireland*, contains within it the materials of self-refutation. In one place he represents the Irish in the sixth century as "*naked and ignorant as American Indians,*" and in another place he represents them as people who sheltered themselves in woods and bogs:—"(Perched aloft on these lofty eminences, these Firbolgean forts resembled the ayries of ravenous birds, and were properly termed '*nids de tyrannie.*')" In another place he gives a pompous account of the Irish schools and studies, not only in the sixth century, but as far back as the middle of the fifth. In another part he speaks of Asiatic and Greek missionaries, whom he brings at a very early period into Ireland. Now I would ask how he could understand that *a barbarous people, naked and ignorant as American Indians,* could uphold a pure Christian church, or establish *illustrious schools?*

This inconsistent writer changes his positions as suits his own purposes; and it is to be lamented that his writings have had the effect of convincing uninitiated readers that the ancient Irish were a horde of barbarians.

SAMUEL LOVER.

Born 1797—Died 1868.

[Samuel Lover, the gifted and genial artist, song-writer, musical composer, novelist, and dramatist, was born in Dublin in 1797. Delicate as a child, he owed much to the care of his good mother, a tender, patient, thoughtful woman, who taught him to detest a lie and keep his word. His father was a stockbroker, who, having no sympathy with the art aspirations of his son, tried hard to force him into his own line of business. However, such injudicious repression only fanned the flame; and Samuel Lover, a youth of seventeen, unaided, and with only the few pounds in his pocket which he had saved, left the paternal roof, determined to become an artist.

After three years' study and hard work he so far succeeded, that in 1818 he came before the Dublin public as a marine and miniature painter. In that year, too, at a banquet given to Moore, he sang a song which he had composed for the occasion. His position as an artist was established, and about the same period his legends and stories, appearing from time to time in various Dublin magazines, gained him considerable literary reputation. In 1827 he married Miss Berrel, the daughter of a Dublin architect, a lady who was in every way worthy of Lover. In 1828 he was chosen secretary of the Royal Hibernian Society of Arts.

In 1831 appeared *The Irish Horn Book,* all the clever caricature illustrations and much of the literary matter of which were furnished by Lover. In 1832 he published *Legends and Stories of Ireland,* consisting chiefly of tales which he had contributed to magazines, and amongst them "The Gridiron;" these were illustrated by etchings from his own hand.

In 1832, Paganini arrived in Dublin; Lover painted a miniature of him which was quite a marvel of art, and which, when sent to the Royal Academy's Exhibition in London in 1833, created quite a sensation, although it had to bear comparison with the miniatures of Thorburn and Ross. He had already painted the Duke of Wellington; but the marked success of the Paganini portrait subsequently led to his permanently removing to London.

About this time he was asked to paint a portrait of the young Princess Victoria; but domestic circumstances prevented him from then leaving Ireland, and the chance did not again occur. Of this opportunity, which might have been the means of promoting him to the honour of being "miniature-painter-in-ordinary" to her present gracious Majesty, a Dublin wit quaintly remarked, that in such a case, "the Court chronicler would have had to announce a Lover instead of a *Hayter*[1] as the possessor of the office." In 1834, he issued a second series of *Tales and Legends,* illustrated with his own capital and characteristic etchings.

In 1835, he furnished Madame Vestris with a dramatic burlesque called the *Olympic Picnic.* Soon after the drama of *The White Horse of Peppers,* and the farce of *The Happy Man,* were produced at the Haymarket. The operetta of *The Greek Boy,* both the words and music of which were composed by him, was brought out at Covent Garden. He was also the author of the words and music of *Il Paddy Whack in Italia,* produced by Balfe at the Lyceum.

Lady Morgan had suggested that Lover should endeavour to present genuine Irish character, in song, instead of by means of the coarse caricatures previously current, and the result was the production of "Rory O'More,"

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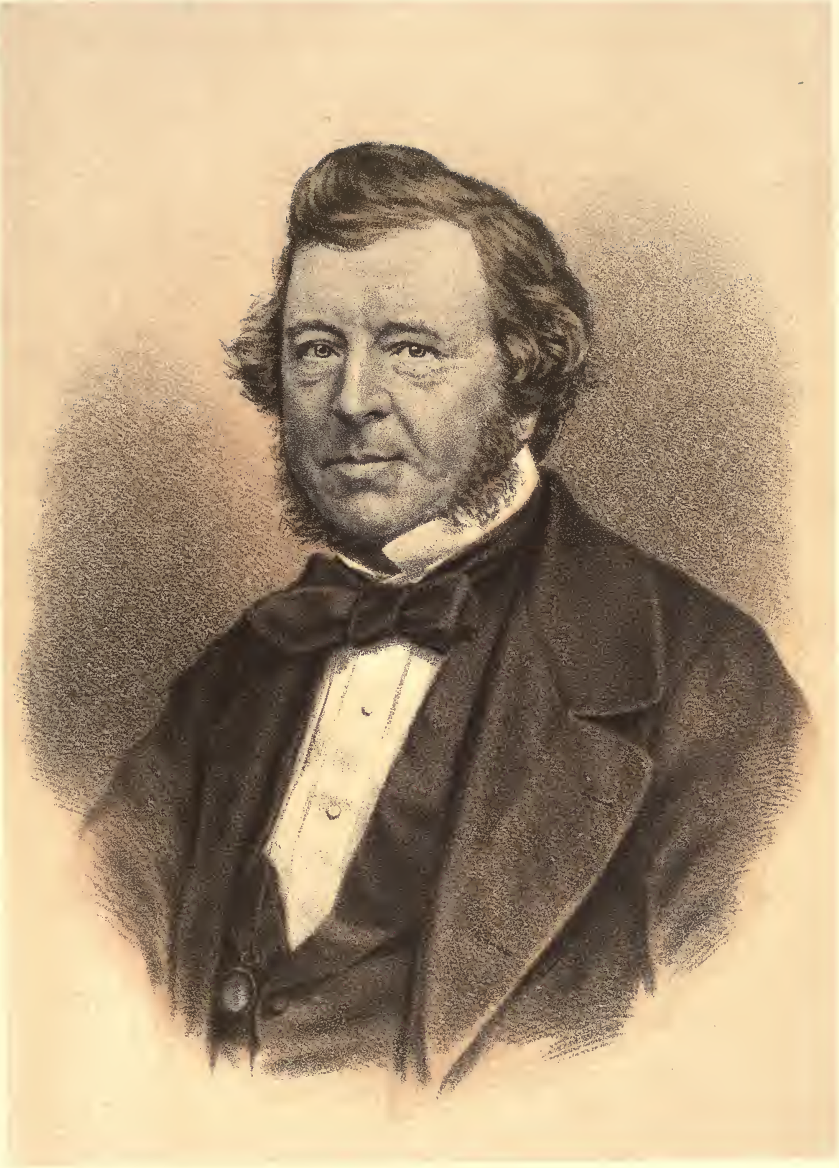
[1] The late Sir George Hayter.



SAMUEL LOVER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAULL & Co LONDON.

BLACKIE & SON, LONDON, GLASGOW, EDINBURGH & DUBLIN.

and other inimitable songs of the same kind. The great success of this song suggested the three-volume novel entitled *Rory O'More, a National Romance,* which he published in 1836.

In 1837 he settled in London (where for twelve years he continued to exhibit on the walls of the Royal Academy), and his miniature portraits of Brougham, and the Indian Moulvie, quite sustained his reputation. He mingled with the best society of the metropolis; songs and pictures poured from his hand. For Madame Vestris, then in the height of her popularity, he wrote the songs—"Under the Rose," "The Angel's Whisper," "The Four-leaved Shamrock," and "The Land of the West," which, everywhere, speedily became favourites. This year (1837) he adapted *Rory O'More* for the Adelphi Theatre, Tyrone Power embodying its buoyant hero. He had assisted in launching *Bentley's Miscellany* and the *Dublin University Magazine. Blackwood* praised him; and Maclise included Lover's portrait in Fraser's *Gallery of Celebrities.*

In 1839, appeared his *Songs and Ballads.* In 1842, he published his best prose work *Handy Andy,* and, in 1844, *Treasure Trove, or He would be a Gentleman.* Both these novels were issued in monthly parts, and illustrated by his own etchings.

Out of his 300 published poems, 263 are songs, full of love, pathos, and humour. He never wrote, as he himself tells us, save when he couldn't help it, and words and melody welled up together. He composed the music and accompaniments for about 200 of them, and tastefully adapted the rest to native airs.

In 1844 his eyesight, overstrained by miniature painting and etching labours, began to fail, and he was forced to abandon the easel for a time. This was a serious matter for him, and, in order to live, he now got up an entertainment called "Irish Evenings," literary and musical, which proved so successful in London and Dublin that he arranged to visit America, intending to make sketches and collect material for a book, as well as give his entertainments. He set sail in the autumn of 1846, and remained there for two years, visiting the northern and southern states, and Canada. His reception was highly flattering. At Washington his room was so full of senators that, to use his own words, "it looked like an adjourned meeting of the chambers." He had not been long there, however, when the sad tidings of his wife's death reached him.

He returned to England in 1848, and, after a short rest, in 1849, he utilized his American experiences by introducing them into a new series of entertainments, which he successfully conducted in London and the provinces for about two years. At the end of this time, he suffered a terrible blow in the death, from consumption, of a daughter, an interesting girl of twenty years. Her younger sister had lately married abroad, so that Lover was left alone. Fortunately, he met with a sympathetic friend in Miss Mary Waudby, the daughter of William Waudby, Esq., of Coldham Hall, Cambridgeshire, a lady of taste and refinement, and possessed of those qualities which alone could insure his happiness. To her he was united in 1852, and he then retired into private life. He now first took to working up his American and English sketches in oil-colours; he wrote songs, furnished magazine articles, and corresponded pleasantly with a numerous circle of friends. He also composed the words and music for two entertainments; one for Mr. Hime, and the other for Miss Williams. He also returned for a time to the drama, writing *The Sentinel of the Alma* for the Haymarket, *Macarthy More* for the Lyceum, and the *libretti* of two operas for his friend Michael Balfe.

In 1856 a pension was granted to him "in recognition of his various services to literature and art." In 1858 he edited the *Lyrics of Ireland,* and published *Metrical Tales and other Poems.* In 1859 he spoke at the Burns Centenary Festival, in Glasgow, to which he had been invited as the representative of the poets of Ireland.

The Crystal Palace Burns prize-poem competition—of which Isa Craig was the heroine—suggested to Lover the writing of a number of very clever imitations, which rival the celebrated "Rejected Addresses." Those of Campbell, Prout, Longfellow, Macaulay, Thackeray, Hood, and Brougham are particularly good; in that after Hood, speaking of the different names by which poets are called in different countries, he writes:—

"In France they call'd them *Troubadours,*
Or *Menestrels,* by turns;
The Scandinavians call'd them *Scalds,*
The Scotchmen call theirs *Burns.*"

In 1859 he joined the "London Irish" Volunteers, and, although in his sixty-second year, regularly attended drill. He wrote several songs to aid the Volunteer movement, and two of these, "Defence not Defiance" and "Two Barrels," were immensely popular. Leading a quiet, happy country life, at Ealing, Barnes, and Sevenoaks in succession, he enjoyed excellent health from the period of his second marriage down to 1864, when he was attacked with hæmorrhage of the lungs and serious symptoms of heart-disease. His medical adviser at once ordered him to a milder climate. He went first to the Isle of Wight, and thence to St. Heliers, in Jersey, where he remained, a semi-invalid subject to bronchial attacks, till his death, four years afterwards, in 1868. His remains were interred at Kensal Green, London, with Volunteer honours, and a tablet has been erected to his memory in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. A "*Life of Lover*, with Selections from Unpublished Papers," by Bayle Bernard (London: Henry S. King and Co.), appeared in 1874.

It is as a song-writer that Lover will live in the hearts of many generations. His songs are characterized by exquisite pathos and humour, blended in a manner peculiarly his own. "Rory O'More," "Molly Carew," "The Four-leaved Shamrock," "The Low-backed Car," "The May-dew," "The Irish Post-boy," "What will ye do, Love?" "The Angel's Whisper," and many others, are known wherever the English language is spoken. The preface to his songs contains an admirable dissertation on song-writing. If not more musical, he is certainly more Irish and more natural than Moore, and is admittedly only second to him as an Irish song-writer. The song which he himself thought most illustrative of his own peculiar style was "The Irish Post-boy."

Of his prose writings *Handy Andy* is his best novel; and many of his shorter stories, such as *The Gridiron*, *Barney O'Reirdon*, who navigated the ship that showed him the way home, or *Paddy at Sea*, are racy, irresistibly droll, and grotesquely original. Lover possessed both a versatile genius and a capacity for work, and being many-sided, found relief in change of occupation. His tastes were simple, his life pure; and, possessing a warm heart and a happy disposition, he was both respected and loved by all who had the privilege of knowing him. His amiable and accomplished widow survives him.]

MY MOTHER DEAR.[1]

There was a place in childhood that I remember well,
And there a voice of sweetest tone bright fairy-tales did tell,
And gentle words and fond embrace were giv'n with joy to me,
When I was in that happy place—upon my mother's knee.

When fairy-tales were ended, "Good-night," she softly said,
And kiss'd and laid me down to sleep within my tiny bed;
And holy words she taught me there—methinks I yet can see
Her angel eyes, as close I knelt beside my mother's knee.

In the sickness of my childhood—the perils of my prime—
The sorrows of my riper years—the cares of every time—
When doubt and danger weigh'd me down—then pleading all for me,
It was a fervent pray'r to Heaven that bent my mother's knee.

RORY O'MORE; OR, GOOD OMENS.

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn,
He was bold as a hawk,—she as soft as the dawn;
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do *that* was to *teaze.*
"Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
(Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye,)
"With your tricks I don't know, in troth, what I'm about,
Faith, you've teazed till I've put on my cloak inside out."
"Oh! jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
You've thrated my heart for this many a day;
And 'tis plaz'd that I am, and why not to be sure?
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to *soothering* Mike;
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound."
"Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love *you* than the ground."
"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go;
Sure I dhrame ev'ry night that I'm hating you so!"
"Oh," says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
For *dhrames* always go by *conthrairies*, my dear;
Oh! jewel, keep dhraming that same till you die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie!
And 'tis plaz'd that I am, and why not to be sure?
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

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[1] This and the following five poems are inserted by permission of Messrs. George Routledge and Sons.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teaz'd me enough,
Sure I've thrash'd for your sake Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff;
And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a *baste*,
So I think, after that, I may *talk to the priest.*"[1]
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck,
And he look'd in her eyes that were beaming with light,
And he kiss'd her sweet lips;—don't you think he was right?
"Now Rory, leave off, sir; you'll hug me no more,
That's eight times to-day you have kissed me before."
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

MOLLY CAREW.

Och hone! and what will I do?
Sure my love is all crost
Like a bud in the frost;
And there's no use at all in my going to bed,
For 'tis *dhrames* and not sleep comes into my head,
And 'tis all about you,
My sweet Molly Carew—
And indeed 'tis a sin and a shame;
You're complater than Nature
In every feature,
The snow can't compare
With your forehead so fair,
And I rather would see just one blink of your eye
Than the purtiest star that shines out of the sky,
And by this and by that,
For the matter o' that,
You're more distant by far than that same!
Och hone! *weirasthru!*
I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! but why should I spake
Of your forehead and eyes,
When your nose it defies
Paddy Blake, the schoolmaster, to put it in rhyme?
Tho' there's one Burke, he says, that would call it *snub*lime,
And then for your cheek!
Throth, 'twould take him a week
Its beauties to tell, as he'd rather.
Then your lips! oh, *machree!*
In their beautiful glow,
They a patthern might be
For the cherries to grow.
'Twas an apple that tempted our mother, we know,
For apples were *scarce*, I suppose, long ago;
But at this time o' day,
'Pon my conscience I'll say
Such cherries might tempt a man's father!
Och hone! *weirasthru!*
I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! by the man in the moon,
You *taze* me all ways
That a woman can plaze,
For you dance twice as high with that thief, Pat Magee,
As when you take share of a jig, dear, with me
Tho' the piper I bate,
For fear the owld chate
Wouldn't play you your favourite tune;
And when you're at mass
My devotion you crass,
For 'tis thinking of you
I am, Molly Carew,
While you wear, on purpose, a bonnet so deep,
That I can't at your sweet purty face get a peep:—
Oh, lave off that bonnet,
Or else I'll lave on it
The loss of my wandherin' sowl!
Och hone! *weirasthru!*
Och hone! like an owl,
Day is night, dear, to me, without you!

Och hone! don't provoke me to do it;
For there's girls by the score
That loves me—and more,
And you'd look very quare if some morning you'd meet
My weddin' all marchin' in pride down the sthreet;
Throth, you'd open your eyes,
And you'd die with surprise,
To think 'twasn't you was come to it!
And faith Katty Naile,
And her cow, I go bail,
Would jump if I'd say,
"Katty Naile, name the day."
And tho' you're fair and fresh as a morning in May,
While she's short and dark like a cowld winther's day,
Yet if you don't repent
Before Easther, when Lent
Is over I'll marry for spite!
Och hone! *weirasthru!*
And when I die for you,
My ghost will haunt you every night.

HOW TO ASK AND HAVE.

"Oh, 'tis time I should talk to your mother,
Sweet Mary," says I;
"Oh, don't talk to my mother," says Mary,
Beginning to cry:

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[1] Paddy's mode of asking a girl to name the day.

"For my mother says men are deceivers,
And never, I know, will consent;
She says girls in a hurry who marry
At leisure repent."

"Then, suppose I would talk to your father,
Sweet Mary," says I;
"Oh, don't talk to my father," says Mary,
Beginning to cry:
"For my father, he loves me so dearly,
He'll never consent I should go—
If you talk to my father," says Mary,
"He'll surely say 'No.'"

"Then how shall I get you, my jewel?
Sweet Mary," says I;
"If your father and mother's so cruel,
Most surely I'll die!"
"Oh, never say die, dear," says Mary;
"A way now to save you, I see;
Since my parents are both so contrary—
"You'd better ask *me.*"

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.[1]

A baby was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling,
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh come back to me!"

Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee;
"O blest be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me!
And say thou would'st rather
They'd watch o'er thy father!—
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;
And closely caressing
Her child, with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

THE ROAD OF LIFE;

OR, SONG OF THE IRISH POST-BOY.

Oh, youth, happy youth! what a blessing
In thy freshness of dawn and of dew!
When hope the young heart is caressing,
And our griefs are but light and but few:
Yet in life, as it swiftly flies o'er us,
Some musing for sadness we find;
In youth—we've our troubles before us,
In age—we leave pleasure behind.

Aye—Trouble's the post-boy that drives us
Up-hill till we get to the top,
While Joy's an old servant behind us
We call on for ever to stop.
"Oh, put on the drag, Joy, my jewel!
As long as the sunset still glows;
Before it is dark 'twould be cruel
To haste to the hill-foot's repose.

But *there* stands an inn we must stop at,
An extinguisher swings for the sign;
That house is but cold and but narrow—
But the prospect beyond it—divine!
And there—whence there's never returning,
When we travel—as travel we must—
May the gates be all free for our journey!
And the tears of our friends lay the dust!

WHY SHOULD LOVE INFLICT A WOUND?

LINES WRITTEN FOR AN OPERETTA.[2]

When Cupid was a little fellow,
Crying at his mother's side,
She stopt her ears as he did bellow,
Soothing all in vain she tried.
Thus tormented
She presented
Him a plaything to amuse him
(Would the mother
Gave some other!)
Bow and arrow she did choose him.

Swiftly the naughty boy
Seized on the dang'rous toy;
And ever since about he's flying
Among the wounded, sighing, dying.
Silly mother,
Could no other
Plaything for your boy be found?
What a toy, sure!
To annoy, sure!
Why should love inflict a wound?

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[1] A superstition of great beauty prevails in Ireland, that when a child smiles in its sleep, it is "talking with angels."

[2] This and the following three pieces hitherto unpublished are taken, by permission, from a MS. volume of Mr. Lover's.

SHAKSPERE PROPHETIC.

"We've scotched the snake—not killed it."

To strike a man when down is vile,
To strike a woman so, who'd do it?
None but a wretch with sneaking smile,
Who'd strike and say—"I but review it."
A serpent (still the woman's foe),
When thou'rt at last reviewed some latter day,
Some demon smiling at thy woe
May lead thee off, and whisper "Saturday;"
Say, "Here, reviews are never botched,
But retribution just fulfill'd;
And snakes on earth that are but scotched,
With sterner justice here are killed."

ON THE GIGANTIC FAILURE OF THE BANKING HOUSE OF OVEREND, GURNEY & CO.

(FOR THE ALMOST INCREDIBLE AMOUNT OF FROM TEN TO TWELVE MILLIONS STERLING.)

Dread payment suspended—
I fear we'll discover,
Tho' Overend's ended,
The end is not over.

When big houses fall
No escape even for dodgers;
The crash reaches all,
Whether owners or *lodgers.*

TO DR. JOSEPH DICKSON,

OF ST. HELIERS, JERSEY.

Whene'er your vitality
Is feeble in quality,
And you fear a fatality
May end the strife,
Then Dr. Joe Dickson
Is the man I would fix on
For putting new wicks on
The lamp of life.

Jersey, March, 1868.

PADDY AT SEA.[1]

It has been the fashion to consider the Irishman rather as a soldier than a sailor, and yet the sea seems to offer something congenial to the Hibernian spirit. Its dark depths—its flashes of light—its terrible energy—its sportive spray—its striking alternations of frowning storm and smiling calm—reflect the Irishman so vividly, that one would think it his peculiar element.

Many, however, have denied this, and have even gone so far as to say that the Irish make bad sailors, though one of England's greatest admirals, Nelson's co-mate, the noble Collingwood, bears direct testimony to the contrary. In one of his letters to an officer who superintended the manning of his ships he says—"Do not send me any lubbers; but, if you can, get me some more of those Irish lads you sent me—they were all fine fellows, and are now top-men, every one of them." The Irish have a right by national descent to be good sailors. The Phœnicians, I need not say, were the great seamen of antiquity, and that the Irish may claim them as progenitors is a fact that has been long established. The Irish buildings, arms, and language are all among its clearest evidences.

Pat's fitness for the sea might further be illustrated by the well-known skill and courage of the numerous fishermen and pilots who toil around his rocky shores, and pursue their avocations in the most tempestuous and dangerous weather. I am tempted, however, at this moment, rather to fall in with the popular notion, and recount the experience of an honest Irishman, whose sympathies, as will be seen, lay more with the land than with the water, and whose extreme innocence of the latter resembled that of a peasant who was observed crossing a ferry constantly, without any apparent object; and on being asked the reason, said he was shortly going to emigrate, and so took the ferry every morning "just to practise the say-sickness."

Jimmy Hoy was a County Cork boy, who made one in the great exodus that was occasioned by the famine. Jimmy was not ashamed of his name—he boasted that it was "always ould and respectable;" that there "was cows in the family wanst;" "and that a pig was niver a stranger to them, nor a rasher of bacon at Aisther." Misfortune, however, had ground them down, as it had done a thousand others, to indigence, leaving at last only Jimmy and his old mother in existence; and when he found that existence was daily a harder thing to support, he turned his face to the west, and induced his mother, whom he loved with true Irish warmth, to accompany him. Accordingly, selling off all they possessed, and making the best of their way to Cork, where a fleet of emigrant ships was loading, it so happened that in the hurry and excitement of the time, and amidst the crowd of people they encountered, they unluckily got separated, and went on board of different vessels—an error that Jimmy only discovered when his own had hoisted anchor and was standing out to sea. From this point it will be best to allow our friend to speak for himself.

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[1] From the Selections from his Unpublished Papers appended to Lover's Life; Messrs. Henry S. King & Co., London: by permission of Mrs. Lover.

"So I scrambled, you see, on boord, and the minit my fut was under me—'Is my mother here?' says I. With that a scowlin' fellow that was haulin' in a rope that samed to have no end to it, turns to me and tells me I might go to—well, I won't say where. 'Not before you, sir,' says I; 'after you is manners,' making him a bow; and so I cries out and again, 'Plase, is my mother here aboord of ye?' and then as no one chose to answer me I ran about to look for her, on all the flures they call the decks, though the people stood as thick as a drove of cattle in an alley, and scrouging and roaring like that same, and I'd to squaze myself betwixt 'em from one flure to another; but not a squint of her could I ketch, sir, nor of any one as know'd her,—and so at last, when I kem back again, and was tearin' round the upper flure, plump I runs into the stomach of a grand burly man at the back, with a red face and a big nose, and a gowld band about his cap—and who should he be but the capt'n.

"'Who the d—l are you?' says he, pumping up all the brath I had left him. 'I axes your honour's pardon,' says I; 'my name is Jimmy Hoy, and I was looking for my mother.'

"'And did you take me for your mother, you omadhaun?' says he. 'Oh, not a bit,' says I, 'sir; for if I had, you'd have found it out—you'd have got a hug that would have set you scraming. And so now, perhaps, you'll tell me, sir, if my mother is aboord of ye?'

"'How should I know?' he roars out, for now his brath was coming back, and he was lookin' mighty fierce. 'And what brings you here at all, you lubberly son of a sea-calf?' 'Sure, sir,' says I, 'I—I'm going to Ameriky; and as to my father, you're mistaken—he was no say baste at all, but Dennis Hoy, a County Cork man, and——'

"'I don't remember you,' says he; 'you hav'n't paid your passage.' 'Axing your pardon,' says I, 'but I have, tho'. I paid it an hour ago, on shore, sir.' 'But you didn't pay it to me,' says he. 'Why, of coorse not,' says I, 'sir. You wouldn't have me pay it twice, would you?'

"'Well, if you hav'n't paid it to me,' says he, 'you hav'n't paid it at all; so hand out you're money, if you're going to make the voyage in this ship.' 'By my faith, sir,' I said, 'I can't,—and, saving your presence, if I could I wouldn't, seein' I've done that same already. But, sure, I don't want to be intruding; if I've got into the wrong ship you've only got to stop her till you put me aboord of the right one.'

"'Well, that's a capital joke,' says he. 'Oh, it's not joking that I am,' says I, 'for I'm only axin' you what's fair, sir—for then, you see, I'd find my mother, and my mind would be at aise.'

"'You and your mother may go to Chiny,' the capt'n bellows out—growing as red as any turkey-cock, and stamping his fut upon the flure till you'd have thought he'd drive it through it. 'Axin' your pardon again,' says I, 'sir, we're goin' to Ameriky,—and as for Chiny, all I know about it is what I've seen upon a plate, and——'

"'Howld your jaw,' says he, 'you vagabone, and pay your passige money at wanst.' 'I paid it wanst,' says I, 'sir, and I'd want a pocket as big as your ship to go on paying it for iver.'

"'You swindlin' Irish scamp!' says he, 'don't provoke me, or I will be the death of you;' and then all of a sudden he got quiet—oh, so terrible quiet, sir, and with such a hard look about his eyes that, to say the truth, he frekened me. 'See now, my buck,' says he,—'since you can't pay your passige, you shall work your passige.' 'Work it, sir?' says I. 'Oh, I would, and willin',—if I only knowed the way.' 'Oh,' says he, with a wicked wink at me, 'we'll soon tache you that; we've a turn here for instructhin' people that want to get their voyage for nothin'.' And with that he put his hand to the side of his mouth and give a whistle that would split a flag, and up runs to him a hairy villin that was enough to scare a herd of oxen if he'd come upon 'em onawares.

"'Tare-all,' says he, 'just take this chap in hand and tache him how to work his passige. Don't spare him—do you hear now?' 'Aye, aye, sir,' growled out Tare-all, giving me a nod, and howlding up his finger as much as to say—'You'll come this way.'

"And so after him I wint, sir; and sad enough, as you may suppose—not thinking of myself, but what had become of my poor owld mother. After him I wint, to learn how I was to work my passige over—and by my throth, sir, it was the hardest thing I'd ever had to larn as yet. Were you ever aboord a ship, sir?—Oh, then sure it must have bothered you to hear the puzzlin' names they've got there. Don't they always make a woman of her? A ship's a 'she,' sir, you will remimber—and don't they talk about her *waist* to you and, by my faith, it's not a small one—and tell you sometimes 'she's in stays,' too, tho' I can't say I ever seen 'em. Though, to be sure, they say besides that she's often mighty hard to manage—and that's like a woman sartainly.

"Then see the names they give to a rope, sir. First it is a hawser; then it's a painter—though what it paints I never knowed, sir; then it's a rattlin,—but that it's always doin'; and then it's the shrouds,—which manes, I suppose, that the poor passengers always get into them when the ship is going to the bottom. At the same time they're always agraable to tache you what it's made of—they'll give you a taste of a rope's end a good deal sooner than a glass of whiskey. And what is it like? perhaps you'll ask. Work your passige out to Ameriky and you'll learn it fast enough. Then they're so ignorant they don't know their right hand from their left. It's all starboord or larboord with them, though, by my throth, as every night I'd got to slape upon the flure, I found it mighty hard boord.

"The sailors, you see, are snug enough. They've got what they call their hammicks—little beds tied up to hooks that they swing about in at their aise; and it was after I'd been looking at them for a night or two in the deepest admiration, that I says to myself, says I, 'Why wouldn't I be making a little hammick for myself, to take a swing in like the rest, and not be lying here on the bare boords like a dumb baste in an outhouse?' And so the next day, looking round me, what should I see but a hape of canvas that no one seemed to care about; so I cut out of it a yard or two just to make the bed I wanted, and that done, says I, 'Jimmy Hoy, you'll slape to-night as snug as a cat in a blanket, anyhow,'—but I didn't for all that.

"I hadn't turned in half an hour when one of the crew crapes up to me—Bob Hobbs, sir, was his name,—and says he to me, 'Jimmy Hoy,' says he, 'it's mortial tired I am with my day's work, and the night before: not a wink of slape I've had,' says he, 'for this blessed eight-and-forty hours, so be a good fellow, Jimmy, now, and take my dooty for to-night.' Well, not liking to be ill-natured, though I didn't care much for the fellow, I tould him that I would, and so I slips out of my new bed, and mighty quick, sir, he slips into it, and up I goes on deck to take his place on the look-out.

"And thin ther kem on such a night, sir,—oh, murther! you'd have thought the divel himself was out at say, and was taking his divarshun—blowing, hailin', and rainin' for six mortial hours and more—and pitchin' the oushen up into the sky as if he was makin' haycocks. I thought the poor ship would have gone crazy. She jumped and rowled about as if her thratement was past endoorin'. Sure, if I had bargained for a bad night I couldn't have got a betther. Well, sir, the mornin' kem at last, and found me as well pickled as any herrin' in Cork harbour, and I was crawlin' off to my hammick, just to get a little slape and dry myself, when up comes the capt'n in a tearin' rage, and says he—

"'You're a pretty blackguard, ain't you now?' 'Not to my knowledge, sir,' says I 'Your knowledge, indeed, you vagabone!' 'Why, what is it I done?' says I. 'Done?' says he, 'you villin—when you're upsettin' the ship's discipline! You took Bob Hobbs's watch last night.'

"'Tuk what?' says I. 'His watch, sir. Oh, murther, capt'n!' says I. 'Would you rob a poor boy of his charakter?' 'I say you did, you rascal,' says he. 'But I didn't, sir,' says I. 'I never took Bob Hobbs's watch, nor the watch of any other man—or woman ayther. I would scorn the dirty action—for I was rared in honest principles, and 'twas considered in my schoolin'. More be token, sir, I couldn't, for Bob Hobbs tould me himself that he had pawned his watch in Cork before he ever kem aboord.'

"'You stupid rascal!' he cried out, 'don't you know the manin' of what I say to you? but I'll make you understand me presently—if you've got no brains you've got a back.' And what do you think he meant by that, sir? The ould tiger was goin' to flog me—but, luckily for me, you see the storm was gettin' worse. One of the sails was split in halves, and another was torn away entirely; so the capt'n, divil thank him! had to think about the ship, and not to be indulgin' his dirty vingeance upon me. So he roars out mighty loud, 'Set the storm jib there!' and half the crew run up the riggin' as quick as a crowd of monkeys, when—whisteroo!—would you belave it, sir? by the book in my pocket, if that same jib wasn't the very piece of canvas that I cut the two yards out of, jist to make myself a bed,—and the minit the capt'n spied it he roars out agin like thunder, 'Who the d—l cut out that?'

"'Twas I, sir,' says I, 'but I only tuk two yards of it.'

"'Give him a dozen,' says the capt'n.

"'Thank you, sir,' says I, 'but the two is quite enough for me.'

"And what do you think the villin meant by givin' me a dozen?—it was lashes that he meant, sir? Not contint with the rope's end I'd had already—though there was no end to it at all—he towled the hands to lay howld on me, and tie me to the mast,—but before the miscreant could plaze himself there kem a thunderin' crack right overhead, and down kem hapes of sticks and canvas—and the capt'n bellows out agin, 'Clare the wrack! clare the wrack!—we'll sarve this lubber out directly.'

"Well, I was willin' to wait, sir—and sure they'd enough to do. I thought at first it was all over with us, and the ship would be capsizin'—and they had scarcely got her to rights a bit, and my mind was getting aisy, when I hard a voice callin' in the distance, 'Jip a Hoy! Jim a Hoy!' and I was lost in wonder entirely—'for who knows me,' says I, 'or cares for me, in the middle of the great Atlantic oushen? Is it guardian angels that's taking pity on me, and coming here to save me from a lashing?' So I tried hard to loose myself, and looking round, what did I see but a ship sailing towards us, and the voice that know'd me kem'd from that, and I h'ard it cry again—'Jip a Hoy! Jim a Hoy!' 'Here I am,' says I; 'here's the man you're wantin'.'

"'Howld your jaw!' says the capt'n. 'Why, isn't it me they're spakin' to?' says I—'and isn't it civil in me to answer 'em? Is my mother got aboord of ye?' 'Bad luck to you and your mother! will you be quiet?' says the capt'n. 'No, I won't,' says I. 'Why wouldn't I answer when I'm spoke to?' And with that the voice kem again—'Jip a Hoy! Jim a Hoy!' 'Here I am,' says I agin—'any news, plaze, of my mother?'

"'And with that the capt'n took a spakin' trumpet just to put me down, sir—to kape me from bein' h'ard; oh, I could see that plain enough—so I roared out louder than ever, 'Here's the man you're wantin';' but the trumpet give him the advantage of me. I couldn't make out what he said at first, it was such a bellowing he kep up; but at last I h'ard him roar, 'Carried away fore-yard.'

"'Don't be tellin' lies of me,' says I; 'it's only two yards that I tuk. Just now you said I tuk a watch, and now it's four yards I've been staling. Oh, capt'n, but it's cruel of you to ruin my charakter as you're doing, and in hearin' of the ship too—and my mother perhaps aboord of her.'

"And then the voice kem from the ship agin—'Where are ye bound to?'

"'I'm bound to the mast,' says I, 'and the capt'n is going to murther me.'

"'Will you howld your tongue, you rascal?' says the capt'n, looking pistols at me. 'No, I won't,' says I; 'I'll expose you to the whole world for the shameful way you're thrating me.'

"Well, we soon lost sight of the ship; but the storm was as bad as iver, and only one good kem of it—they were too busy with the danger to be amusin' themselves with me. So I got myself loose at last,—and then, seeing what a way they were in, I hadn't the heart to desart them, notwithstandin' my bad usage. 'No,' says I, 'I'll be ginerous, and stand by them like a man.' So I goes up to the capt'n, and overlookin' all he'd done, says I to him, quite kindly, 'Capt'n, is there anythin' I can do for you?'

"'Kape out of my way, you vagabone, or I shall be tempted to do for you!' says he. And with that he made a kick at me as bad as a horse stung in a sand-pit; but I made allowance for the throuble he was in, and didn't mind his timper.

"All this time I hard the sailors saying something about the anchor, and at last the capt'n was struck with a notion, and shouts out to them about me, 'Where's the best bower?'

"'Here he is,' says I, sir, running up to him agin, and making a low bow at the same time. 'I'm the best bower on boord, sir, for my mother, when I was at school, paid tuppence a week extra to have me taught manners.'

"'I wish your neck was broke,' said he, 'you vagabone!' making another terrible kick at me in return for all my kindness to him; and then kem up the bos'n, and the capt'n says to him, says he, 'Have you let go now?' 'Aye, aye, sir,' answers Hairey-face,—and I may just make the remark that's all he ever did answer, the whole way acrost the oushen.

"'Then, I think,' says the capt'n, 'we may depind on the best bower.' 'Oh, you may do that,' says I, 'sir; you may depind on *me* with sartainty.' 'Take that fellow out of my sight,' said he, 'if you don't want me to murder him;' so at that I walks away with Hairey-face to the other end of the ship, where I hear the sailors saying 'the anchor was coming home,' and that the capt'n ought to know it.

"'He ought, you say,' says I; 'then of coorse I'll go and tell him, if it's only to show him I bear no malice, and I'm still willin' to be useful.' Upon which I runs back to him, and says I, 'Capt'n, the anchor's coming home.'

"'Tunder and ouns!' says he.

"'Don't be angry, capt'n,' say I,—'small blame to it for comin' home on such a night as this. Who'd stay out, sir, that could help it?'

"Upon which Hairy-face runs up, and the capt'n then cries out to him, 'Is this thrue I hear—is the anchor coming home?'

"'Aye, aye, sir,' growls out Hairy-face.

"'Then we must cut and run,' says he; 'but we must try and save the anchor, so throw over the buoy."

"Well, now, I must just stop to tell you that of all the mischievous little blackguards that ever deserved drowning, the cabin-boy was him, sir. And so, still wishing to be useful, notwithstandin' all their bad thratement of me, I ran off to ketch the villin; but the little vagabone was so nimble I couldn't at all lay howld of him; howsomedever, under the sarcumstances, I did the best I could, and then I ran back to the Capt'n.

"'Is the buoy overboard?' say he.

"'Faith, then, I am sorry to say,' says I, 'capt'n, the boy's not overboord, for the young d—l run so fast I couldn't clap a hand on him, but the next best thing to be done I did. I threw over the black cook—and that will lighten the ship beautifully.'

"'Threw overboard the cook, you murderin' villin!' roared the capt'n. 'You've saved me the job of doing it; you'll be hanged, thank heaven, at last.'

But hanged I wasn't, I beg to say, for, in the confusion of the night it was a big tar barrel I threw overboord instid of the black cook, that same being much of his own size and colour.

"Well, to make a long story short, sir, in spite of the storm and all our danger, we got to Ameriky at last, when the capt'n felt so happy that he gave up his anymosity and the vingeance he vowed ag'inst me, and only laughed at the mistakes I'd made in turnin' my hand to the say sarvice. And, what's more, when we reached New York, sir, who should I find but my ould mother, that had got in a week before me in the ship I ought to have come in, and that had had no storm at all—but mine's the bad luck of the Hoys, sir. And so, when I was on dhry land agin, I took a solemn oath, sir, that I'd niver work my passage any more across the Atlantic: and, by my sowl, if you're a wise man I think you'll do the same."

ICING THE CHAMPAGNE.

(FROM "HANDY ANDY."[1])

Dick gave Andy the necessary directions for icing the champagne, which he set apart and pointed out most particularly to our hero, lest he should make a mistake and perchance ice the port instead.

After Edward and Dick had gone, Andy commenced operations according to orders. He brought a large tub upstairs containing rough ice, which excited Andy's wonder, for he never had known till now that ice was preserved for and applied to such a use, for an ice-house did not happen to be attached to any establishment in which he had served.

"Well, this is the quarest thing I ever heerd of,' said Andy. 'Musha! what outlandish inventions the quolity has among them! They're not contint with wine, but they must have ice along with it—and in a tub, too!—just like pigs!—throth it's a dirty thrick, I think. Well, here goes!" said he; and Andy opened a bottle of champagne, and poured it into the tub with the ice. 'How it fizzes!' said Andy, 'Faix, it's almost as lively as the soda-wather that bothered me long ago. Well, I know more about things now; sure it's wondherful how a man improves with practice!'—and another bottle of champagne was emptied into the tub as he spoke. Thus, with several other complacent comments upon his own proficiency, Andy poured half-a-dozen of champagne into the tub of ice, and remarked, when he had finished his work, that he thought it would be 'mighty cowld on their stomachs."

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Dinner was announced by Andy, and with good appetite soup and fish were soon despatched; sherry followed as a matter of necessity. The second course appeared, and was not long under discussion when Dick called for the "champagne."

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[1] By permission of Messrs. George Routledge and Sons.

Andy began to drag the tub towards the table, and Dick, impatient of delay, again called "champagne."

"I'm bringin' it to you, sir," said Andy, tugging at the tub.

"Hand it round the table," said Dick.

Andy tried to lift the tub, "to hand it round the table;" but, finding he could not manage it, he whispered to Dick, "I can't get it up, sir."

Dick, fancying Andy meant he had got a flask not in a sufficient state of effervescence to expel its own cork, whispered in return, "Draw it, then."

"I was dhrawin' it to you, sir, when you stopped me."

"Well, make haste with it," said Dick.

"Mister Dawson, I'll trouble you for a small slice of the turkey," said the colonel.

"With pleasure, colonel; but first do me the honour to take champagne. Andy—champagne!"

"Here it is, sir!" said Andy, who had drawn the tub close to Dick's chair.

"Where's the wine, sir?" said Dick, looking first at the tub and then at Andy.

"There, sir," said Andy, pointing down to the ice. "I put the wine into it, as you towld me."

Dick looked again at the tub, and said, "There is not a single bottle there—what do you mean, you stupid rascal?"

"To be sure, there's no bottle there, sir. The bottles is all on the sideboord, but every dhrop o' the wine is in the ice, as you towld me, sir; if you put your hand down into it, you'll feel it, sir."

The conversation between master and man growing louder as it proceeded attracted the attention of the whole company, and those near the head of the table became acquainted as soon as Dick with the mistake Andy had made, and could not resist laughter; and as the cause of their merriment was told from man to man, and passed round the board, a roar of laughter uprose, not a little increased by Dick's look of vexation, which at length was forced to yield to the infectious merriment around him, and he laughed with the rest, and making a joke of the disappointment, which is the very best way of passing one off, he said that he had the honour of originating at his table a magnificent scale of hospitality; for though he had heard of company being entertained with a whole hogshead of claret, he was not aware of champagne being ever served in a tub before. The company were too determined to be merry to have their pleasantry put out of tune by so trifling a mishap, and it was generally voted that the joke was worth twice as much as the wine. Nevertheless, Dick could not help casting a reproachful look now and then at Andy, who had to run the gauntlet of many a joke cut at his expense, while he waited upon the wags at dinner, and caught a lowly muttered anathema whenever he passed near Dick's chair. In short, master and man were both glad when the cloth was drawn, and the party could be left to themselves.

THE IRISH HARP.[1]

The harp, then, was the national instrument. Mr. Beauford, in his essay on its history, says that "its true figure was discovered by the bards"—and "on examination it will prove to have been constructed on exact harmonic principles;" and among the proofs that its fame was widely diffused at an early period, the illustrious Dante had an Irish harp—of whose makers he observes that they not only excelled in its construction, but had been unrivalled in its use for ages. The Irish had four kinds of harps, the larger of which—the *clar seagh*—was used only by the minstrels, whilst the other and smaller instruments were appropriated by ladies, ecclesiastics, and members generally of the higher classes. Again, their musical vocabulary was wholly distinct from any other, clearly proving an original school; and in naming the strings of the instrument, they showed that poetic and descriptive power of language which is remarkable in the conversation of the Irish to this day.

The use of the harp, then, in Ireland, was co-extensive with the love of music. It was one of the usages of good society. At any festive meeting the instrument was handed round to all the company in turn, when every one was expected to display his skill and taste on it. Its use was, in fact, a part of a gentleman's education—the want of which would have been considered a very discreditable deficiency. It is clear, therefore, that the chief performers on an instrument such as this must have been great favourites with all classes, and their influence was not lessened when their social standing was combined with so much political importance. . . .

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[1] This and the two following extracts are taken, by permission, from the hitherto unpublished Selections appended to Lover's Life.

The last of the purely Irish bards was Carolan. It is now little over a century that he died and left behind him some of the most original and delightful songs and music of his country. Blind from the age of eighteen, his reading must have been very limited; and yet, considering the period he lived in, his literary accomplishment was something wonderful. Goldsmith testifies to this, who saw him in his own boyhood, and in reference to his poetic power compares its vigour to that of Pindar. To a highly convivial spirit he united, in his love effusions, a singularly pure and delicate feeling,—and as an evidence of his constancy, as well as of the exquisite sense of touch which is peculiar to the blind, the story is related of him that he recognized his early love, from whom he had been parted twenty years, by the simple pressure of her hand. His charming song of *Mabel Kelly* well illustrates his poetic fancy, which was as graceful as it was tender, and especially the second verse:—

To gaze on her beauty, the young hunter lies
'Mong the branches that shadow her path in the grove.
But, alas! if her eyes
The rash gazer surprise,
All eyesight departs from the victim of love,
And the poor blind one steals home with his heart full of sighs.

ST. PATRICK AND THE SARPENT.

A GUIDE'S STORY.

On a lovely day in summer, when the delightful Lakes of Killarney were putting forth all their attractions, a party of visitors had been enjoying them, now in sailing over their tranquil waters, now in gazing at their silvery waterfalls, now in listening to their pleasing echoes, when they were struck with the perturbed appearance of a well-known little lake, which presented such a contrast to the general calmness of the group. "Oh, shure!" exclaimed the guide, "the wather's always disturbed in that way; biling over like a kettle amost." "And what's the reason?" they inquired. "'Faith, then, ladies and gentlemen, there's rayson enough and to spare: it's all owing to the sarpent!" "The serpent!" they exclaimed. "The sarpent that St. Patrick rowled into the lake centuries ago, and beyant that, and that has been tryin' ever since to twist himself back to land again." The whole party were of course in ignorance of any such bewildering event. "Oh, it's the thruth that I am telling ye: the sarpent's in a box, you see, and he's tryin' to get out of it, and it's his flappin' of the lid which kapes the wather in such a flutther." Excitement was at its height, and their cicerone was requested to oblige them with the particulars.

"Well, then, you all know, ladies and gentlemen, that it was St. Patrick that druv the sarpents and venomous bastes out of Ireland, and made it what it is—the swatest jewel of the world to live in. Well, there was one sarpent, I must tell you, that was too strong to be druv out, and beyant that, you must know, was a most onraisonable baste besides—for he wouldn't listen to the hape of argyments St. Patrick was discoorsing to him when he towld him to get out o' that and be off to Botany Bay. 'Oh, bathershin!' says the sarpent, 'is it an absentee you want to make of me? I love the country too well to lave it—it's my native mud, and I'll have no other.'

"'Oh, very well, then,' says the saint; 'if them's the pathriotic sentiments that inspires your venomous breast, I must make a nice house for you to live in.' And so the saint set to work, you see, and made a big iron chist, with as many locks and bars on it as they say they've got at Newgate, and then went to the cave where the sarpent lived in retirement, and began to whistle for him, and coax him out just to look at the house he had made for him. But the sarpent, you see, was cunning, like the first one of his breed—he'd got a notion that St. Patrick wouldn't be the asiest of landlords—so says he, 'I thank your riverence mightily for all the thruble you have been takin', but I'd rather stop where I am.' 'Oh, just come out now, and see the house—that won't hurt you,' says St. Patrick, 'and if you don't like it you can lave it.'

'Well, to make a long story short, the baste did come out at last; but he didn't like the look of the box at all, and began to find all sorts of faults with it. 'It's too small for me,' says he; 'axing your riverence's pardon, that's a house that wouldn't howld me.' 'I'll lay a gallon of porther,' says St. Patrick, 'the house is big enough for two of ye.' Now, the sarpent was a dry baste—he wasn't a *water*-snake at all,—and he was uncommon fond o' porther, and he thought—the cunning villain—that he'd play the saint a trick, and chate him clane out of the liquor. So in he rowls himself into the box, and, just to show it wouldn't howld him, he swells himself out for all the world like an alderman who was swallerin' his third bottle at a Dublin dinner, and be token of that what does he do but, moreover, lave half of his long tail hanging out.

"'Look there, now,' says the sarpent—'you see I can't get in. You've lost the bet, your riverence.' But what does the saint do but suddenly clap down the lid of the box on him, when he whips in his tail for fear 'twould be cut off, and so got packed into the chist as tight as a hundredweight of butter. 'There now,' says St. Patrick, 'I've won the bet, you see.' 'Then let me out,' says the sarpent, 'and I'll pay you like a gentleman.' 'Oh, I'm in no hurry,' says St. Patrick. 'You shall pay me when I ax you for it, and that won't be for a day or two;' and so he rowls the box down the hill, and then pitches it into the lake, where it has been lying iver since; and the villain, day and night, has been trying to get it open,—but as the lid, you see, is too heavy for him, he kapes it flappin' without ceasin', and that's the rayson that the wather is always in such a flutther."

THE IRISH BRIGADE.

During the course of almost a century the Brigade was enrolled in the French army, and had an honourable share in all the latter's brightest achievements in Flanders, Spain, and Italy. Many instances of its staunch fidelity and its daring, decisive courage might be quoted from the military records of those days; but one especially may be selected, which in its singular combination of the heroic and the grotesque, must be regarded as very national.

Cremona, besieged by Prince Eugène, and defended by the French, was surprised one morning before dawn, and would inevitably have been lost but for the promptitude of the Irish. Whilst the punctilious and ornate Frenchmen were deliberately buttoning up their regimentals, the former, at the sound of their trumpets, jumped out of bed, and, simply staying to buckle on their crossbelts and cartouch boxes, seized their guns and hurried to the Square, where, on forming in fighting order, their commander's words, "Halt—dress!" were, at least in one respect, superfluous. Their indifference to appearance on this occasion was all the greater that the period was mid-winter, and the city was near the Alps. In this condition they were charged by the Austrian cuirassiers. It was steel-coats against night-shirts; but the linen trade of Ireland proved the more formidable of the two. The Austrians were driven back, and the French had time to form and recover possession of the town. For this brilliant service the Brigade was honoured with the emphatic thanks of Louis XIV., and also had their pay increased.

But these fearless fellows, as may be supposed, carried abroad to their new service not only their courage and fidelity, but all their exuberance as Irishmen. Their rollicking spirit and love of fun were quite as great as their love of fighting, and at times were so opposed to propriety and discipline, that the martinets of the French ranks had to make formal complaints on the matter. It was on one such occasion that a great compliment was paid them by the brave Duke of Berwick, who, however, had good reason to love them for their devotion to his father. "Marshal," said the king to him, "this Irish Brigade gives me more trouble than all my army put together."—"Please your majesty," replied the duke, "your enemies make just the same complaint of them." . . .

Of the anecdotes and jokes told of the Brigade during their extended foreign service—proofs of a humour and light-heartedness which even exile could not subdue—the number is indeed legion. Gallic vanity forced them often into the attitude of censors, and several of their repartees are excellent, and as full of sense as they were of pleasantry. Among the mass of these is one that has been often referred to other sources,—when a Frenchman, claiming for his country the invention of all the elegances, named among other things a ruffle, and Pat answered "We improved on it—we put to it a shirt."

In the same spirit, but less known, was Pat's retort upon a shopkeeper in some petty town where he was quartered. The place had rather a pretentious gate, and the grocer, dilating on its grandeur, and asking what the Irish would say if they possessed it—"Faith, they'd say," was his reply, "we'll kape the big gate shut, or the dirty little town will be after running out of it." The sarcasm, however, was deeper and more essentially Hibernian when, on his going somewhere to dine, after hearing great praises of French cookery, he saw a pot of soup brought in with a bit of meat floating on the top of it—upon which he pulled off his coat, and being asked why he did so, said, "Sure I am going to have a swim for that little bit of mate there."

Among the adventures recorded of the Brigade, one of the most amusing was an occurrence in the time of the Regent Orleans, in honour of whose birthday a grand masquerade was given in Paris. It was a high-class affair, tickets were a double louis d'or each—all the rank and beauty of Paris were assembled round the regent, and a costly and luxurious supper crowned the attractions of the night. Whilst the entertainment was proceeding one of the prince's suite approached and whispered to him, "It is worth your royal highness's while to step into the supper rooms; there is a yellow Domino there who is the most extraordinary cormorant ever witnessed;—he is a prodigy, your highness—he never stops eating and drinking, and the attendants say, moreover, that he has not done so for some hours." His royal highness went accordingly—and sure enough there was the yellow Domino, laying about him as described, and swallowing everything as ravenously as if he had only just begun. Raised pies fell before him like garden palings before a field-piece—pheasants and quails seemed to fly down his throat in a little covey—the wine he drank threatened a scarcity, whatever might be the next vintage.

After watching him for some time the duke acknowledged he was a wonder, and laughingly left the room; but shortly afterwards, in passing through another, he saw the yellow Domino again, and as actively at work as ever,—devastating the dishes everywhere, and emptying the champagne bottles as rapidly as they were brought to him. Perfectly amazed, the duke at last could not restrain his curiosity. "Who," he asked, "is that insatiate ogre that threatens such annihilation to all the labours of our cooks?" Accordingly, one of the suite was despatched to him. "His royal highness the Duke of Orleans desires the yellow Domino to unmask." But the Domino begged to be excused, pleading the privilege of masquerade. "There is a higher law," replied the officer—"the royal order must be obeyed." "Well, then," answered the incognito, "if it must be so, it must;" and unmasking, exhibited the ruddy visage of an Irish trooper.

"Why, in the name of Polyphemus!" exclaimed the regent as he advanced to him, "who and what are you? I have seen you eat and drink enough for a dozen men at least, and yet you seem as empty as ever."

"Well, then," said the trooper, "since the saycret must come out, plase your royal highness, I am one of Clares' Horse—that's the guard of honour to-night—and when our men was ordered out we clubbed our money to buy a ticket, and agreed to take our turn at the supper-table, turn and turn about."

"What!" exclaimed the duke, "the whole troop coming to supper?"

"Oh, it's asy, plase your highness; sure one domino would do for all of us—if ache tuk it in turn. I'm only the eighteenth man, and there's twelve more of us to come."

The loud laughter of the jovial duke, probably the heartiest he had had for a long time, was the response to this explanation, followed by a louis d'or to the dragoon and a promise to keep his "saycret" till the entire troop had supped.

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN.

Born 1803—Died 1864.

[William Smith O'Brien, the patriot, was second son of Sir Edward O'Brien, fourth baronet of Dromoland, and one of the members of the Irish parliament who opposed the union. He was born in Dromoland, county Clare, October 17th, 1803. His brother was the well-known Sir Lucius O'Brien, Conservative member for Clare.

Mr. O'Brien was educated at Harrow, and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1826 he took his seat in parliament as the Tory member for Ennis, and not only used his influence against O'Connell at the well-known Clare election, but on one occasion in the house very strongly censured the conduct of the Liberator. All this, however, was to be changed; and whatever may have been the moving cause, Smith O'Brien became a violent member of the Young Ireland party. He was warmly welcomed and generously greeted by O'Connell when he made his appearance in Conciliation Hall; although his ideas of Irish freedom, and the methods to be resorted to for obtaining it, were very different from those of the great emancipator. "I find it impossible," said O'Connell, "to give adequate expression to the delight with which I hail Mr. O'Brien's presence in the Association. He now occupies his natural position, the position which centuries ago was occupied by his ancestor Brian Boru. Whatever may become of me, it is a consolation to remember that Ireland will not be without a friend like William Smith O'Brien."

The change in Mr. O'Brien from a rank Tory to a strong Repealer, from a bitter enemy to an ally of O'Connell, he explains to us himself. It arose, he tells us, from finding out that his hopes were unfulfilled, and that "Ireland, instead of taking its place as an integral portion of the great empire which the valour of her sons had contributed to win, has been treated as a dependent tributary province, and at this moment, after forty-three years of nominal union, the affections of the two nations are so entirely alienated from each other, that England trusts for the maintenance of their connection, not to the attachment of the Irish people, but to the bayonets which menace our bosoms, and the cannon which she has planted in all our strongholds." In 1844, when, in consequence of the state prosecutions, O'Connell was absent, Smith O'Brien took his vacant chair in Conciliation Hall, to the delight of the people, who saw in him a worthy successor to his ancestor, the victor of Clontarf, and read in his enthusiasm the promise of a similar victory under his leadership. The antagonistic policy of these two leaders, O'Connell and Smith O'Brien, can only be judged by results. O'Connell's aim from first to last was to gain his ends by moral rather than by physical force; Smith O'Brien, on the contrary, advocated more peremptory measures. This difference of opinion at length resulted in a division of party, and "the Irish Confederation" was organized with the avowed intention of establishing an Irish Republic with Smith O'Brien as president. In 1848 a deputation from this body,—consisting of O'Brien, Meagher, O'Gorman, and others,—waited on Lamartine, then president of the French Republic, ostensibly with a congratulatory address, but really to find how far they might calculate on the help of the French in the struggle for Irish independence. Lamartine divined their mission, and in very fine words spoke of his friendship for and interest in Ireland, but added that the republic was at peace with England, and "would not utter a word or breathe an insinuation at variance with the principle of the reciprocal inviolability of nations which it had proclaimed." It was now clear to Smith O'Brien and his colleagues what they had to expect from France in case of an insurrection. On his return O'Brien once more and for the last time took his place in the House of Commons, and spoke very plainly his opinions. When charged with going to solicit the aid of France in the cause of the Irish people he said, "If it is treason to profess disloyalty to this house, and to the government of Ireland by the parliament of Great Britain—if that be treason, I avow it. Nay, more, I say it shall be the study of my life to overthrow the dominion of this parliament over Ireland." An extraordinary scene of confusion and interruption took place during his speech, and he could be with difficulty heard amid the chorus of groans, jeers, and hisses from all sides. "Every statesman," he said, "in the civilized globe, looks upon Ireland as you look upon Poland, and upon your connection as entirely analogous to that of Russia with Poland." This was a new idea to propound within the walls of the House of Commons.

The government had now got distinct notice of what was intended, and Lord Clarendon took immediate measures for extinguishing the smouldering flame of rebellion. Dublin was well garrisoned; arms were confiscated, and the habeas corpus act suspended. This last was the heaviest blow to the cause. But the movement had now begun, and on the 22d of July O'Brien, for the purpose of rousing the people, proceeded to Enniscorthy. He called upon the parish priests on his way, asking for their assistance; but he had for answer that an attempt to raise a rebellion could only be made by the insane. A conviction of this kind must have been already growing on O'Brien's mind when he found those who a short time before were lavish in promises and determination now sliding into the background, and proposing that some one else should take the lead; but, like poor Emmet, he determined that at least his own individual sacrifice should be made on the shrine of his country.

We need not tell in detail the story of the disastrous failure at Boulagh Common, near Ballingarry—especially as in the next volume we shall quote a graphic description of its incidents from the pen of Mr. Alexander M. Sullivan. Suffice it to say that he had nothing to meet a body of police, well-armed, disciplined, and under a shelter, but a mob of unarmed men, and that, after a while, he had to give up the contest and flee. Although so large a sum as £500 was offered by government for his apprehension, none of the many hundreds of peasants who knew of his place of retreat could be induced to betray him. He did not remain long in hiding, and he determined not to seek further safety in flight; but after seeing his family, to surrender himself for trial. It was while on his way to carry out this determination that an Englishman named Hulme recognized him and had him arrested. He was tried, found guilty of high treason, and sentenced to be hanged. It is notable that on the trial several witnesses absolutely refused to give evidence against him. The capital sentence was commuted to transportation for life. He was imprisoned for about nine months at Spike Island in the Harbour of Cork, and on the 29th July, 1849, he was sent to Tasmania in company with O'Donohoe, Meagher, and MacManus, his associates in the rebellion. After his arrival at Hobart Town he refused the ticket of leave accepted by his companions, and was confined at Maria Island. Here he attempted to make his escape, but failed, and was conveyed to Port Arthur for greater security, and there more closely confined. His health breaking down, he consented to avail himself of a ticket of leave; and after nearly five years in exile an unsolicited pardon was accorded to Smith O'Brien on condition of his not returning to Ireland.

In 1854 he came back to Europe, and settled with his family at Brussels. Here he wrote his *Principles of Government, or Meditations in Exile*, which was afterwards published in Dublin. It is clearly and forcibly written, the views very moderate and far-seeing, and the ideas with regard to our Australian colonies show keen observation. In May, 1856, a free pardon was granted him, and the July of the same year saw the patriot once more on the shores of Ireland. Although his opinions were unchanged, he wisely kept himself apart from politics. After spending a short time at home he departed on a continental tour, visiting North America before his return. The ideas gleaned during his absence, and his conclusions formed upon many subjects, were utilized in a course of interesting lectures given afterwards in the Mechanics' Institute, Dublin. In 1864 he visited England and Wales, with the view of rallying his failing health, but no improvement took place, and he died at Bangor on the 16th of June, 1864. His body was conveyed to Ireland, and was interred in the family vault in Rathronan, county Limerick. About 15,000 persons followed his remains to the grave. "Few politicians," says Mr. Lecky, a writer who has no sympathy with his views, "have sacrificed more to what they believed to be right, and the invariable integrity of his motives has more than redeemed the errors of his judgment."]

AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.

(FROM "PRINCIPLES OF GOVERNMENT."[1])

A beneficent government ought not to limit its efforts merely to the establishment of arrangements to promote the health of the community; it ought also to do whatever lies in its power to provide suitable recreation for the people. Enjoyment of some kind—excitement of some kind—is indispensable to man; and those best deserve innocent enjoyment who give up the greater portion of their time to useful toil. Now, if rational and innocent pleasures are not rendered accessible to the working-classes, they will naturally have recourse to those brutalizing excitements which are always within their reach. Many a labouring man spends his evening in a pothouse only because no other circle in which he can enjoy social converse is open to him. Many a young man has attended a cock-fight, only because no more noble excitement has been presented to him. Had he been a citizen of ancient Athens, he would probably have spent his leisure hours in listening to the dramas of Euripides and Sophocles, or in taking part in those athletic exercises which developed and kept alive the manly prowess of the children of Greece. . . .

With regard to athletic exercises and games of skill, we have occasion to feel shame and regret when we contrast the feebleness and decrepitude of modern days with the vigour of antiquity. Horse-racing and the manly amusement of fox-hunting, which are the favourite excitements of the gentry of modern times, form but a poor substitute for the athletic exercises of Greece, or for the tournaments of the middle ages. At one period in English history the practice of archery was not only an amusement but a requirement exacted from every English peasant and yeoman. What manly exercise now forms part of the discipline of youth? The governors of many of those states which call themselves free would be afraid to place arms in the hands of the population at large, or to encourage them to learn the use of implements of defence; otherwise the rifle would now be, in the hands of an English peasant, what the bow was in former times. The hour will arrive when rulers, who have been accustomed to place their whole reliance upon standing armies, and to distrust the loyalty of their own population, will have reason to regret the decay of that self-relying spirit which they have laboured to extinguish. I do not advocate the revival of pugilistic combats, though much may be said in favour of that barbarous amusement; but I cannot read Virgil's account of the games practised by the followers of Æneas, without feeling how immeasurably superior was the spirit which is breathed in the following lines—

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[1] By permission of Mr. Duffy.

Hi proprium decus et partum indignantur honorem
Ni teneant vitamque volunt pro laude pacisci;
Hos successus alit; possunt quia posse videntur—

to that emulation which now prompts the peasantry of England to catch soaped pigs by the tail, or to run in sacks—the rural sports of the nineteenth century.

In a well-governed community not only should the population be encouraged to practise all sorts of gymnastic exercises; but also they should be trained to military evolutions, and to the use of arms. For such purposes days ought to be set apart, and prizes ought to be distributed by the municipal authorities. The acquisition of money has become the sole object of pursuit in modern days. Mammon now rules the civilized world with imperious sway. It should be the aim of the statesman to impart nobler emotions, more generous aspirations, than those which the love of gain can inspire.

There are some who affect to disapprove emulation in every form—whether in a boat-race or in an academy. Yet even such squeamish moralists may assist in providing recreation for the people. They cannot object to throw open to the multitude zoological collections, botanic gardens, museums of painting and sculpture, or to encourage attendance upon lectures directed to the advancement of literary and scientific knowledge. It ought to be the pride, as it is the duty, of an enlightened government to encourage all such pursuits, and there is no mode of encouraging them so legitimate as that which calls into action the co-operation of the people themselves. Hence the municipal representatives of the people should not only be empowered, but stimulated, to provide in each locality such arrangements as shall contribute in the highest attainable degree to the health, recreation, and intellectual improvement of the population. There is no village, however small, in which something might not be done to promote the enjoyment of the inhabitants. These things are in some countries left undone, merely because no organization has been formed for carrying such objects into effect. "What is everybody's business is nobody's," says the proverb. It appears like intrusion on the part of an individual to do that for the public which the public neglects to do for itself; and if a benevolent or public-spirited individual hazards such an intrusion, some sinister motive will generally be imputed to him. Take the simplest instance that can be brought forward in illustration of this observation. It generally happens that, in the vicinity of every village, there are spots of favourite resort, which attract by their beauty of scenery, or by some other charm. It naturally occurs to every one that seats should be provided in such places for the accommodation of the public, yet seats are not provided. There is no public body authorized to make such arrangements, and each individual says to himself, "It is not my business. Why should I be called upon to expend my private funds for the accommodation of the public?" Or, if he be willing to incur the expense, he is deterred by the consideration that some unworthy motive will be attributed to him, in case he undertake to provide the desired accommodation. Were political institutions organized with a view to promote the happiness of the people, much would be done that is now left undone; much would be left undone that is now done. To exact taxes which shall be squandered upon the parasites of government, and to coerce those who offend against laws enacted for the maintenance of an artificial state of society, which is often repugnant to the requirements of nature, is too generally the principal, if not the sole object to which the whole energy of civil administration is directed. If taxes were levied with a view to promote the well-being and enjoyment of all classes of the community, they would be paid without reluctance, and universal contentment would render superfluous many of the expensive appliances now employed for the restraint and coercion of a discontented population.

There is, perhaps, no country in Europe in which so little has been done to promote the amusement of the people as in the United Kingdom. Upon the Continent there are few towns of any considerable size in which arrangements have not been made, either by the central government or by the municipal authorities, to give to the inhabitants the pleasures afforded by public promenades and gardens, military music, theatres, museums of painting, sculpture, and natural history, &c. In the United Kingdom, on the contrary, even the public squares are for the most part reserved exclusively for the enjoyment of the privileged few, instead of being thrown open to the whole population; and access to the repositories of art, nay, even to the glorious old cathedrals which were erected during the time which we presumptuously designate as "the dark ages," can seldom be procured except by payment of a fee on admission.

Yet we boast of modern refinement, civilization, progress, and philanthropy.

SIR WILLIAM ROWAN HAMILTON.

BORN 1805 — DIED 1865.

[Sir William Rowan Hamilton, astronomer royal for Ireland, was born in Dublin in August, 1805. His father, a well-known and able solicitor, traced his descent from a branch of the Scottish Hamiltons, who, like many other Scottish families, settled in the north of Ireland in the reign of James the First. The mother was related to Hutton the mathematician, from whom in some measure Hamilton's talent in this direction may have been inherited. Intended for the East India Company's service, he was at a very early age placed under the care of his uncle, the Rev. James Hamilton, curate of Trim, to be educated by him. The curate evidently gave his pupil the full benefit of his own learning, for when only four years of age young Hamilton had already made some progress in Hebrew. His studies were further extended to a knowledge of Greek and Latin, with the rudiments of French, Italian, Spanish, and German, Syriac, Persian, Arabic, Sanscrit, Hindustani, and Malay, so that at the age of fourteen he was master of several of these languages and tolerably familiar with the others. In 1819 he wrote a letter to the Persian ambassador, who declared in astonishment that he could not believe there was a man in England equal to writing such a letter in Persian.

But it was not in linguistic attainments that the chief fame of Hamilton was to rest. At an unusually early age he displayed a taste and aptitude for the study of mathematics. In this abstruse science, although self-taught, he made such progress as to have covered the ground of the usual university course before he had reached his sixteenth year. On entering Trinity College in 1822 he carried everything before him, and attracted the attention of Dr. Brinkley, himself an able mathematician, who took him under his personal care. But Hamilton soon began those original investigations which surpassed the productions of his masters, and gained the admiration of the whole scientific world. Even so early as 1824 Dr. Brinkley reported: "This young man, I do not say will be, but *is* the first mathematician of his age." It was in this year he contributed a paper on "Optics" to the Royal Irish Academy. The ability of this paper being so widely recognized, he was induced to work up this and other studies into a complete form, and these he elaborated into his *Theory of Systems of Rays*, a production which placed him in the front rank of scientific thinkers.

In 1827, while still an undergraduate, and working for a fellowship, he was elected to the chair vacated by the retirement of his friend Dr. Brinkley, and he thus became professor of astronomy and astronomer royal for Ireland. He was then only twenty-two years of age. He took up his residence at the observatory at Divesink, near Dublin, where his sisters, ladies of unusual abilities, resided with him until his marriage in 1833 with Miss Bayly, daughter of the rector of Nenagh.

On the occasion of the first meeting of the British Association held in Dublin in 1835, Mr. Hamilton, who as president delivered the usual address, was knighted by Lord Mulgrave, the lord-lieutenant. In 1837 he was elected president of the Royal Irish Academy, and from it received a pension of £200 a year, which was afterwards continued to his widow. He was a member of most of the scientific societies of Europe, and for his researches received the much-prized distinction of being elected an honorary member of the Academy of St. Petersburg.

The numerous contributions he made to scientific societies and publications are proofs of his extraordinary genius and abilities, but those on which his fame chiefly rests are his *Lectures on Quaternions* delivered in 1843. Hamilton's labours and theories have not only stood the test of recent investigation, but have been extended and worked upon by men eminent in science at home and abroad. He was a mathematician, a metaphysician, a natural philosopher, a poet, and an orator.

In 1865 his health began to decline, and shortly after his last appearance in public at the opening of the Dublin Exhibition, an attack of gout, to which he was subject, carried him off on the 2d September of the same year, aged sixty. He was fond of poetry and of poets, and was pleased to count amongst his friends Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, Mrs. Hemans, and others. He was not devoid himself of some poetic talent, but perhaps it is well that too much ability as a versifier did not step in to distract his attention from abstract science. A list of his works would occupy too much of our space: suffice it to say that there was no mathematical discussion of importance during his time to which he did not make a contribution.]

ON SYMBOLS.

(FROM "LECTURES ON QUATERNIONS."[1])

The object which I shall propose to myself in the lecture of this day is the statement of the significations, at least the primary significations, which I attach in the calculus of quaternions to the four following familiar marks of combination of symbols, + − × ÷, which marks or signs, are universally known to correspond in arithmetic and in ordinary algebra to the four operations known by the names of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. The *new* signification of these four signs have a sufficient *analogy* to the *old* ones to make me think it convenient to *retain* the *signs* themselves; and yet a sufficient *distinction* exists to render a *preliminary comment* not superfluous; or rather, it is *indispensable* that as a clear definition, or at least exposition, of the precise force of each of these old marks, used in new senses, should be given, as it is in my power to give. Perhaps, indeed, I may not find it possible to-day to speak with what may seem the requisite degree of *fulness* of such exposition of more than the *two first* of these four signs; although I hope to touch upon the two last of them also.

First, then, I wish to be allowed to say, in *general* terms (though conscious that they will need to be afterwards particularized), that I regard the two connected but contrasted marks or signs + and −, as being respectively and primarily characteristics of the SYNTHESIS *and* ANALYSIS of a STATE of a *progression*, according as this state is considered as being derived from, or compared with, some other state of that progression; and with the same kind of generality of expression I may observe here that I regard in like manner the *other pair* of connected and contrasted marks already mentioned, namely, × and ÷ (when taken in what I look upon as their respectively primary significations), as being signs or characteristics of the corresponding SYNTHESIS and ANALYSIS of a step in any such progression of states, according as that *step* is considered as *derived from*, or *compared with*, some *other step* in the same progression. But I am aware that this very general and preliminary statement cannot fail to appear vague, and that it is likely to seem also obscure, until it is rendered precise and clear by examples and illustrations, which the plan of these lectures requires that I should select from geometry, while it allows me to clothe them in astronomical garb; and I shall begin by endeavouring thus to illustrate and exemplify the view here taken of the sign —, which we may continue to *read*, as usual, MINUS, although the operation of which it is now conceived to direct the performance is not to be confounded with arithmetical, nor even, in all respects, with common algebraical subtraction.

I have said that I regard *primarily* this sign −, or minus, as the mark or characteristic of an *analysis of one state* of a progression when considered as compared with *another* state of that progression. To illustrate this very general view, which has been here propounded at first under a metaphysical rather than a mathematical form, by proceeding to apply it under the limitations which the science of geometry suggests, let SPACE be now regarded as the field of the progression which is to be studied, and POINTS as the *states* of that progression. You will then see that in conformity with the general view already enunciated, and as its geometrical particularization, I am led to regard the word "minus," or the mark –, in geometry, as the sign or characteristic of the analysis of one geometrical position (in space), as compared with another (such) position. The *comparison of one mathematical point with another*, with a view to the determination of what may be called their *ordinal relations*, or their *relative position* in space, is in fact the investigation of the GEOMETRICAL DIFFERENCE of the two points compared, in that sole respect, namely position, in which two mathematical points can differ from each other. And even for this reason alone, although I think that other reasons will offer themselves to your own minds when you shall be more familiar with this whole aspect of the matter, you might already grant it to be not unnatural to regard, as it has been stated that I do regard, this study or investigation of the relative position of two points in space as being that primary geometrical operation which is analogous to algebraic subtraction, and which I propose accordingly to denote by the usual mark (–) of the well-known operation last mentioned. . . . To illustrate first by an astronomical example the conception already mentioned of the analysis of one geometrical position considered with reference to another, I shall here write down, as symbols for the two positions in space which are to be compared among themselves, the astronomical signs ⊙ and ♁, which represent or denote respectively the sun and earth, and are here supposed to signify, *not* the masses nor the longitudes of those two bodies, nor any other quantities or magnitudes connected with them, but simply their situations, or the positions of their centres regarded as mathematical POINTS in space. To make more manifest to the eye that these astronomical signs are here employed to denote points or positions alone, I shall write under each a *dot*, and under the dot a Roman capital letter, namely A for the earth and B for the sun, as follows:

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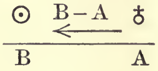
[1] By permission of Messrs. Hodges, Foster, & Co.

⊙ ♁
· ·
B A

and shall suppose that the particular operation of what we have already called analysis, using that word in a very general and rather in a metaphysical than in a mathematical sense, which is now to be performed, consists in the proposed investigation of the position of the sun, B, with respect to the earth, A; the latter being regarded as comparatively simple and known, but the former as complex, or at least unknown and undetermined; and a relation being sought which shall connect the one with the other. This conceived analytical operation is practically and astronomically performed to *some* extent whenever an observer, as for example my assistant (or myself) at the Observatory of this University, with that great circular instrument of which you have a model here, directs a telescope to the sun; it is *completed* for that particular time of observation when, after all due micrometrical measurements and readings, after all reductions and calculations, founded in part on astronomical theory and on facts previously determined, the same observer concludes and records the geocentric right ascension and declination, and (through the semidiameter) the radius vector (or distance) of the sun. In general, we are to conceive the required *analysis* of the position of the ANALYZAND point B with respect to the ANALYZER point A to be an operation such that, if it were *completely* performed, it would instruct us *not only* IN WHAT DIRECTION the point B is situated with respect to the point A, *but also* AT WHAT DISTANCE from the latter the former point is placed. Regarded as a guide, or rule for going (if we could go) from one point to the other, . . . the result of this ordinal analysis might be supposed to tell us in the first place HOW WE SHOULD SET OUT, which conceived geometrical ACT of *setting out in a suitable direction* corresponds astronomically to the pointing or directing of the telescope in the observation just referred to. And the same synthetic rule, or the same result of a complete analysis, must then be supposed also to tell us, in the *second* place, HOW FAR WE OUGHT TO GO in order to arrive at the sought point B, after thus setting out from the given point A in the proper direction of progress (this direction being, of course, here conceived to be preserved unaltered), which latter part of the supposed guidance or information corresponds to the astronomical inquiry, *how far off* is the sun, or other celestial object, at which we are now looking with a telescope properly set.

Now the whole sought result of this (conceived) complete analysis of the position B with respect to the position A, whether it be regarded analytically as an ordinal relation, or synthetically as a *rule of transition*, is what I propose to *denote* or signify by the symbol

B − A, formed by inserting the sign minus between the two separate symbols of the two points compared, the symbol of the analyzand point B being written to the *left* of the mark −, and the symbol of the analyzer point A being written to the *right* of the same mark; all which I design to illustrate by the following fuller diagram,



where the *arrow* indicates the *direction* in which it would be necessary to *set out* from the analyzer point in order to reach the analyzand point, and a straight line is drawn to represent or picture the *progression* of which those *points* are here conceived to be respectively the initial and final states. We may then, as often as we think proper, paraphrase (in this theory) the geometrical symbol B − A by reading it aloud as follows, though it would be tedious always to do so, "B *analyzed with respect to* A, *as regards difference of geometrical position.*" But for common use it may be sufficient (as already noticed) to retain the shorter and more familiar mode of reading, "B minus A," remembering, however, that (in the present theory) the DIFFERENCE thus *originally* or *primarily* indicated is one of POSITION and not of magnitude; which, indeed, the context (so to speak) will always be sufficient to suggest or to remind us of whenever the symbols A and B are recognized as being what they are here supposed to be, namely, signs of *mathematical points.*

WILLIAM HICKEY.

BORN 1787 — DIED 1875.

[The Rev. William Hickey is perhaps better known as "Martin Doyle," the *nom de plume* under which he published the greater number of his works. He devoted his pen principally to works with the praiseworthy view of helping to raise the material condition of his poorer fellow-countrymen. A clergyman himself, and the son of a clergyman, he also deserves praise for having avoided in his works subjects which might tend to excite religious animosities; and in the discharge of his parochial duties he was equally careful in avoiding matters of controversy. The exact date of his birth is uncertain, probably it took place about the year 1787. He was the son of the Rev. Ambrose Hickey, rector of Murragh, county Cork. He graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and he also took the degree of M.A. in Trinity College, Dublin. Ordained in 1811, he ministered in succession in Dunlecky, county Carlow; Bannow, Kilcormick, Wexford, and Mulrankin, to the last of which he was appointed in 1834; there, too, he remained for the rest of his life. He was prominent in founding societies for the encouragement of agriculture, and as early as 1817 began to employ his pen in promoting the same cause. His first work was on the *State of the Poor in Ireland.* There followed a large number of works on kindred subjects: *Hints to Small Farmers; Common Things of Everyday Life; Irish Cottagers; Plea for Small Farmers; The Agricultural Labourer Viewed; Hints on Emigration to Canada,* &c. He also translated a volume of Monod's sermons from the French. He contributed regularly to Blackwood's *Agricultural Magazine, Chambers's Journal,* and other periodicals. *Notes and Gleanings of the County Wexford* was his last work. The Royal Dublin Society awarded him a gold medal in recognition of his services, and he had a pension from the Literary Fund. He died on October 24, 1875, in his eighty-seventh year. This brief sketch is taken from the memoir in Webb's *Compendium of Irish Biography.*]

HOME REFLECTIONS ON HOME DUTIES.

(FROM "THE COMMON THINGS OF EVERYDAY LIFE.")

Every man's proper dwelling is the domestic hearth, wherever this is or whatever its character, whether in town or country.

The occupations of life necessarily cause the members of a family to be separated many hours of the day. After the care and toils of business are ended, how gladdening to turn to the peace and quiet of a happy home, to have one spot where the worries of the world may be forgotten and the purest earthly joys realized.

There is surely something seriously wrong in the moral condition of the man or youth in whose heart the love of home has no place; to whom the club, the public-house, or the habit of gadding and desire for gossip have more attractions; such persons are not merely their own enemies, but the enemies also of those to whom they should be full of affection. For while they waste their own time and substance in such a manner, the tie which ought to bind husband and wife, parents and children, members of the one household, is broken, and discontent and wretchedness follow.

How sad to think that the blessings of home should ever be despised and cast from us! blessings compared with which earth has none greater to bestow. The causes which lead to this evil lie deep in our own corrupt nature, and therefore the only certain remedy is to be sought in the Bible.

If we were asked, Which is the happiest home? *that*, we should say, in which true religion lives and rules, for there love and peace and good-will prevail.

One great cause of the want of unity between father and sons, and also between all the members of a family, is their neglect of relative duties, such as these:—"Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;" and "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right."

When the business of the day is over the man's proper place is with his family; let him, therefore, avoid what would separate him from them; the habit of absenting himself from home, like other bad habits, grows surely, and the first temptation to it must be opposed. It comes in different forms, such as the public-house, drinking and smoking clubs; all such places must be shunned; they have broken in upon and destroyed the peace of many a happy home, and brought poverty and unhappiness into it.

All the members of a family should study to please and serve each other, and many things occur to try the temper; it cannot be expected that there will be no differences of opinion; and in such cases the parties should have consideration for each other, and not persist in their opposition, but by mutual forbearance to each other smooth down differences and prevent the rising of angry feelings. Let the study of each be to please the other, and not self, and then home will be what it ought—the centre of honest joys and family peace.

ASSES IN THE EAST.

(FROM "THE FARMER'S MANUAL.")

This despised and ill-used drudge was first introduced into our part of the world from Asia, where, in its state of freedom, it is by no means an insignificant animal. We read in the book of Job (xxxix. 7) of the ass as disregarding "the crying of the driver;" and as to their swiftness in the East, in their wild state, we are informed by travellers that the best horses cannot equal them in speed; indeed, their Hebrew name expresses this quality. A prophet indicates the acuteness of their perceptions where he describes them as "snuffing the wind like dragons" (Jer. xiv.). We know from Scripture history that men of rank used to ride upon asses. The thirty sons of Jair, one of the judges of Israel, rode upon thirty ass colts when they went to administer justice in the cities over which they judicially presided; and another judge, we are told, sent out forty sons and thirty nephews on "threescore and ten ass colts," as it was not until the time of the warlike kings of Israel that chariots and horses superseded the use of the ass. What would be thought now if our judges, or even our lawyers' clerks, were to travel on circuit, from town to town, mounted on asses? However, if we had never seen horses we should probably think asses beautiful and excellent; but the superior beauty, strength, and fleetness of the horse and of the mule (which is also superior to the ass) have rendered the ass unfashionable. "The comparison degrades him; he is considered, not in himself, but relating to the horse; we forget that he is an ass, that he has all the qualities of his nature, all the gifts annexed to his species, and think only on the figure and qualities of the horse which are wanting in him, and which it would be improper for him to have."

The breed of asses common in the East has always been larger and stronger than the degenerate kind which we possess. There is no reason to doubt that the account given of them by Dr. Russell, a physician residing at Aleppo in the last century, is correct at the present day:—"Those intended for the saddle bear a high price; they are tall, delicately-limbed, go swiftly in an easy pace or gallop, and are very sure-footed; they are fed and dressed with the same care as horses. The bridles are ornamented with fringe and cornices, or small shells; and the saddle, which is broad and easy, is covered with a fine carpet." Another writer says of the Arabian ass:—"White asses are esteemed for their rarity, and only obtainable by persons of wealth and distinction, as we conjecture from this passage of Zechariah: 'Speak ye that ride on white asses, ye that sit in judgment.'" White asses are still very rare.

IRISH HOMES.

(FROM "THE AGRICULTURAL LABOURER VIEWED.")

Mr. Kohl, an acute observer and graphic painter of what he has seen, and apparently familiar with every country in Europe, and often far beyond its limits, has described what he sarcastically calls "the natural process of house building." "A house had fallen in by the effects of its own weight, and the proprietor was repairing the injury sustained by his mansion, but being either too poor, or too indolent, to re-establish the tenement to its former extent, he had contented himself with cutting away as much of the broken work as was necessary to make it smooth, and was running up a new wall at the place where the old remained. In this way he was abandoning one-half his house, and was about to reduce his family, his pigs, and his poultry, to one-half their previous accommodation. The manner of building the work, too, was characteristic. The father brought the mould to the spot on a wheel-barrow; the eldest son, with a shovel, fashioned the material into shape of a wall; and a younger boy stood upon the work to stamp it into something like consistency. A pair of swallows would have expended more care and skill upon the construction of their nest." Mr. Kohl asserts that the Irish landlords are worse than the Polish or Russian proprietors, who at least build houses for their peasants: and he, with one exception, represents the labourers' huts (and even the habitations of many farmers) as no better than those in Spencer's day, human dwelling-houses being but ruinous huts, hardly fit for pigstyes. The recent report of the commissioners for the relief of the poor to the Lord-lieutenant of Ireland do not say more in favour of the habitations than that they have but slightly improved, not sufficiently to warrant a conclusion that "the social revolution" has progressed much in this respect. Kohl makes, indeed, one exception to this almost general condemnation of the habitations of the agricultural poor, in the west and south of Ireland, and even in some of the richest and most prosperous parts of Leinster; he relieves these sketches of Irish cabins, without what could be fairly called hedges or real fences around them, and totally unembellished, without anything approaching to the garden character—with one very pleasing representation. He has certainly done full justice to the Barony of Forth, a remarkable district in the county of Wexford, on the south-eastern peninsula. "It was originally a Welsh colony, planted by Strongbow; and during seven centuries these colonies have kept themselves apart from the rest of the population. They marry only among themselves, and in the last century they still understood Welsh; in short, the Barony of Forth (Mr. Kohl might in many respects have associated the adjacent Barony of Bergy with it) is to the county Wexford what the latter is to Ireland. In this barony the peasants are generally the owners of the soil they till, dwell in clean and orderly houses, and seem to feel that rags are at all events a deformity. Their cottages are surrounded by flower-gardens, they mingle not in political squabbles, by which the rest of Ireland is kept in hot water, and Protestants and Catholics dwell among them in peace and good-will. In a word, the Barony of Forth presents a moral picture that naturally awakens inquiry. And why is it not so in the rest of Ireland?" I can bear testimony to the fidelity of this portraiture, and I can add my belief that in no part of the United Kingdom is there more scrupulous honesty than among these peasant-farmers, cultivators of their own little fields in numerous instances, Belgians in their rural economy approximately, and in their white-washed cottages, gardens, and tiny offices for cows and swine, as in thrifty management and high morality and social order, presenting a very striking resemblance to the people of the Netherlands.

THE HORSE.

(FROM "THE FARMER'S MANUAL.")

The horse should be tenderly handled from the earliest age; familiarized to man, so that it will not contract the dangerous habits of biting and kicking at him, which are the consequences of bad education, and the natural instinctive efforts of self-defence against oppression.

But though a horse should be handled from an early age, it should not be worked with regularity or severely before its fourth year, though it may do light work a year sooner; and it should have a summer's run at grass in the third year, and the fourth also. Its muscular strength ought to be established before it is put to hard labour. Horses of any sort, prematurely worked (and they are not of full strength until the fifth year), become worn out before their time.

The work of a horse should be limited at first to carrying a light back-load, or drawing a lightly-loaded cart; and the best way of training a horse to bear the resistance of weight is to yoke it alongside of a trained one, and teach it to pull by degrees, slackening the traces when it feels the pull at the collar unpleasant, until it becomes accustomed to it.

After a little practice in this way it will very soon bear the shafts of the cart, and disregard the rattling of the wheels, and learn to draw in single harness. Patience and gentleness, on the part of the trainer, are indispensable to the docility of a young horse. A passionate man, who forces the collar over its head, or a snaffle or bit into its mouth, hurting its teeth and jaws, or who beats it on the head, or kicks it on the ribs when it is afraid to move forwards, or who flogs the tender and timid animal if it makes a false step, when its inexperienced limbs cannot move with ease and security on a rough road, ought to be dismissed without ceremony. The future intractability of the animal may be the consequence of the ignorance, stupidity, or ill-temper of its first trainer, who, by his folly and stupidity, teaches it to resist his authority (to which, under proper treatment, it would easily have been brought to submit), unless the poor thing is so heart-broken and stupefied by tyrannical abuse as to lose its natural sagacity.

The docility of the horse, under judicious management, is wonderful; no animal, except the dog, is so capable of being rendered the companion of man. No other creature can be brought, by gentleness and patience, to face what it naturally fears extremely. For instance, the cavalry and artillery horses stand fire unflinchingly, and hear the thunders of the cannon without apparent dismay. So do the horses of the circus exhibit astonishing feats, which are the results of training.

Any horse, gently handled in its early years—patted playfully at proper times—fed from the hand with a bit of carrot or with oats—may be taught to follow its master, or remain steadily by his side, though at liberty all the while to escape from him. In short, the horse, like the dog, may be taught to obey the voice and gesture of its master.

But frequently everything is done to crush the spirit of the sensitive horse. If it exhibit nervous alarm at some new object, it is flogged or spurred, and, as the natural consequence, when it next sees the same object, it feels increased terror, because it has not only to contend with the instinctive apprehension which the object of alarm itself occasions, but also with the associated fear of whip or spur.

The methods of treatment which ignorant and intemperate men pursue to conquer the nervous startings of a horse are precisely those which are the most likely to confirm them.

Gentleness, then, with a young horse under training, and appropriate language (which it soon sufficiently understands), instead of harshness of manner and the crack of a whip, should be invariably exercised. The sounds of gentleness and caressing kindness are quite intelligible to all sagacious domestic animals, and the horse is no exception to this fact. The voice of a gentle female, when she pats her horse with kindness, is always agreeable to it, because it associates with her voice tenderness and security from any manifestation of tyranny or a desire to torment.

LADY DUFFERIN.

Born 1807—Died 1867.

[Helen Selina Sheridan, afterwards Lady Dufferin and Countess of Gifford, was the eldest daughter of Thomas Sheridan, Esq., and granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. She was born in 1807, and was brought up with her sisters, the Honourable Mrs. Norton (Lady Stirling-Maxwell) and the Duchess of Somerset in the seclusion of Hampton Court, whither her mother had retired on the death of Mr. Sheridan. Helen inherited the genius of the Sheridan family, and enjoyed the additional advantage of sharing with her sisters the careful training of a devoted mother, a lady distinguished by her good sense and intellectual ability. At the age of eighteen she married the Hon. Price Blackwood, afterwards Lord Dufferin, and in the following year (1826) became the mother of the present Earl of Dufferin, her only son. The benevolent and kindly nature of Lady Dufferin, and her grace of manner, soon secured the esteem and affection of the people, who felt that she understood and sympathized with their joys and sorrows. Hence the popularity of her ballads and songs, which were not due to any desire for literary fame, but were the genuine outcome of a warm and sympathetic spirit. Of all her pieces "The Irish Emigrant" is the most universal favourite. Nothing could surpass its simple and touching pathos and fidelity to nature, particularly Irish nature, and on it alone Lady Dufferin's fame as a poetess might safely rest. "Terence's Farewell" and "Katey's Letter," both rich in humour, are also extremely popular. "Sweet Kilkenny Town," a reply to "Katey's Letter," set to music by the authoress, is not, perhaps, so widely known as it deserves to be. It is much to be regretted that no collection of her ballads and poems has been made, and many of them are doubtless lost, only the most popular having been preserved in various selections of Irish poetry. She has also produced an amusing and piquant prose work entitled *The Honourable Impulsia Gushington.* It is a satire on high life in the nineteenth century. Although written in a light and humorous style, her ladyship tells us in the preface it "was intended to serve an earnest purpose in lightening the tedium and depression of long sickness in the person of a beloved friend."

Lord Dufferin died in 1841, and her ladyship remained a widow for twenty-one years, when she married the Earl of Gifford, at the time nearly on his death-bed. This was a purely platonic marriage, and two months after its celebration she became for the second time a widow, and Dowager Countess of Gifford. For some years previous to her death this amiable lady was afflicted with a painful illness, which she endured with fortitude and resignation. She expired on the 13th June, 1867, leaving a memory dear to every Irish heart, and a gifted and eloquent son in whom her genius is perpetuated.]

THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
  Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning long ago,
  When first you were my bride.
The corn was springing fresh and green,
  And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
  And the love light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
  The day as bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
  And the corn is green again!
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
  And your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'ning for the words
  You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
  And the little church stands near;
The church where we were wed, Mary,
  I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
  And my step would break your rest,
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
  With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
  For the poor make no new friends;
But oh! they love the better far
  The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary,
  My blessing and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now
  Since my poor Mary died!

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
  My Mary, kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling,
  In the land I'm going to!
They say there's bread and work for all,
  And the sun shines always there;
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
  Were it fifty times as fair!

TERENCE'S FAREWELL.

So, my Kathleen, you're going to leave me
  All alone by myself in this place;
But I'm sure you will never deceive me,
  Oh no, if there's truth in that face.
Though England's a beautiful city,
  Full of illigant boys, O what then,
You wouldn't forget your poor Terence!
  You'll come back to ould Ireland again.

Och, those English, deceivers by nature,
Though maybe you'd think them sincere:
They'll say you're a sweet charming creature,
But don't you believe them, my dear.
O, Kathleen, agra! don't be minding
The flattering speeches they'd make;
But tell them a poor lad in Ireland
Is breaking his heart for your sake.

It's folly to keep you from going,
Though, faith, it's a mighty hard case;
For, Kathleen, you know there's no knowing
When next I shall see your swate face.
And when you come back to me, Kathleen,
None the better will I be off then;
You'll be speaking such beautiful English,
Sure I won't know my Kathleen again.

Ay now, where's the need of this hurry!
Don't flusther me so in this way;
I forgot, 'twixt the grief and the flurry,
Every word I was maning to say.
Now just wait a minute, I bid ye;
Can I talk if you bother me so?—
Oh, Kathleen, my blessings go wid ye,
Every inch of the way that you go.

OH! BAY OF DUBLIN.

Oh! Bay of Dublin, my heart you're troublin',
Your beauty haunts me like a fevered dream,
Like frozen fountains that the sun sets bubbling,
My heart's blood warms when I but hear your name;
And never till this life pulse ceases,
My earliest thought you'll cease to be;
Oh! there's no one here knows how fair that place is,
And no one cares how dear it is to me.

Sweet Wicklow mountains! the sunlight sleeping
On your green banks is a picture rare,
You crowd around me, like young girls peeping,
And puzzling me to say which is most fair;
As tho' you'd see your own sweet faces,
Reflected in that smooth and silver sea,
Oh! my blessin' on those lovely places,
Tho' no one cares how dear they are to me.

How often when at work I'm sitting,
And musing sadly on the days of yore,
I think I see my Katey knitting,
And the children playing round the cabin door;
I think I see the neighbours' faces
All gather'd round, their long-lost friend to see,
Oh! tho' no one knows how fair that place is,
Heaven knows how dear my poor home was to me.

KATEY'S LETTER.

Och, girls dear, did you ever hear,
I wrote my love a letter,
And altho' he cannot read,
I thought 'twas all the better.
For why should he be puzzled
With hard spelling in the matter,
When the *maning* was so plain
That I loved him faithfully,
And he knows it—oh, he knows it—
Without one word from me.

I wrote it, and I folded it,
And put a seal upon it,
'Twas a seal almost as big
As the crown of my best bonnet;
For I would not have the postmaster
Make his remarks upon it,
As I'd said *inside* the letter
That I loved him faithfully,
And he knows it—oh, he knows it—
Without one word from me.

My heart was full, but when I wrote
I dare not put it half in,
The neighbours know I love him,
And they're mighty fond of chaffing,
So I dare not write his name *outside*,
For fear they would be laughing,
So I wrote "From little Kate to one
Whom she loves faithfully,"
And he knows it—oh, he knows it—
Without one word from me.

Now, girls, would you believe it,
That postman, *so consated*,
No answer will he bring me,
So long as I have waited;
But maybe—there mayn't be one,
For the reason that I stated—
That my love can neither read nor write,
But loves me faithfully,
And I know where'er my love is,
That he is true to me.

SWEET KILKENNY TOWN.

I was working in the fields near fair Boston city,
Thinking sadly of Kilkenny—and a girl that's there;
When a friend came and tould me—late enough, and more's the pity!—
"There's a letter waitin' for ye, in the postman's care!"
Oh! my heart was in my mouth all the while that he was spaking,
For I knew it was from Katey!—she's the girl that can spell!

And I couldn't speak for crying, for my heart had nigh been breaking,
With longing for a word from the girl I love well.
Oh! I knew it was from Katey. Who could it be but Katey?
The poor girl that loves me well, in sweet Kilkenny Town.

Oh! 'twas soon I reached the place, and I thanked them for the trouble
They wor taking with my letter, a-sorting with such care;
And they asked "was it a single?" and I tould them 'twas a double!
For wasn't it worth twice as much as any letter there?
Then they sorted and they searched, but something seemed the matter,
And my heart it stopped beating when I thought what it might be:
Och! boys, would you believe it? they had gone and lost my letter,
My poor Katey's letter that had come so far to me.
For I knew, &c.

I trimbled like an aspen, but I said, "'Tis fun you're making
Of the poor foolish Paddy that's so azy to craze;
Och! gintlemen, then look again, maybe you wor mistaken,
For letters, as you know, boys, are as like as pase!"
Then they bade me search myself when they saw my deep dejection,
But, och! who could sarch when the tears blind the sight?
Moreover (as I tould them) I'd another strong objection,
In regard of niver larning to read nor to write.
For I wasn't cute like Katey, my own darling Katey, &c.

Then they laughed in my face, and they asked me (tho' in kindness),
What good would letters do me that I couldn't understand.
And I answered "Were they cursed with deafness and with blindness,
Would they care less for the clasp of a dear loved hand?"
Oh! the folks that read and write (though they're so mighty clever),
See nothin' but the words, and they're soon read through;
But Katey's unread letter would be speaking to me ever
Of the dear love that she bears me, for it shows she is true!
Oh! well I know my Katey, my own darling Katey,
The poor girl that loves me well in sweet Kilkenny Town.

SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT.

BORN 1794 — DIED 1869.

[This author and politician was born in Belfast on the 7th April, 1794. After graduating in Dublin University he travelled on the Continent, where his chivalrous spirit led him to take part in the Greek insurrection, in which he fought side by side with Lord Byron. To his sojourn in this part of the world we owe the interesting *Letters from the Ægean or Grecian Islands*, first published in 1827, which are replete with information on oriental subjects, and the valuable *History of Modern Greece*, which appeared in the following year. Returning to England, he studied for some time at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the English bar in 1831, though it does not appear that he ever practised the profession of the law. In the same year he married Miss Tennent, the only daughter and heiress of a wealthy Belfast banker, whose name he assumed. In 1832 he entered the House of Commons as Conservative member for Belfast, in which capacity he was successful in procuring the passing of the Copyright of Designs Act, a measure which had cost him many years of labour, and the carrying of which was materially expedited by his explanatory treatise on the subject. His efforts in securing this useful piece of legislation were gratefully acknowledged by the manufacturers of the United Kingdom, who in 1843 presented Mr. Tennent with an address, and a service of silver plate of the value of £3000. In 1845 he was appointed colonial secretary for Ceylon, receiving at the same time the honour of knighthood. During his five years' residence in Ceylon he collected a mass of valuable miscellaneous facts and statistics, and on returning to England in 1850 he published

Christianity in Ceylon. For some time he held the office of secretary to the Board of Trade, and from December 1851, to December 1852, sat for the borough of Lisburn. He subsequently spent a comparatively quiet life, fulfilling the duties of magistrate for the counties of Down, Antrim, and Fermanagh, and preparing his *Account of Ceylon*, which appeared in 1859. This work, founded upon minute personal observation, and comprising physical, historical, and topographical details, was pronounced by the *Edinburgh Review* "the most copious, interesting, and complete monograph which exists in our language on any of the possessions of the British crown." In token of appreciation of his *History of Modern Greece* he was created knight of the Greek order of the Saviour. In 1864 was published *The Story of the Guns.* This book, although not of general interest, served its purpose and testified to the author's knowledge of his subject, viz. the relative value of the Whitworth and Armstrong guns. In *The Wild Elephant*, a most popular and readable work, the author's descriptions of the capture and taming of the forest-giant are minute and picturesque, and the reader feels as though the exciting operations of the chase were taking place before his eyes. Sir James was also the author of several learned articles in the *British Encyclopædia.* In 1867, during the premiership of Lord Palmerston, he was created a baronet. Although "during several sessions his votes were given on the Tory side, yet in his advanced years," says the *Annual Register*, "he adhered to the policy of Sir Robert Peel, and it was from Lord Palmerston's government he accepted his baronetcy." Besides the works already noted, and many anonymous contributions to literature, he published *Travels in Belgium*, which was well received in some quarters, and severely criticised in others. After a well-spent and industrious life he died in London on March 6th, 1869.]

CAPTURE OF THE WILD ELEPHANT.

(FROM "THE WILD ELEPHANT."[1])

Not a sound was permitted to be made, each person spoke to his neighbour in whispers, and such was the silence observed by the multitude of the watchers at their posts that occasionally we could hear the rustling of the branches as some of the elephants stripped off a leaf.

Suddenly the signal was made, and the stillness of the forest was broken by the shouts of the guard, the rolling of the drums and tomtoms, and the discharge of muskets; and beginning at the most distant side of the area, the elephants were hurried forward at a rapid pace towards the entrance into the corral.

The watchers along the line kept silence only till the herd had passed them, and then joining the riot in their rear they drove them onward with redoubled shouts and deafening noises. The tumult increased as the terrified rout drew near, swelling now on one side now on the other, as the herd in their panic dashed from point to point in their endeavours to force the line, and the crowd of watchers drove them back with screams, discharges of muskets, and the discordant roar of drums.

At length the breaking of the branches and the crackling of the brushwood announced their close approach, and the leader bursting from the jungle rushed wildly forward to within twenty yards of the entrance, followed by the rest of the herd. Another moment and they would have plunged into the open gate, when suddenly they wheeled round, re-entered the forest, and in spite of the hunters resumed their original position. The chief headman came forward and accounted for the freak by saying that a wild pig, an animal which the elephants are said to dislike, had started out of the cover and run across the leader, who would otherwise have held on direct for the corral; and intimated that as the herd was now in the highest pitch of excitement, and it was at all times much more difficult to effect a successful capture by daylight than by night, when the fires and flambeaux act with double effect, it was the wish of the hunters to defer their final effort till the evening, when the darkness would greatly aid their exertions.

After sunset the scene exhibited was of extraordinary interest; the low fires, which had apparently only smouldered in the sunlight, assumed their ruddy glow amidst the darkness, and threw their tinge over the groups collected round them; while the smoke rose in eddies through the rich foliage of the trees. The crowds of spectators maintained a profound silence, and not a sound was perceptible louder than the hum of an insect. On a sudden the stillness was broken by the distant roll of a drum, followed by a discharge of musketry. This was the signal for the renewal of the assault, and the hunters entered the circle with yells and clamour; dry leaves and sticks were flung upon the watch-fires till they blazed aloft, and formed a line of flame on every side, except in the direction of the corral, which was studiously kept dark; and thither the terrified elephants betook themselves, followed by the shouts and racket of their pursuers.

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[1] By permission of Lady Tennent.

The elephants came on at a rapid pace, trampling down the brushwood and crushing the dry branches; the leader emerged in front of the corral, paused for an instant, stared wildly round, and then rushed madly through the open gate, followed by the rest of the herd. Instantly, as if by magic, the entire circuit of the corral, which up to this moment had been kept in profound darkness, blazed with thousands of lights, every hunter, on the instant that the elephants entered, rushing forward to the stockade with a torch kindled at the nearest watch-fire.

The elephants first dashed to the very extremity of the inclosure, and being brought up by the fence retreated to regain the gate, but found it closed. Their terror was sublime: they hurried round the corral at a rapid pace, but saw it now girt by fire on every side; they attempted to force the stockade, but were driven back by the guards with spears and flambeaux; and on whichever side they approached they were repulsed with shouts and volleys of musketry. Collecting into one group, they would pause for a moment in apparent bewilderment, then burst off in another direction, as if it had suddenly occurred to them to try some point which they had before overlooked; but, again baffled, they slowly returned to their forlorn resting-place in the centre of the corral.

For upwards of an hour the elephants continued to traverse the corral and assail the palisade with unabated energy, trumpeting and screaming with rage after each disappointment. Again and again they attempted to force the gate, as if aware, by experience, that it ought to afford an exit as it had already served as an entrance, but they shrank back stunned and bewildered. By degrees their efforts became less and less frequent. Single ones rushed excitedly here and there, returning sullenly to their companions after each effort; and at last the whole herd, stupefied and exhausted, formed themselves into a single group, drawn up in a circle with the young in the centre, and stood motionless under the dark shade of the trees in the middle of the corral.

Preparations were now made to keep watch during the night, the guard was reinforced around the inclosure, and wood heaped on the fires to keep up a high flame till sunrise.

Three herds had been originally entrapped by the beaters outside; but with characteristic instinct they had each kept clear of the other, taking up different stations in the space invested by the watchers. When the final drive took place one herd only had entered the inclosure, the other two keeping behind; and as the gate had to be instantly shut on the first division, the last were unavoidably excluded and remained concealed in the jungle. To prevent their escape the watchers were ordered to their former stations, the fires were replenished; and all precautions having been taken, we returned to pass the night in our bungalows by the river.

As our sleeping-place was not above two hundred yards from the corral we were awakened frequently during the night by the din of the multitude who were bivouacking in the forest, by the merriment round the watch-fires, and now and then by the shouts with which the guards repulsed some sudden charge of the elephants in attempts to force the stockade. But at daybreak, on going down to the corral, we found all still and vigilant. The fires were allowed to die out as the sun rose, and the watchers who had been relieved were sleeping near the great fence, the inclosure on all sides being surrounded by crowds of men and boys with spears or white-peeled wands about ten feet long, whilst the elephants within were huddled together in a compact group, no longer turbulent and restless, but exhausted and calm, and utterly subdued by apprehension and amazement at all that had been passing around them.

Meanwhile, preparations were making outside to conduct the tame elephants into the corral, in order to secure the captives. Noosed ropes were in readiness; and far apart from all stood a party of the out-caste Rodiyas, the only tribe who will touch a dead carcass, to whom, therefore, the duty is assigned of preparing the fine flexible rope for noosing, which is made from the fresh hides of the deer and the buffalo.

At length the bars which secured the entrance to the corral were cautiously withdrawn, and two trained elephants passed stealthily in, each ridden by its mahout (or *ponnekella*, as the keeper is termed in Ceylon) and one attendant; and carrying a strong collar, formed by coils of rope made from coco-nut fibre, from which hung on either side cords of elk's hide, prepared with a ready noose. Along with these, and concealed behind them, the headman of the "*cooroowe*" or noosers, crept in, eager to secure the honour of taking the first elephant, a distinction which this class jealously contests with the mahouts of the chiefs and temples. He was a wiry little man, nearly seventy years old, who had served in the same capacity under the last Kandyan king, and he wore two silver bangles, which had been conferred on him in testimony of his prowess. He was accompanied by his son, named Ranghani, equally renowned for his courage and dexterity.

On this occasion ten tame elephants were in attendance; two were the property of an adjoining temple (one of which had been caught but the year before, yet it was now ready to assist in capturing others), four belonged to the neighbouring chiefs, and the rest, including the two which first entered the corral, were part of the government stud. Of the latter one was of great age, having been in the service of the Dutch and English governments in succession for upwards of a century. The other, called by her keeper "Siribeddi," was about fifty years old, and distinguished for gentleness and docility. She was a most accomplished decoy, and evinced the utmost relish for the sport. Having entered the corral noiselessly, carrying a mahout on her shoulders with the headman of the noosers seated behind him, she moved slowly along with a sly composure and an assumed air of easy indifference; sauntering leisurely in the direction of the captives, and halting now and then to pluck a bunch of grass or a few leaves as she passed. As she approached the herd they put themselves in motion to meet her, and the leader, having advanced in front and passed his trunk gently over her head, turned and paced slowly back to his dejected companions. Siribeddi followed with the same listless step, and drew herself up close behind him, thus affording the nooser an opportunity to stoop under her and slip the noose over the hind-foot of the wild one. The latter instantly perceived his danger, shook off the rope, and turned to attack the man. He would have suffered for his temerity had not Siribeddi protected him by raising her trunk and driving the assailant into the midst of the herd, when the old man, being slightly wounded, was helped out of the corral, and his son Ranghani took his place.

The herd again collected in a circle, with their heads towards the centre. The largest male was singled out, and two tame ones pushed boldly in, one on either side of him, till the three stood nearly abreast. He made no resistance, but betrayed his uneasiness by shifting restlessly from foot to foot. Ranghani now crept up, and, holding the rope open with both hands (its other extremity being made fast to Siribeddi's collar), and watching the instant when the wild elephant lifted its hind-foot, succeeded in passing the noose over its leg, drew it close, and fled to the rear. The two tame elephants instantly fell back, Siribeddi stretched the rope to its full length, and whilst she dragged out the captive her companion placed himself between her and the herd to prevent any interference.

In order to tie him to a tree he had to be drawn backwards some twenty or thirty yards, making furious resistance, bellowing in terror, plunging on all sides, and crushing the smaller timber, which bent like reeds beneath his clumsy struggles. Siribeddi drew him steadily after her, and wound the rope round the proper tree, holding it all the time at its full tension, and stepping cautiously across it when, in order to give it a second turn, it was necessary to pass between the tree and the elephant. With a coil round the stem, however, it was beyond her strength to haul the prisoner close up, which was, nevertheless, necessary in order to make him perfectly fast; but the second tame one, perceiving the difficulty, returned from the herd, confronted the struggling prisoner, pushed him shoulder to shoulder, and head to head, forcing him backwards, whilst at every step Siribeddi hauled in the slackened rope till she brought him fairly up to the foot of the tree, where he was made fast by the cooroowe people. A second noose was then passed over the other hind-leg, and secured like the first, both legs being afterwards hobbled together by ropes made from the fibre of the kitool or jaggery palm, which, being more flexible than that of the coco-nut, occasions less formidable ulcerations. The two decoys then ranged themselves, as before, abreast of the prisoner on either side, thus enabling Ranghani to stoop under them and noose the two fore-feet as he had already done the hind; and these ropes being made fast to a tree in front, the capture was complete, and the tame elephants and keepers withdrew to repeat the operation on another of the herd.

As long as the tame ones stood beside him the poor animal remained comparatively calm and almost passive under his distress; but the moment they moved off, and he was left utterly alone, he made the most surprising efforts to set himself free and rejoin his companions. He felt the ropes with his trunk, and tried to untie the numerous knots; he drew backwards to liberate his forelegs, then leaned forward to extricate the hind ones, till every branch of the tall tree quivered with his struggles. He screamed in anguish, with his proboscis raised high in air, then falling on his side he laid his head to the ground, first his cheek and then his brow, and pressed down his doubled-in trunk as though he would force it into the earth; then suddenly rising he balanced himself on his forehead and forelegs, holding his hind-feet fairly off the ground. This scene of distress continued some hours, with occasional pauses of apparent stupor, after which the struggle was from time to time renewed convulsively, and as if by some sudden impulse; but at last the vain strife subsided, and the poor animal remained perfectly motionless, the image of exhaustion and despair.

The rest of the herd were now in a state of pitiable dejection, and pressed closely together as if under a sense of common misfortune. For the most part they stood at rest in a compact body, fretful and uneasy. At intervals one more impatient than the rest would move out a few steps to reconnoitre; the others would follow, at first slowly, then at a quicker pace, and at last the whole herd would rush off furiously to renew the often-baffled attempt to storm the stockade.

There was a strange combination of the sublime and the ridiculous in these abortive onsets; the appearance of prodigious power in their ponderous limbs, coupled with the almost ludicrous shuffle of their clumsy gait, and the fury of their apparently resistless charge, converted in an instant into timid retreat. They rushed madly down the inclosure, their backs arched, their tails extended, their ears spread, and their trunks raised high above their heads, trumpeting and uttering shrill screams, yet when one step further would have dashed the opposing fence into fragments they stopped short on a few white rods being pointed at them through the paling; and on catching the derisive shouts of the crowd they turned in utter discomfiture, and after an objectless circle through the corral they paced slowly back to their melancholy halting-place in the shade.

JOSEPH STIRLING COYNE.

Born 1803 — Died 1868.

[This popular dramatist was born at Birr, King's county. His father, an officer in the Irish commissariat, intended him for the bar; but having sent him from a school at Dungannon to Dublin, he fell into the society of several leading actors. These acquaintances, together with frequent visits to the theatre, tended to foster his natural tastes, and caused him to turn his attention to dramatic authorship. It was not, however, until he had attained his thirty-second year that one of his productions was accepted for a Dublin audience. This was the farce of *The Phrenologist*, written for his friend James Browne, a popular light comedian, and produced at a benefit given for the latter in June, 1835. The success of this first attempt was sufficiently marked to insure good houses when *The Honest Cheats* and *The Four Lovers* were placed upon the same stage in the following year. Mr. Coyne now applied himself for a short time to journalism, attracting some attention by racy contributions to the Dublin periodicals.

In 1837, being furnished by Carleton with a letter of introduction to that kind patron of struggling genius Mr. Crofton Croker, our author visited London, and was soon introduced by him to the editors of *Bentley's Miscellany* and other leading periodicals, by whom his literary effusions were appreciated. In the same year his farce of *The Queer Subject* was presented at the Adelphi, and successfully performed. Having now conceived a very fair notion of the popular taste, Mr. Coyne soon gained both fame and remuneration. Piece after piece, illustrative of the fancy of the hour, rolled from his ready pen; *Presented at Court*, *A Duel in the Dark*, *Wanted One Thousand Milliners*, *Villikins and his Dinah*, *Maria Laffrage*, *The Humours of an Election*, *Urgent Private Affairs*, *Married and Settled*, *Box and Cox*, *The Pas de Fascination*, *The Caudle Lectures*, *Railway Bubbles*, being among the most popular. He occasionally adapted French authors, one of whom returned the compliment by translating his farce *How to Settle Accounts with your Laundress*, into French, and producing it at the Vaudeville, Paris, under the title of *Une Femme dans ma Fontaine.* This piece was also produced upon the German stage with success. Most of his ninety pieces have been performed at the Adelphi and Haymarket Theatres, and several have appeared at the Olympic and Lyceum. Some of this author's serio-comic efforts exhibit considerable pathos, humour, and dramatic power, the most admired being *All for Love or The Lost Pleiad*, *The Man of Many Friends*, *The Old Chateau*, *The Secret Agent*, *The Hope of the Family*, *The Signal Valsha*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *The Queen of the Abruzzi*, *The Merchant and his Clerks*, *The Tipperary Legacy*, and *Helen Oakleigh.* In 1843 his *World of Dreams*, a spectacular drama, had a run of over eighty nights at the Haymarket, and in the following year it was put upon the stage in Dublin, Mr. Webster and Madame Celeste having then their Easter engagement in that city.

Mr. Coyne's one serious work, *The Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland*, which appeared in 1840, proved that the land of his birth had not been forgotten. Though so liberal towards the literature of the stage, he never ceased to be a frequent and admired contributor to the periodicals. With Mark Lemon and Henry Mayhew also he was one of the projectors and early proprietors of *Punch*, whose pages often bristled with his wit. In 1856 he was appointed secretary of the Dramatic Authors' Society. His last days were greatly afflicted by physical pain and rheumatic attacks of several years' standing, which ultimately developed into paralysis, of which he died at his residence in Westbourne Park, London, on the 18th July, 1868. Those who knew Mr. Coyne in private life bear testimony to the sterling worth of his character. He was never spoiled by success, always remaining "a modest, retiring, estimable man," seen to best advantage in his own hospitable domestic circle.]

A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

(FROM "URGENT PRIVATE AFFAIRS.")

[Dentatus Dotts is a dentist and a volunteer; and Major Polkinghorne belongs to the same corps. Jumballs is the lover of Sally, the servant of Dotts. Dotts has unexpectedly returned home, having been expected to stay out on duty all night; while Mrs. Polkinghorne has paid a visit to the house of Mrs. Dotts in order to have an interview with Mr. Bagshaw, a solicitor, to procure a separation from her husband. A series of amusing mistakes arises from the different characters not knowing each other. When the scene opens Sally, the servant-maid, has just admitted her lover, she being under the impression that every one had gone to bed.]

Scene: A sitting-room in the apartments of DENTATUS DOTTS.—*Enter* SALLY, *followed by* JUMBALLS, *who carries a cornet-a-piston.*

Sally. Have done, Mr. Jumballs, do!—You are really too forrud.

Jumb. (*Aside.*) What intense virtue! (*Lays the cornet-a-piston on chiffonier.*) Forgive me, sweet Malvina, 'twas your heavenly beauty made me for a moment forget myself. That's a becoming bonnet on your back.

Sally. I'm glad you think so. I was just a trying it on, with this shawl, which my millinger sent me home, when I heard your signal. (*Taking off the shawl and bonnet.*)

Jumb. Allow me. (*He takes the shawl and bonnet, and places them on the chiffonier.*) Delicious waist you have for a polka. (*Hums a polka tune, takes her by the waist, and begins to dance.*)

Sally. (*Takes jug which is on the table.*) Good gracious! (*Starts up with jug in her hand, and comes forward.*)

Jumb. (*Alarmed.*) Bless me!

Sally. (*Apart, in a tragic tone.*) The beer! I forgot the beer!

Jumb. (*Rises.*) What's the matter?

Sally. Oh, nothing, nothing—don't stir. (*Apart.*) I'll run to the public-house round the corner. (*Aloud.*) Something I thought of. I must beg your parding for leaving you, but I'll be back directly. Pray igscuse me!

Jumb. Don't mention it, miss. (SALLY *exits, with a profound curtsey, concealing the jug she carries.* JUMBALLS *bows to her as she goes.*) Hah, there's grace and dignity! During her temporary absence I'll take the liberty of drinking her health.

(*He pours out a glass of wine, and is about drinking it, when a noise is heard of some person stumbling up stairs.*)

Dotts. (*Outside on landing.*) Confound the chair! Why do they leave them about? I've nearly broken my leg over it.

Jumb. (*Rising in alarm.*) Bless me! that's a man's voice! he's coming up stairs. If I should be found here I shall be handed over to the police as a burglar or housebreaker. I must conceal myself somewhere. Stay, here is a room. (*Takes candle, crosses and opens door.*) Empty! this will do.

(*Blows out candle, puts it on chiffonier, goes into room.*)

Enter DENTATUS DOTTS, *splashed and dirtied; he wears a battered, mud-dyed hat instead of his chako, and carries his sabre in his hand.—Stage dark.*

Dotts. Hey, no light anywhere! Mrs. Dotts must have gone to bed. (*Lays sabre on chair.*) Perhaps I may be able to find a candle. (*Crosses to fireplace, and finds the candle on mantelpiece; lights an allumette at the fire, and with it lights the candle. Surveys himself in the mirror over the fireplace*). Melancholy spectacle! how shall I present myself in this state to my wife! How shall I account for my appearance here when she believes me to be on duty! I can't tell her I suspected she had private reasons for desiring my absence to-night; and that, acting on the suggestion of the green-eyed monster, I obtained from the officer of the guard permission to return home on "urgent private affairs." Shall I confess all to my wife;—throw myself on my knees before her, saying, "Behold the miserable and muddy remains of what was once your Dentatus, come to implore your forgiveness!" Yes, I'll trust to her generosity, and make the touching appeal at once. [*Exit with candle.*

(*Stage dark.* JUMBALLS *then puts in his head from door.*)

Jumb. (*Peeping in.*) All's quiet now. That fellow, whoever he was, is gone. (*Coming out.*) Malvina! Malvina! What can have kept her! I don't feel at all comfortable here; and if I could only find my hat and my cornet-a-piston I'd try to get quietly out of the house.

(*He crosses to the easy chair.*)

Dotts. (*Speaking in room.*) No, I can't—I haven't the courage to appear before her.

Jumb. Ha! here he comes again. What shall I do? Ah!

(*Sits in the easy chair, and huddles himself under Dotts' dressing-gown, which has been thrown on the chair.*)

Enter DOTTS, *with candle.*

Dotts. It's no use, I can't—my heart failed me when I reached the door. I thought of the shock my sudden appearance in this dilapidated condition might give my wife; so I've resolved to reserve the painful disclosure until morning. I can sit here by the fire in the arm-chair till daylight. (*He drops into the easy chair.*)

Jumb. (*Shouting.*) Hoh! hollo! don't!

Dotts. (*Starting up.*) What's that?

(*Pulls the dressing-gown off the chair, and discovers* JUMBALLS, *who rushes down in great terror, holding the dressing-gown before him.* DOTTS *seizes poker, and comes down.*)

Jumb. I beg pardon, I—fear—I have made a mistake; but I'm going—when I've found my hat and my cornet-a-piston.

Dotts. Oh! (*Aside.*) This is the destroyer of my hearthstone. (JUMBALLS *is stealing off round the table.*) What is your business here?

Jumb. Business! Oh, none—none in particular. (*Aside.*) He glares at me like a tiger!

Dotts. Oh, none in particular—very good. (*He goes to window and throws it up.*) You say none?

(DOTTS *forces him against the window; in the struggle* JUMBALLS *pushes over a large geranium pot from the window-sill; it falls into the street, from whence is heard a crash and a groan.*)

Dotts. (*Letting* JUMBALLS *go.*) Good Heavens, what's that? (*Comes down.*)

Jumb. (*Looks out of window.*) There, you've gone and done it. You've shoved that big geranium pot over on a man's head and killed him. He's lying on the flags—as flat as a pancake—

Dotts. Spare the harrowing description—it's a shocking business; (*confidentially*) but we must keep it quiet.

Jumb. *We*—you mean *you*.

Dotts. No; *we, we.* You know you're an accomplice in the dreadful deed—I pushed you and you pushed the pot on the unfortunate man's head.—Listen! There are three more geranium pots outside the window above this, I'll go quietly and fetch the largest of them and put it in the place of the one we have thrown over;—when the police come they'll find no pot missing from my window-sill—then who can say we did it?

Jumb. But I've had no supper yet.

Dotts. Voracious vampire, to think of supper at such a moment. (*Takes the duck and the pie and gives them to* JUMBALLS.) There, go in—quick—not a word. (JUMBALLS *goes into room.* DOTTS *locks the door, taking key with him.*) There, his mouth is stopped for the present, and now to fetch the flower-pot. [*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. Polkinghorne.

Mrs. P. Dear me, what a dreadful uproar! It's impossible to rest with the noise they make in this house. I wonder how Mrs. Dotts can stand it.

Enter Dotts, *carrying a large geranium pot.*

Mrs. P. (*Seeing* Dotts, *utters an exclamation.*) Hah!

Dotts. (*Drops the geraniam pot, which breaks.*) Hoh!

Mrs. P. Why, Mr. Dotts, how you startled me!

Dotts. Mrs. Polkinghorne! Bless me! What are you doing here?

Mrs. P. Hush—your wife knows—she'll tell you; a little private business—I expect a friend to meet me here.

Dotts. Here? You said a friend, Mrs. Polkinghorne?—Is the person—the *friend* whom you expect—excuse the liberty—is your friend of the masculine order?

Mrs. P. Yes. The person you allude to is a gentleman.

Dotts. And you invited him to meet you here?

Mrs. P. Certainly.

Dotts. Bravo! (*Embraces* Mrs. Polkinghorne.) I beg pardon. My dear Mrs. Polkinghorne, I am happy to tell you that your friend is here; he has been waiting some time for you in this room. (*Unlocks door,* Mrs. Polkinghorne *goes up;* Dotts *speaking in a suppressed voice to* Jumballs *inside.*) Jumballs! come out, old fellow, she's here.

Enter Jumballs, *picking a bone of the duck.*

Jumb. (*Apart to* Dotts.) Well, what's the row now? Have you been pitching any more flower-pots on to people's heads?

Dotts. (*Aside.*) Hush! not a word upon that head. She's here—Malvina—the female individual—yonder she stands. Excuse me for a moment. (*Aside.*) I'll go and confess all to Mrs. Dotts. [*Exit into room.*

Jumb: Malvina, my beloved!

Mrs. P. (*Advancing to meet him, stops short in surprise.*) Ah! this is a mistake, sir.

Jumb. Hey!—you are not Malvina.

[Dotts *rushes out of the room.*

Dotts. She's not there—not the smallest fragment of her. Mrs. Polkinghorne, where's my wife—where's Mrs. Dotts?

Mrs. P. I have not the remotest idea. I left her here a short time ago. But who is this person whom you have intruded upon me as my friend?

Dotts. Well, is he not your friend—and my friend, and everybody's friend—your friend Jumballs?

Mrs. P. Jumballs! I'm waiting for Mr. Bagshaw.

Dotts. Bagshaw! Then why the devil are you not Bagshaw, Jumballs? What do you mean, sir, by not being Bagshaw? You're an impostor, Jumballs.

(*Loud knocking at hall door outside.* Dotts *runs to window and looks out.*)

Dotts. The devil! it's Polkinghorne—the major!

Mrs. P. My husband?

Dotts. Your husband. (*Another loud knock.*)

Mrs. P. For Heaven's sake let me conceal myself somewhere. (Mrs. Polkinghorne *runs off.*)

Jumb. (*Aside.*) There'll be a row here, so I'd better keep out of the way, and take the sherry with me. (*Takes decanter from table and goes into room.*)

Dotts. (*Coming from door.*) I'll meet him with a gay and careless demeanour, though I'm quaking like a jelly. (*Knock at door.*) Co—come in.

Enter Major Polkinghorne.

Major. The circumstances, madam—(*Sees* Dotts.) Ha! Mr. Dotts! You here, sir! What's the meaning of this, sir? As your commanding officer I ask you, why have you left your duty, sir?

Dotts. Hum—why—take a chair, major, and let us discuss the matter quietly.

Major. No, sir, I will not take a chair—I will not discuss the matter quietly. You were under orders for special and important duty to-night. Why have you quitted it?

Dotts. Why have I quitted it? What a question! when I had "urgent private affairs" to attend to at home.

Major. Suppose I returned home this evening at an earlier hour than usual on "urgent private affairs," and discovered that during my absence my wife had quitted my house—left her quarters, sir—Suppose, I say, that I found the cabman who drove my wife, and that I have traced her to this house. The whole business is perfectly clear. You first contrive that your wife shall be absent;—then my wife comes here secretly—then you evade your military duty, and return home on "urgent private affairs"—and then, sir—the injured husband stands before you, demanding satisfaction for his wounded honour.

Dotts. (*Aside.*) What will become of me?

Major. This moment, sir,—in this room.

I've got a brace of revolvers here, sir. (*Takes two revolvers out of a case which he carries.*)

Dotts. Don't come near me, or I'll shout. Help!—murder!—murder!

Enter MRS. POLKINGHORNE; *she rushes between them.*

Mrs. P. Stop, rash man!

Major. Oh, madam, you *are* here—and you think to save him from my vengeance—

Mrs. P. But he is innocent—I'll swear it.

Dotts. We'll both swear it.

JUMBALLS *enters with the decanter in his hand; he is half drunk.*

Jumb. Ho! ho! ho! Don't believe him. I know all about it. He's guilty, and I'll prove it. Nothing's too bad for him;—so I say throw him out of the window—throw him out—ho! ho! ho!

Enter MRS. DOTTS, *hastily.*

Mrs. D. Goodness bless us, what's the matter?—what is it all about?

Dotts. Oh, Mrs. D.! Mrs. D.!—where have you been? You're come to see your devoted Dentatus pitched like an empty strawberry pottle out of that window.

Major. Madam, you will share my resentment when I tell you that I found my wife here in the company of your husband;—a clandestine meeting, madam—during your absence.

Mrs. D. You're quite wrong, major; Mrs. Polkinghorne's visit was to me. I left her resting in my room while I went to the guard-house with my husband's brandy flask and umbrella, which he had forgotten.

Major. I confess, notwithstanding appearances, that I believe I have suspected you wrongly. But I have not yet been told, Mrs. Polkinghorne, the object of your visit to Mrs. Dotts at such an unusual hour, madam.

Mrs. P. It is to be explained in your own conduct, major. After our quarrel this evening I had made up my mind to part from you, and had written to Mr. Bagshaw to meet me here to-night at ten o'clock.

Enter SALLY *with a jug of beer.*

Jumb. Stop! here's my dear Malvina; she knows me.

Mrs. D. Malvina! Why, that's our servant Sally.

Jumb. (*Apart.*) Servant! Whew!

Sally. Oh, mum, pray excuse him; he's a young man I have a regard for, and he came here to-night to sit with me. It's so lonely, mum; and I went out for a drop of beer, but I forgot my latch-key, and was timorous of ringing the bell.

Dotts. Oh, you were timorous of ringing the bell; but your young man wasn't timorous of eating my roast duck, and drinking my sherry. I think, Sally, for the future peace of society, you had better get married to the pieman without delay.

Sally. I'm quite agreeable if Mr. Jumballs is willing.

Jumb. Well, I don't understand it, but I suppose it's my fate and I can't help myself.

Dotts. Of course it is your fate, Jumballs. Take her, and be a happy pieman for the rest of your miserable days! And now, matters being settled comfortably, only one difficulty remains:—Ladies and gentleman, I ask you was I not justified in coming home to-night on "urgent private affairs?" If you think so—say so; and I promise for the future that no "*Urgent Private Affairs*" shall ever keep me from the post of "*Public Duty.*"

MATTHEW JAMES HIGGINS.

BORN 1810—DIED 1868.

[Matthew James Higgins, best known in literature by his *nom de plume*, "Jacob Omnium," was for over twenty years a contributor to the *Times*, where his writings were remarkable for point and terseness of style and quiet humour. He was born at Benown Castle, county Meath, December 4th, 1810, and, early deprived of his father, grew up under the care of his mother. He was sent to a school near Bath, from thence to Eton, finishing his education at New College, Oxford. For several years Mr. Higgins travelled on the Continent, and in 1833 he visited British Guiana for the purpose of superintending the affairs of an estate which he had inherited. During his voyage and his residence in the country he kept a most interesting journal of passing events.

His first contribution to literature appeared in *The New Monthly Magazine* for August, 1845, and was entitled *Jacob Omnium, the Merchant Prince.* This essay excited so much admiration and attention, that his next and succeeding papers on social subjects were announced as by the author of *Jacob Omnium*, and he ultimately adopted the name, frequently using the initials J. O. It was while writing for this magazine that he acquired the friendship of Thackeray, and received renown from the pen of the great novelist in one of his Bow-street Ballads which appeared in *Punch*, entitled *Jacob Omnium's Hoss.* In 1846 he again visited the West Indies, and on his return found Ireland plunged in the depths of starvation and misery, caused by the potato failure. Mr. Higgins immediately volunteered to assist in the relief of his unfortunate countrymen by co-operating with the committee already established in London. His offer was accepted, and he landed on the coast of Mayo from H.M.S. *Terrible*, sent with supplies for the famine-stricken people. The fearful state in which Mr. Higgins found the country was described by him in the *Times* of April 22d, 1847. He personally made herculean exertions on behalf of the starving population. At the general election in the same year he contested the borough of Westbury, but was defeated. He made no further attempt to enter parliament, contenting himself with his political influence as a writer. As a supporter of the altered principles of Sir Robert Peel Mr. Higgins became a valued contributor to the *Morning Chronicle* in 1848, while his letters to the *Times* upon various subjects, and under several assumed names, were legion. *The Cornhill Magazine*, *The Edinburgh* and other Reviews, and subsequently the *Pall Mall Gazette*, were all indebted to his light, graceful, and versatile style. Mr. Higgins's marriage with the daughter of Sir Henry Joseph Tichborne led to his taking an interest in the celebrated case and an active part in its investigation. He complained for some years of failing health, and after an illness of apparently only six days, died at his house near Abingdon, on the 14th of August, 1868, and was buried at the Fulham Cemetery. An estimate of his character is thus given by his biographer Sir William Stirling-Maxwell: "Oppression or unfair dealing, whenever it came under his notice, was almost sure to bring J. O. to the rescue. It would be absurd to pretend that, in all his encounters with what he deemed to be wrong, he was wholly in the right; but it is not too much to say that no selfish object ever stimulated or stayed his pen." Mr. Higgins was of extraordinary stature, his height being six feet eight inches. He was as remarkable for good nature as for his height, and thus acquired amongst his friends the name of "The Gentle Giant." Of his visit with Thackeray to see a show-giant, Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell says: "At the door Thackeray pointed to his companion, and whispered to the door-keeper, 'We are in the profession,' and so obtained free admission. But, as Thackeray used to end the story, 'We were not mean, but paid our shillings as we came out.'"

The writings of this author, published in separate form, are Letters to Lord John Russell on *The Sugar Debates* (1847–48), *Cheap Sugar means Cheap Slaves* (1848), *Light Horse* (1855), *A Letter on Administrative Reform* (1855), *Letters on Military Education* (1855–56), *Letters on the Purchase System* (1857), *Three Letters to the Editor of Cornhill on Public School Education* (1861), *The Story of the Mhow Court Martial* (1864), *Papers on Public School Education in England* (1865), *Social Sketches:* and *Correspondence between J. Walters, Esq., M.P., and J. O.*, the last being printed for private circulation only. The work from which we take our extracts is *Essays on Social Subjects*, published in 1875, to which is prefixed an admirable memoir of the author by Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, from which this notice is compiled.]

A SCENE IN THE IRISH FAMINE.[1]

[This picture is very bitter, but probably very true. It appeared in a letter addressed to the *Times*, April 22, 1847.]

The committee of the British Association for the Relief of Distress in Ireland, reading frightful accounts of pestilence and famine in the county of Mayo, and receiving urgent and perplexing appeals for relief from various resident clergymen and landlords, decided on despatching one of their number to the spot, to examine into the state of affairs and relieve the people promptly. As I had been loudest in my condemnation of the conduct of both English and Irish landlords, and had boasted—I now feel somewhat injudiciously—of what I would do were I in their place, I was selected for this not very agreeable service. In consequence I have been for the last few weeks resident in Letterbrick, the capital of the barony of Arderry. The barony contains 185,000 acres of land, over which is scattered a population of 30,000 souls. The little town of Letterbrick is placed in the bight of a deep bay, one of the many noble harbours with which the west of Ireland abounds. The union workhouse is 31 miles distant; besides that, there is neither hospital nor dispensary of which the poor can avail themselves at the present moment. Of three resident Protestant clergymen one is insane; the other two are not on speaking terms, and will not 'act' together in any way. The three Roman Catholic priests are good simple men—poor and ignorant, and possessing little influence over their flocks. Two-thirds of this vast extent of land is divided between two proprietors—Mr. Black of Kildare, and The Mulligan, who resides in his baronial castle of Ballymulligan.

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[1] This and the following extract are by permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co.

The Mulligan having been an Irishman of pleasure is now a bankrupt; he amuses himself in his dominions as well as he can, but has lately been cast in damages for the seduction of the daughter of a coast-guard, and is in consequence at present playing at hide-and-seek with the officers of the law: he is a married man; he is the only resident magistrate in Arderry, and as his present discreditable social position renders him only accessible on Sundays, he is utterly useless in that capacity. His tenants are not in arrear. They have been driven, ejected, and sold up with incredible severity. To give you an idea of what the people here endure and the landlords perpetrate, I will state that last week, accompanied by two credible English witnesses, I met several emaciated cows, driven by two men, and followed by their still more emaciated owners, proceeding towards Letterbrick. I stopped them and inquired whither they were going. The two men said they were taking them to the Letterbrick pound for rent owing to them. The peasants declared that the rent was not due till the 1st of May. Their landlord admitted this readily, but added that Letterbrick fair was on the 12th of April, and he feared, unless he pounded his tenants' cattle before that, that they would sell them at the fair and be off to America. So he did pound them for a debt that was not yet due; and the poor ignorant starved wretches allowed him to do it. Of The Mulligan's exertions and charities to meet the present crisis, it is needless to speak. He is chairman of a relief committee, which he never attends; he has given no money or food, whilst he has extracted all he can from the soil. He pays no taxes, builds no cottages or farm buildings, supports no schools or hospitals. The only duties which he attempts to perform are those which he considers he owes to himself. He and his family own about 40,000 acres of land. His uncle I saw when he came to propose to the purser on board the *Horrible* steamer in charge of a cargo of seed, to let him have some on the security of his "paper at six months;" and when we were landing some meal in the rain from that vessel, his brother galloped into the town in a rickety tandem, pulled up to stare at us, and, after having played an amatory national air on a horn which he had slung round him, galloped off again. Mr. Black, his co-proprietor, is a landlord of a very different species. He resides in Kildare, where he has a large property, and by his own account takes an active part in the duties of the county. Here he is represented by his agent Mr. White, a most intelligent and gentleman-like young man, who spends a few months occasionally in Arderry, and is a magistrate. A variety of small and sub-landlords, whose lives are spent in watching the growing crops and cattle of their tenants, and pouncing upon them the moment they are ripe or fit for sale, occupy the rest of the barony, and complete the misery of the people. There is one single man who believes that he has duties to perform, and does his best to fulfil them; but as his property is small, the good he can do is but as a drop in this ocean of human iniquity, and being a Dublin lawyer, he is necessarily an absentee. At this moment there is no food in the country, save what is imported by government and the British Association; neither have the people any money, save what they earn on the public works, which are to be stopped in May.

The land is unsown,—there will be no harvest. The *Horrible,* when she was here selling seed under prime cost, sold but £100 worth, and that almost entirely to the benevolent individual I have alluded to. At Killala, where the gentry clamoured loudly for seed, the *Lightning* was sent with 350 sacks, of which she sold *one;* and at Killibegs the *Horrible* had no better market. There is at this moment, sir, fever in half the houses in Arderry—I call them houses by courtesy, for they are but hollow, damp, and filthy dungheaps. The people sell their last rag for food, and are then forced to remain in their hovels until the weakest sink from hunger; their festering corpses, which they have no means of removing, then breed a fever which carries off the rest. Efficient medicines or medical aid they have none, and if they had, what but good food could be prescribed with success to a starving man? During the short time I have been here I have seen my fellow-creatures die in the streets. I have found the naked bodies of women on the road-side, and piles of coffins containing corpses left outside the cabins and in the market-place. I have met mothers carrying about dead infants in their arms until they were putrid, refusing to bury them, in the hope that the offensive sight might wring charity from the callous townspeople sufficient to protract for a while the lives of the other children at home. During the last two days I have buried at my own expense twenty bodies, which, had I not done so, would be still infecting the living.

The people here, naturally docile, become uncontrollable at the sight of provisions—not a bag of biscuit can be landed or leave the town without an armed escort, not a vessel can anchor in the bay without imminent risk of being plundered. Yesterday three vessels, bound to the north, were becalmed off the coast; they were instantly boarded and cleared by the famished and desperate peasantry. I purchased a little seed myself, which I retailed in small quantities to the people, chiefly to gain some insight into their position. I found them utterly hopeless, almost indifferent about sowing, because they are aware that any crops they may sow will be seized on for rent by the landlords. They preferred buying turnip and parsnip seed, although they appeared quite ignorant how to cultivate them, because the perishable nature of these roots renders them less convenient for seizure than barley or oats. On my arrival here I found the soup-kitchen, on which the lives of hundreds depend, stopped, not for want of funds, but because the vicar and the curate, having £130 intrusted to them jointly by our association, had quarrelled, and preferred seeing the parishioners starve to making soup for them in concert.

Lest I may be suspected of caricature or exaggeration, I will, in conclusion, set down what my eyes have seen during the last half-hour. I have seen in the court-house an inquest holding on the body of a boy of thirteen, who, being left alone in a cabin, with a little rice and fish in his charge, was murdered by his cousin, a boy of twelve, for the sake of that wretched pittance of food. A verdict of "wilful murder" has since been returned. The culprit is the most famished and sickly little creature I ever saw, and his relatives whom I heard examined were all equally emaciated and fever-stricken. Driven from the court by the stench of the body, I passed in the street two coffins with bodies in them, in going to my lodgings from the court-house, a distance of a hundred yards. I am prepared to hear that the truth of what I have here stated has been impugned; to be informed that I am ignorant of the habits of the people, and that I have been humbugged by Irishmen having a natural turn for humour. I am prepared to be ridiculed for my obesity, and to be told that a London banker is out of his element in the romantic regions of the west. I should not wonder if The Mulligan called me out. I feel certain "he will court an inquiry."

OUR CHAPEL OF EASE.

(FROM "ESSAYS ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS.")

[The last extract shows the power Mr. Higgins possessed of describing a tragic scene. In the following extract his mood is lighter. He is telling how a church was built in the West Indies.]

From the moment when a period was determined upon at which the slaves should become absolutely and unreservedly free, it became obviously as much the interest of the proprietors of estates to conciliate and improve the moral condition of their apprentices, as it ever could have been in slave time to overwork and retain them in ignorance.

Churches and schools were the first requisites which suggested themselves to such of the colonists as were enlightened enough to foresee that the sooner they could civilize and instruct the newly-enfranchised negroes, the sooner they would be likely to induce them to listen to reason, return to their duty, and accept a fair remuneration for their labour.

Subscriptions were therefore set on foot in our parish for this laudable purpose. The parish church is seven miles from plantation Daageraad, on which I reside, and cannot contain one-twentieth of the inhabitants of the parish. It was therefore proposed to erect a chapel of ease for the benefit of six or seven of those estates which were furthest from the existing church. The proprietor of Daageraad contributed £100; the owners of the six adjoining plantations subscribed according to their means with equal liberality; the bishop of the diocese not only gave a large sum himself, but procured us £200 from some benevolent society at home; and we at length found ourselves possessed of upwards of £1300 wherewith to defray the cost of erecting a building which should fulfil the double purpose of a place of worship and instruction.

When it was finished, painted, glazed, and shingled, it looked very nice indeed, and very like one of those little churches one sees in boxes of Dutch toys; but in producing it the committee had unluckily expended all their money, and still there were neither seats nor pulpit nor fittings of any kind provided for the interior.

Whilst we were thus innocently and laudably employed in the pestilential swamps of British Guiana, the before-mentioned ultra-philanthropists of Exeter Hall, and the elderly but energetic virgins of Clapham, seeing that a period had been fixed upon for the emancipation of the slaves, and that the colonists were wisely endeavouring to meet the crisis in the best manner they could, began to feel that their occupation was going from them, and that their importance was somewhat lessened; they therefore determined upon having one more blow at us before they sank back into insignificance, and on endeavouring to see if they could not, by abridging the term originally agreed upon for the apprenticeship, and by letting the slave population loose on our hands before we were prepared for the measure, place us in what the Yankees term "an unhandsome fix."

They in consequence met, resolved, petitioned, published, agitated, mobbed the secretary for the colonies, flattered the under-secretary, and bullied the government, until it was too happy to give us and our interests up to them in order to get rid of their anile importunities. The slaves were turned loose upon society before any laws were ready for their coercion; were very happy and very idle for a time, and now resist every necessary legislative enactment as an infringement of the absolute state of liberty, or rather anarchy, which they at first enjoyed. We—the whites—*are* in an unhandsome fix, and none of us know how we shall get out of it!

It had been at first the intention of the committee to have called upon the original subscribers for a further contribution towards the completion of our little chapel; but the total cessation of business, the sight of the canes rotting on the ground, and the enormous price demanded for labour, convinced the members of it that nothing more could reasonably be expected from that quarter.

So for five or six months nothing more was done. At last a good many of the free labourers returned to their duty; the planters, rather than see their estates relapse into swamps (which would very soon be the case if the drainage were not kept clear), decided on acceding to their extravagant demands; large sums were paid to them monthly as wages—far more than their necessities required—and the black population soon became possessed of more money than they well knew what to do with.

The clergyman of the parish, Mr. Croyle, a gentleman respected and beloved both by white man and negro, was of course anxious to see the new chapel in use, and perceiving that there was a good deal of money in circulation amongst the labourers, he proposed to endeavour to get them to contribute the sum requisite for its completion, about £300.

He therefore wrote notes to the managers of the different estates, soliciting permission to come and make a collection for that purpose, and inquiring, shrewdly enough, on what day of the month it was customary to pay the people on each particular plantation.

His success was great, and proved that if the negroes were eager to get money they were equally willing to part with it. I had no opportunity of attending any of his collections before he arrived at Daageraad on the evening of our pay-day. He drove up the avenue in his gig just as we had finished our dinner.

We soon rigged him a sort of pulpit in the gallery before the house, where he established himself, having on the desk before him a ledger, pen, and ink, two or three *Colonial Gazettes*, and a large empty money-bag.

He began by making them a speech, importing that their masters had very kindly built them a church when times were good, and they had plenty of money; but that now they were no longer able to go to any further expense. That the negroes were themselves rich, and that he knew them well enough to know that they would be liberal in a matter like the present one, which concerned their own spiritual welfare and the education of their children, for the chapel was to serve on week-days as a school-house. He concluded by informing them that the name of every subscriber and the amount of his subscription should be printed in the *Colonial Gazette.*

He next read to them the amount subscribed by the negroes on the estates where he had already collected, of course selecting the names of the most liberal contributors, just to give his audience an idea of what they ought to do.

He then addressed himself to the head cooper of Daageraad, an old African Mohammedan, who, although converted, presented rather a singular admixture of Christianity and Mohammedanism in his conversation and appearance. He was a very handsome old man with calm dignified manners and a long white beard; and as he stood by the side of Mr. Croyle, leaning on his staff, clothed in a flowing blue garment, he reminded me of the representations we see in old drawings of the saints and elders of the Church.

Mr. Croyle addressed him thus:—

"Demon, you are an excellent man; I have no parishioner who attends more regularly at church, or at the communion table, or who brings up his family more respectably; you shall head my list; I have no doubt but that you will contribute handsomely, for I know you can afford to do so."

The venerable Demon answered this insidious appeal by a sort of oriental salaam, and remained silent.

"Well, my man," pursued Mr. Croyle, "what shall I put you down for?"

Demon fumbled in his pocket; hundreds of black eyes, and faces too, were watching intently his slightest movement. At last he inquired innocently:

"Massa, how much you charge?"

"Oh, my good fellow, I *charge* nothing; I leave it entirely to your known piety and good feeling to set a good example to the gang."

"Well, massa, s'pose me gib *one* dollar, dat good?"

"Why, Demon, the head cooper at Mosquito Hall gave three dollars, and I should be sorry you gave less than him, because he is not nearly so well-conducted a man as yourself; he drinks grog!"

"True, massa? Mosquito Hall Jim gib tree dollar? Den me sall gib four; they nebber sall say dat dam grog-drinking nigger win o' Misser Robbins's head cooper!"

"Very well, my man; God bless you for your liberality. See here, I shall write down your name in this book, and have it printed in the *Gazette.*"

"Tankee, massa."

"By the by, what *is* your surname?"

"Heigh, massa, me name Demon; manager nebber gib me oder name. Dat dam good un."

"Well, but Demon, if I am to publish your name in the *Gazette* I must publish your surname as well as your Christian name."

"Well, massa, me b'lang to Misser Robbins; he bery good massa; s'pose you write me Robbins too."

As Demon Robbins therefore he was written down, and many of the people following his example I have no doubt but that some day the *Gazette* in which the subscriptions of Daageraad are printed will be at some Aldermanbury meeting adduced as a conclusive proof of the loose lives and multitudinous bastards of the planters.

Demon Robbins, very well satisfied with himself, continued to stand by Mr. Croyle, acting the part of gentleman-usher to the people, who were rather slow in coming forward, though not from any unwillingness to contribute, as the result proved.

Romeo London, the captain of our schooner, a tall stout sulky-looking negro, next presented himself. He had listened attentively to what had passed between Demon and the parson, and slapped down at once four dollars, muttering as he walked off: "Four dollar, too much money; nebber mind, when me for dead me shall go to heaven one time (at once)."

As London was a man of many wives, and an indifferent church-goer, Mr. Croyle accepted his money without wasting his breath in eulogizing his liberality.

A negro called Blake, a very fine young man of most industrious habits, now rushed up the steps, and having put down two dollars begged that the parson would intercede with me for him, as he wished to have a new house.

I told Mr. Croyle that his request was absurd, he occupied the very best house on the estate with his mother and young brother.

Upon this Blake stated that he had quarrelled with his mother and could live with her no longer. "She too old and too cross!"

"But recollect, my good fellow, she is still your mother; she is old, and it is your duty to take care of her. You must not mind any little asperities of temper; you know that God Almighty commands you to honour your father and mother."

"Iss, massa, me sabey dat dam well; but Goramity no sabey what my mother do to me last night. Me bring a gentleman eat foo-

foo[1] wi' me, she no likee dat, so she kick de gentleman too bad behind, and box me all to pieces; and then she bite great bit out o' me, down here. Goramity no sabey dat!" quoth Blake, rubbing his posteriors.

Diana, the creole driver, or governess of black young ladies and gentlemen from the ages of ten to fifteen, followed. She paid a dollar for herself, another for her son, and offered a bit (4*d.*) for her daughter. Mr. Croyle said he was much obliged, but he could not receive such a small sum.

"Heigh, massa, dat plenty for me piccaninny, she bery small," said Diana, evidently unconscious that a large soul might be packed in a small body.

Next came Yacky the blacksmith. He proposed giving a guilder (1*s.* 4*d.*), he vowed he could spare no more.

Mr. Croyle quietly observed that the Fearnought smith had subscribed very handsomely. Down came Yacky with three dollars instantly. "Dey nebber sall say dat footy little coffee plantation win o' Misser Robbin's niggers."

Mr. Croyle applauded the sentiment, bagged the money, and inquired if Yacky were regularly married to a very pretty girl with a child in her arms whom he had brought up to contribute her mite.

"No, massa, she no my wife in church yet; me got another lady in town, and two more piccaninny. When manager gib me new house den me sall hax you marry 'em both one time."

As it was no time to discuss a point of negro morality, Mr. Croyle merely dismissed Yacky and his concubine with a frown, reserving what he had to say on the subject for a more convenient season.

Every negro on the plantation subscribed something; those who had no money to spare at the time promised certain subscriptions, which they all faithfully paid the next month, and the result of Mr. Croyle's activity was a sum of money sufficient to fit up the interior of the church very handsomely, and to build a large shed close by for the horses to remain under during service, for the head people on the estates generally are allowed to ride to church if there are any spare horses; it enhances their importance immensely in the eyes of the other "dam low niggers" who have to walk.

FRANCIS SYLVESTER MAHONY.

BORN 1805—DIED 1866.

[This inimitable Irish genius, more widely known by his *nom de plume* of "Father Prout," was born in Cork about the year 1805. Probably his early days were spent in or about Blarney, and within hearing of those "Bells of Shandon" which his verse has immortalized. Mahony's father was of an old and respectable family, known for generations as the "Cork Mahonys," and had destined Francis for the Church. To this end he was early placed at a Jesuit college in France, from whence he proceeded in due time to the Irish College at Rome. Here he wrote his famous "Shandon Bells," and in the corner of the room where his bed stood are still to be seen, traced on the wall, the first lines of the poem. After taking holy orders he returned to Ireland, where for a short time he acted as a teacher in the Jesuit college at Clongowes Wood. For what reason he gave up his clerical position does not appear; probably the idea of a literary life had fascinated him. At all events he fled to London, and became, as he called himself, a "Bohemian." His learning was soon widely appreciated, and his "Prout Papers," in *Fraser's Magazine*, quickly attracted public attention. Mahony was one of the best linguists of his day, and his remarkable powers were shown in his Latin and Greek version of Moore's *Melodies*, which he facetiously named Moore's Plagiarisms, to the intense annoyance of the poet, and his own quiet enjoyment. He wrote Millikin's "Groves of Blarney" in French, Greek, Latin, and Italian. Its author could scarcely have anticipated that years afterwards, sung by Garibaldian soldiers, it would awaken the echoes in the groves on the shores of Lake Como. Father Prout took little part in politics; he was rather conservative in his views, and had no sympathy with the Repeal

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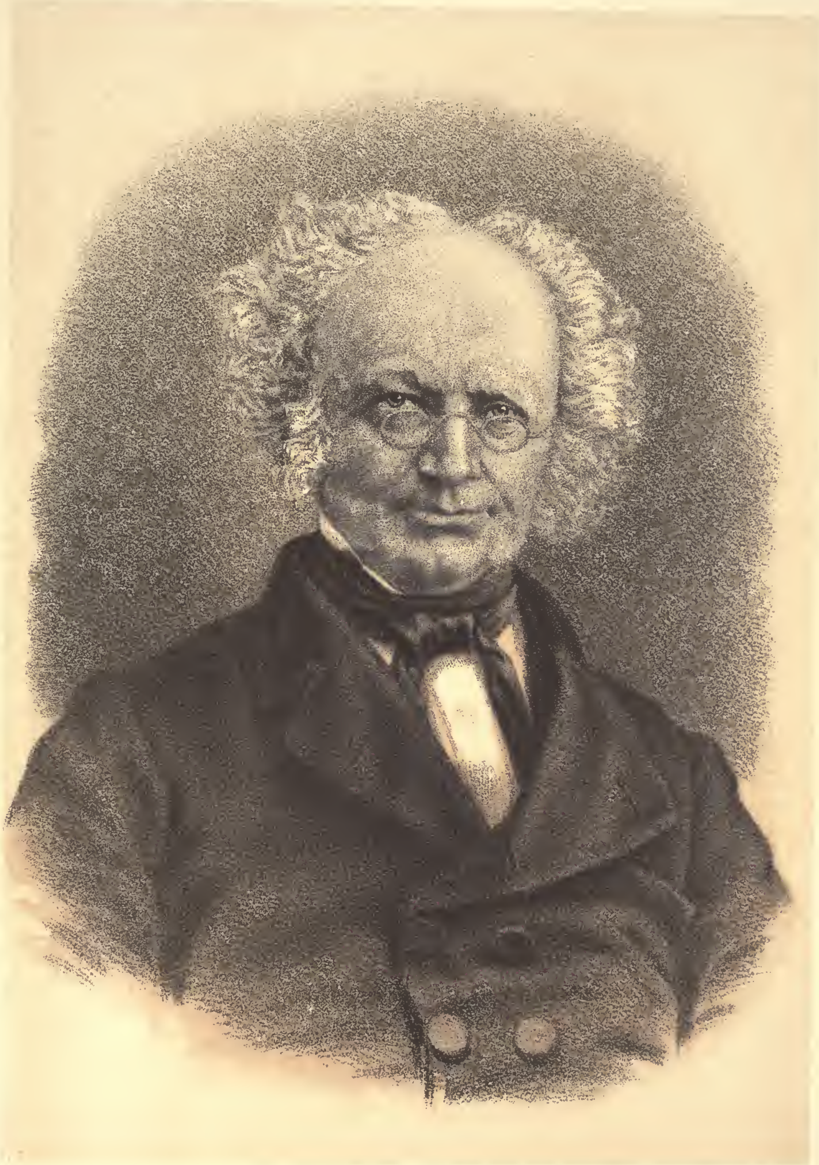
[1] Foo-foo is the favourite and indispensable food of the negroes. It is made of boiled plantains and salt fish pounded together with a little water. A negro despises bread, biscuit, even fat pork, in comparison with a fresh plantain; and it is ludicrous enough to observe the importance which the nigger who is charged to compound foo-foo for a boat's crew assumes during the operation, which merely consists in mixing the two ingredients thoroughly with a little water.



FRANCIS SYLVESTER MAHONY.
(FATHER PROUT.)
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LESAGE. DUBLIN

BLACKIE & SON, LONDON, GLASGOW, EDINBURGH & DUBLIN.

agitation, looking upon O'Connell with no great favour. His sarcastic "Lay of Lazarus," in the *Times* of 1845, sufficiently proved this. Weary of his London life he determined to travel, and after wandering through Egypt, Greece, Hungary, and Asia Minor, at the request of Charles Dickens he became Roman correspondent for the *Daily News* in 1846. His articles were afterwards published under the title of "*Facts and Figures from Italy,* by Don Jeremy Savonarola, Benedictine Monk." He ultimately settled down in Paris. He is described by Blanchard Jerrold as "trudging along the Boulevards with his arms clasped behind him; his nose in the air; his hat worn as French caricaturists insist all Englishmen wear hat or cap; his quick, clear, deep-seeking eye, wandering sharply to the right or left; and sarcasm—not of the sourest kind—playing like jack-o-lantern in the corners of his mouth."

Father Prout introduced Maginn to Thackeray, and the Irish and English *littérateurs* started a magazine, Maginn being editor. It turned out a failure, and Thackeray wanted to dispose of it, but Maginn had a share and thought he ought to be consulted. Mr. Jerrold thus gives his father's reminiscences of the affair: "I brought them together, Maginn in a towering passion, but he was capital. In the meeting, at the old place, the Crown, he volunteered an eastern tale. It was capitally done, with all the glow and draperies; a very good eastern story too, of two pashas, close friends, and how they divided their property in a manner which gave all of it to one of them. You will wonder, but Thackeray listened delightedly to the end, and didn't see Billy Maginn's drift. The boys! the boys! All this was before you were born." During the last eight years of Mahony's life his articles formed the chief attraction of the *Globe* newspaper. "They were put together like mosaics," says his biographer, "on little scraps of paper bit by bit, a tint being added wherever he could pick it up on his daily saunterings. The gossip of the day never failed to stir something good out of the full caldron of his brain." Father Prout survived many of the brilliant band who had been associated with him in the first days of *Fraser,* and died peacefully at his residence in the Rue des Moulins, Paris, May 18, 1866. *The Reliques of Father Prout,* which originally appeared in two volumes, 1836, illustrated by Maclise, were reissued in *Bohn's Illustrated Library* (Messrs. Bell & Daldy), by whose permission our extracts are made.

Mahony, like many of his talented compatriots, had the light sparkling humour and easy abandon of the French. He had also "that touch of the boy in him which has been marked in men of the highest stamp." Like his friend Maginn, a profound scholar, and like him also in refraining from any work requiring continuous effort, he preferred stringing his pearls of fancy at his own will and in his own way, too learned to overestimate his abilities, and too philosophical to care for the opinion of the world. It may be that we do not now attach so much importance to his linguistic attainments as was the fashion when his poems first appeared. It would be a mistake, however, to regard Mahony merely as the author of some clever *tours de force.* His poems display, besides a brightness and keenness of wit, an infinite humour that entitle him to a place among the great masters of comedy. *The Last Reliques of Father Prout,* by Blanchard Jerrold, appeared in 1876.]

GO WHERE GLORY.

CHANSON DE LA COMTESSE DE CHATEAUBRIAND À FRANÇOIS I.

Va où la gloire t'invite;
Et quand d'orgueil palpite
  Ce cœur, qu'il pense à moi!
Quand l'éloge enflamme
Toute l'ardeur de ton âme,
  Pense encore à moi!
Autres charmes peut-être
Tu voudras connaître,
Autre amour en maître
  Regnera sur toi;

TOM MOORE'S TRANSLATION OF THIS SONG IN THE IRISH MELODIES.

Go where glory waits thee;
But while fame elates thee,
  Oh, still remember me!
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
  Oh, then remember me!
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee—
All the joys that bless thee
  Dearer far may be;

Mais quand ta lèvre presse
Celle qui te caresse,
Méchant, pense à moi!

Quand au soir tu erres
Sous l'astre des bergères,
Pense aux doux instans
Lorsque cette étoile,
Qu'un beau ciel dévoile,
Guida deux amans!
Quand la fleur, symbole
D'été qui s'envole,
Penche sa tête molle,
S'exhalant à l'air,
Pense à la guirlande,
De ta mie l'offrande—
Don qui fut si cher!

Quand la feuille d'automne
Sous tes pas resonne,
Pense alors à moi!
Quand de la famille
L'antique foyer brille,
Pense encore à moi!
Et si de la chanteuse
La voix melodieuse
Berce ton âme heureuse
Et ravit tes sens,
Pense à l'air que chante
Pour toi ton amante—
Tant aimés accens!

But when friends are dearest,
And when joys are nearest,
Oh, then remember me!

When at eve thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh, then remember me!
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning—
Oh, then remember me!
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them—
Her who made thee love them·
Oh, then remember me!

When around thee, dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh, then remember me!
And at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh, still remember me!
Then, should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee—
Oh, then remember me!

IN PULCHRAM LACTIFERAM.

CARMEN, AUCTORE PROUT.

Lesbia semper hinc et indè
Oculorum tela movit;
Captat omnes, sed deindè
Quis ametur nemo novit.
Palpebrarum, Nora cara,
Lux tuarum non est foris,
Flamma micat ibi rara,
Sed sinceri lux amoris.
Nora Creina sit regina,
Vultu, gressu tam modesto!
Hæc, puellas inter bellas,
Jure omnium dux esto!

Lesbia vestes auro graves
Fert, et gemmis, juxta normam;
Gratiæ sed, eheu! suaves
Cinctam reliquêre formam.
Noræ tunicam præferres,
Flante zephyro volantem;
Oculis et raptis erres
Contemplando ambulantem!

TO A BEAUTIFUL MILKMAID.

A MELODY, BY THOMAS MOORE.

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at, no one dreameth.
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Norah's lid, that seldom rises;
Few her looks, but every one
Like unexpected light surprises.
O, my Norah Creina dear!
My gentle, bashful Norah Creina!
Beauty lies
In many eyes—
But Love's in thine, my Norah Creina!

Lesbia wears a robe of gold;
But all so tight the nymph hath laced it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where Nature placed it.
O, my Norah's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.

Vesta Nora tam decorâ
  Semper indui memento,
Semper puræ sic naturæ
  Ibis tecta vestimento.

Lesbia mentis præfert lumen,
  Quod coruscat perlibenter;
Sed quis optet hoc acumen,
  Quando acupuncta dentur?
Noræ sinu cum recliner,
  Dormio luxuriosè,
Nil corrugat hoc pulvinar,
  Nisi crispæ ruga rosæ.
Nora blanda, lux amanda,
  Expers usque tenebrarum,
Tu cor mulces per tot dulces
  Dotes, fons illecebrarum!

Yes, my Norah Creina dear!
  My simple, graceful Norah Creina!
    Nature's dress
    Is loveliness—
  The dress you wear, my Norah Creina!

Lesbia hath a wit refined;
  But when its points are gleaming round us
Who can tell if they're design'd
  To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
Pillow'd on my Norah's breast,
  In safer slumber Love reposes—
Bed of peace, whose roughest part
  Is but the crumpling of the roses.
O, my Norah Creina dear!
  My mild, my artless Norah Creina!
    Wit, though bright,
    Hath not the light
  That warms your eyes, my Norah Creina!

THE SHANDON BELLS.[1]

"Sabbata pango,
Funera plango,
Solemnia clango."
—*Inscrip. on an old Bell.*

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
  Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
  Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
  Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
  Cathedral shrine,
While at a glibe rate
Brass tongues would vibrate—
But all their music
  Spoke naught like thine:
For memory dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry knelling
  Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old "Adrian's Mole" in,
Their thunder rolling
  From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
  Of Nôtre Dame;
But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
  Pealing solemnly;—
O! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk o!
In Saint Sophia
  The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit
  Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there is an anthem
  More dear to me,—
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

---

[1] The spire of Shandon, built on the ruins of old Shandon Castle (for which see the plates in *Pacata Hybernia*), is a prominent object, from whatever side the traveller approaches our beautiful city. In a vault at its foot sleep some generations of the writer's kith and kin.—*Mahony.*

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.[1]

I.

The groves of Blarney,
They look so charming,
Down by the purlings
Of sweet silent brooks,
All decked by posies
That spontaneous grow there,
Planted in order
In the rocky nooks.
'Tis there the daisy,
And the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink,
And the rose so fair;
Likewise the lily,
And the daffodilly—
All flowers that scent
The sweet open air.

II.

'Tis Lady Jeffers
Owns this plantation;
Like Alexander,
Or like Helen fair,
There's no commander
In all the nation
For regulation
Can with her compare.
Such walls surround her
That no nine-pounder
Could ever plunder
Her place of strength;
But Oliver Cromwell
Her he did pommel,
And made a breach
In her battlement.

LE BOIS DE BLARNAYE.

I.

Charmans bocages!
Vous me ravissez,
Que d'avantages
Vous réunissez!
Rochers sauvages,
Paisibles ruisseaux,
Tendres ramages
De gentils oiseaux:
Dans ce doux parage
Aimable Nature
A fait étalage
D'éternelle verdure;
Et les fleurs, à mesure
Qu'elles croissent, à raison
De la belle saison
Font briller leur parure.

II.

C'est Madame de Jefferts,
Femme pleine d'addresse,
Qui sur ces beaux déserts
Règne en fière princesse.
Elle exerce ses droits
Comme dame maîtresse,
Dans cette forteresse
Que là haut je vois.
Plus sage mille fois
Qu' Hélenè ou Cléopatre,
Cromvel seul put l'abbâtre,
La mettant aux abois,
Quand, allumant sa mêche,
Point ne tira au hasard,
Mais bien dans son rempart
Fit irréparable brèche.

Ἡ Ὑλη Βλαρνικη.

α.

Της Βλαρνιας αἱ ὑλαι
Φερισται, καλλιφυλλαι,
Ὁπου σιγῃ ρεουσι
Πηγαι ψιθυριζουσαι·
Ἑκοντα γεννηθεντα
Ὁμως τε φυτευθεντα
Μεσσοις εν αγκονεσσιν
Εστ' ανθε' πετρωδεσσιν.
Εκει εστ' αγλαιημα
Γλυκυ και ερυθημα,
Ιον τ' εκει θαλον τε
Βασιλικον ροδον τε.
Και λειριον τε φυει,
Ασφοδελος τε βρυει,
Παντ' ανθεμ' ἁ καλῃσιν
Εν ευδιαις αησιν.

β.

Ταυτης ΙΕΦΕΡΕΣΣΑ
Καλη και χαριεσσα
Ὡς Ἑλενη, ὡς τ' υἱος
Του Αμμονος ὁ διος,
Φυτειας εστ' ανασση.
Ιερνῃ τ' εν ἁπασῃ
Ουτις βροτων γενοιτο
Ὁς αυτῃ συμφεροιτο,
Οικονομειν γαρ οἶδε.
Τοιχοι τοσοι τοιοι δε
Αυτην αμφιστεφονται,
Πολεμικη ὡς βροντη
Ματην νιν βαλλ' ὡς ἡρως
Κρομυελλος Ολιφηρος
Επερσε, δἱ ἁπασας
Ακροπολεως περασας.

BLARNEUM NEMUS.

I.

Quisquis hìc in lætis
Gaudes errare viretis,
Turrigeras rupes
Blarnea saxa stupes!
Murmure dum cæco
Lympharum perstrepit echo,
Quas veluti mutas
Ire per arva putas.
Multus in hoc luco
Rubet undique flos sine fuco,
Ac ibi formosam
Cernis ubique rosam;
Suaviter hi flores
Miscent ut amabis odores;
Nec requiem demus,
Nam placet omne nemus!

II.

Fœmina dux horum
Regnat Jeferessa locorum,
Pace, virago gravis,
Marteque pejor avis!
Africa non atram
Componeret ei Cleopatram,
Nec Dido constares!
Non habet illa pares.
Turre manens istâ
Nullâ est violanda balistâ:
Turris erat diris
Non penetranda viris;
Cromwellus latum
Tamen illìc fecit hiatum,
Et ludos heros
Lucit in arce feros!

I BOSCHI DI BLARNEA.

I.

Di Blarne' i boschi
Bei, benchè foschi,
In versi Toschi
Vorrei cantar—
Là dove meschi
Son fiori freschi
Ben pittoreschi
Pel passegiar.
Vi sono gigli
Bianch' e vermigli
Ch' ognun ne pigli
In libertà—
Anch' odorose
Si coglian' rose
Da giovin' spose
Fior di beltà!

II.

Miladi Gifra
Si gode quì frà
Immensa cifra
Di ricchi ben,
E tutti sanno
Se Carlomanno
E Cesare hanno
Più cor nel sen.
Il fier' Cromwello
Si sa, fu quello
Ch' a suo castello
Assalto diè,
Si dice però
Ch' Oliviero
Al quartiero
La breccia fè!

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[1] We are only able to give two verses of this remarkable linguistic achievement.

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES.

BY THE REV. ROBT. BURROWES, DEAN OF ST. FINBAR'S CATHEDRAL, CORK.

The night before Larry was stretched,
The boys they all paid him a visit;
A bit in their sacks, too, they fetched—
They sweated their duds till they riz it;
For Larry was always the lad,
When a friend was condemned to the squeezer,
But he'd pawn all the togs that he had,
Just to help the poor boy to a sneezer,
And moisten his gob 'fore he died.

"Pon my conscience, dear Larry," says I,
"I'm sorry to see you in trouble,
And your life's cheerful noggin run dry,
And yourself going off like its bubble!"
"Hould your tongue in that matter," says he;
"For the neckcloth I don't care a button,
And by this time to-morrow you'll see
Your Larry will be dead as mutton:
All for what? 'kase his courage was good!"

The boys they came crowding in fast;
They drew their stools close round about him,
Six glims round his coffin they placed—
He couldn't be well waked without 'em.
I axed if he was fit to die,
Without having duly repented?
Says Larry, "That's all in my eye,
And all by the clargy invented,
To make a fat bit for themselves."

Then the cards being called for, they played,
Till Larry found one of them cheated;
Quick he made a hard rap at his head—
The lad being easily heated.
"So ye chates me bekase I'm in grief!
O! is that, by the Holy, the rason?
Soon I'll give you to know, you d——d thief!
That you're cracking your jokes out of sason,
And scuttle your nob with my fist."

Then in came the priest with his book,
He spoke him so smooth and so civil;
Larry tipped him a Kilmainham look,
And pitched his big wig to the divil.
Then raising a little his head,
To get a sweet drop of the bottle,
And pitiful sighing he said,
"O! the hemp will be soon round my throttle,
And choke my poor windpipe to death!"

So mournful these last words he spoke,
We all vented our tears in a shower;
For my part, I thought my heart broke
To see him cut down like a flower!
On his travels we watched him next day,
O, the hangman I thought I could kill him!

LA MORT DE SOCRATE.

PAR L'ABBÉ DE PROUT, CURÉ DU MONT-AUX-CRESSONS, PRÈS DE CORK.

A la veille d'être pendu,
Notr' Laurent reçut dans son gîte,
Honneur qui lui était bien dû,
De nombreux amis la visite;
Car chacun scavait que Laurent
A son tour rendrait la pareille,
Chapeau montre, et veste engageant,
Pour que l'ami put boire bouteille,
Ni faire, à gosier sec, le saut.

"Hélas, notre garçon!" lui dis-je,
"Combien je regrette ton sort!
Te voilà fleur, que sur sa tige
Moissonne la cruelle mort!"—
"Au diable," dit-il, "le roi George!
Ça me fait la valeur d'un bouton;
Devant le boucher qui m'egorge,
Je serai comme un doux mouton,
Et saurai montrer du courage!"

Des amis déjà la cohorte
Remplissait son étroit réduit;
Six chandelles, ho! qu'on apporte,
Donnons du lustre à cette nuit!
Alors je cherchai à connaître
S'il s'était dûment repenti?
"Bah! c'est les fourberies des prêtres;
Les gredins, ils en ont menti,
Et leurs contes d'enfer sont faux!"

L'on demande les cartes. Au jeu
Laurent voit un larron qui triche;
D'honneur tout rempli, il prend feu,
Et d'un bon coup de poign l'affiche.
"Ha, coquin! de mon dernier jour
Tu croyais profiter, peut-être;
Tu oses me jouer ce tour!
Prends ça pour ta peine, vil traître!
Et apprends à te bien conduire."

Quand nous eûmes cessé nos ébats,
Laurent, en ce triste repaire
Pour le disposer au trépas,
Voit entrer Monsieur le Vicaire.
Après un sinistre regard,
Le front de sa main il se frotte,
Disant tout haut, "Venez plus tard!"
Et tout bas, "Vilain' colotte!"
Puis son verre il vida deux fois.

Lors il parla de l'échafaud,
Et de sa dernière cravate;
Grands dieux! que ça paraissait beau
De la voir mourir en Socrate!
Le trajet en chantant il fit—
La chanson point ne fut un pseaume;

Not one word did our poor Larry say,
Nor changed till he came to "King William:"
Och, my dear! then his colour turned white!

When he came to the nubbling chit,
He was tucked up so neat and so pretty;
The rumbler jugged off from his feet,
And he died with his face to the city.
He kicked too, but that was all pride,
For soon you might see 'twas all over;
And as soon as the noose was untied,
Then at darkey we waked him in clover,
And sent him to take a ground-sweat.

Mais palit un peu quand il vit
La statue du Roy Guillaume—
Les pendards n'aiment pas ce roi!

Quand fut au bout de son voyage,
Le gibet fut prêt en un clin:
Mourant il tourna le visage
Vers la bonne ville de Dublin.
Il dansa la carmagnole,
Et mourut comme fit Malbrouck;
Puis nous enterrâmes le drôle
Au cimetière de Donnybrook.
Que son ame y soit en repos!

PRAY FOR ME.[1]

A BALLAD.

Silent, remote, this hamlet seems—
How hush'd the breeze! the eve how calm!
Light through my dying chamber beams,
But hope comes not, nor healing balm.
Kind villagers! God bless your shed!
Hark! 'tis for prayer—the evening bell—
Oh, stay! and near my dying bed,
Maiden, for me your rosary tell!

When leaves shall strew the waterfall,
In the sad close of autumn drear,
Say, "The sick youth is freed from all
The pangs and woe he suffered here."
So may ye speak of him that's gone;
But when your belfry tolls my knell,
Pray for the soul of that lost one—
Maiden, for me your rosary tell!

Oh! pity *her*, in sable robe,
Who to my grassy grave will come:
Nor seek a hidden wound to probe—
She was my love!—point out my tomb;
Tell her my life should have been hers—
'Twas but a day!—God's will!—'tis well:
But weep with her, kind villagers!
Maiden, for me your rosary tell!

THE SONG OF BRENNUS,

OR THE INTRODUCTION OF THE GRAPE INTO FRANCE.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF BÉRANGER.)

Tune—"*The Night before Larry.*"

When Brennus came back here from Rome,
These words he is said to have spoken:
"We have conquered, my boys! and brought home
A sprig of the vine for a token!
Cheer, my hearties! and welcome to Gaul
This plant, which we won from the foeman;
'Tis enough to repay us for all
Our trouble in beating the Roman;
Bless the gods! and bad luck to the geese!

"O! take care to treat well the fair guest,
From the blasts of the North to protect her;
Of your hillocks, the sunniest and best
Make them hers, for the sake of her nectar.
She shall nurse your young Gauls with her juice;
Give life to 'the arts' in libations;
While your ships round the globe shall produce
Her goblet of joy for all nations—
E'en the foeman shall taste of our cup.

"The exile who flies to our hearth
She shall soothe, all his sorrows redressing;
For the vine is the parent of mirth,
And to sit in its shade is a blessing."
So the soil Brennus dug with his lance,
'Mid the crowd of Gaul's warriors and sages;
And our forefathers grim, of gay France
Got a glimpse through the vista of ages—
And it gladdened the hearts of the Gauls!

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF P. J. DE BÉRANGER.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF BÉRANGER.)

Paris! gorgeous abode of the gay! Paris! haunt of despair!
There befell in thy bosom one day an occurrence most weighty,
At the house of a tailor, my grandfather, under whose care
I was nursed, in the year of our Lord seventeen hundred and eighty.
By no token, 'tis true, did my cradle announce a young Horace—

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[1] From the French of Millevoy, written on his death-bed at Neuilly, Oct. 1820.

And the omens were such as might well lead astray the unwary;
But with utter amazement one morning my grandfather, Maurice,
Saw his grandchild reclining asleep in the arms of a fairy!
And this fairy so handsome
Assumed an appearance so striking,
And for me seemed to take such a liking,
That he knew not what gift he should offer the dame for my ransom.

Had he previously studied thy *Legends*, O rare Crofty Croker!
He'd have learnt how to act from thy pages—('tis there that the charm is!)
But my guardian's first impulse was rather to look for the poker,
To rescue his beautiful boy from her hands *vi et armis*.
Yet he paused in his plan, and adopted a milder suggestion,
For her attitude, calm and unterrified, made him respect her,
So he thought it was best to be civil, and fairly to question,
Concerning my prospects in life, the benevolent spectre.
And the fairy, prophetical,
Read my destiny's book in a minute.
With all the particulars in it:
And its outline she drew with exactitude most geometrical.

"His career shall be mingled with pleasure, though checkered with pain,
And some bright sunny hours shall succeed to a rigorous winter:
See him first a *garçon* at a hostelry—then, with disdain
See him spurn that vile craft, and apprentice himself to a printer.
As a poor university-clerk view him next at his desk;—
Mark that flash!—he will have a most narrow escape from the lightning:
But behold after sundry adventures, some bold, some grotesque,
The horizon clears up, and his prospects appear to be brightening."
And the fairy, caressing
The infant, foretold that, ere long,
He would warble unrivalled in song;
All France in the homage which Paris had paid acquiescing.

"Yes, the muse has adopted the boy! On his brow see the laurel!
In his hand 'tis Anacreon's cup!—with the Greek he has drank it.
Mark the high-minded tone of his songs, and their exquisite moral,
Giving joy to the cottage, and heightening the blaze of the banquet.
Now the future grows dark—see the spectacle France has become!
'Mid the wreck of his country, the poet, undaunted and proud,
To the public complaints shall give utterance: slaves may be dumb,
But he'll ring in the hearing of despots defiance aloud!"
And the fairy addressing
My grandfather, somewhat astonished,
So mildly my guardian admonished,
That he wept while he vanished away with a smile and a blessing.

THE SONG OF THE COSSACK.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF BÉRANGER.)

Come, arouse thee up, my gallant horse, and bear thy rider on!
The comrade thou, and the friend, I trow, of the dweller on the Don.
Pillage and Death have spread their wings! 'tis the hour to hie thee forth,
And with thy hoofs an echo wake to the trumpets of the North!
Nor gems nor gold do men behold upon thy saddle-tree;
But earth affords the wealth of lords for thy master and for thee.
Then fiercely neigh, my charger gray!—thy chest is proud and ample;
Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

Europe is weak—she hath grown old—her bulwarks are laid low;
She is loath to hear the blast of war—she shrinketh from a foe!
Come, in our turn, let us sojourn in her goodly haunts of joy—
In the pillar'd porch to wave the torch, and her palaces destroy!
Proud as when first thou slak'dst thy thirst in the flow of conquer'd Seine,
Aye shalt thou lave, within that wave, thy blood-red flanks again.
Then fiercely neigh, my gallant gray!—thy chest is strong and ample!
Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

Kings are beleaguer'd on their thrones by their own vassal crew;

And in their den quake noblemen, and priests are bearded too;
And loud they yelp for the Cossacks' help to keep their bondsmen down,
And they think it meet, while they kiss *our* feet, to wear a tyrant's crown!
The sceptre now to my lance shall bow, and the crosier and the cross
Shall bend alike, when I lift my pike, and aloft THAT SCEPTRE toss!
Then proudly neigh, my gallant gray!—thy chest is broad and ample;
Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

In a night of storm I have seen a form!—and the figure was a GIANT,
And his eye was bent on the Cossack's tent, and his look was all defiant;
Kingly his crest—and towards the West with his battle-axe he pointed;
And the "form" I saw *was* ATTILA! of this earth the scourge anointed.
From the Cossack's camp let the horseman's tramp the coming crash announce;
Let the vulture whet his beak sharp set, on the carrion field to pounce;
And proudly neigh, my charger gray!—O! thy chest is broad and ample;
Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

What boots old Europe's boasted fame, on which she builds reliance,
When the North shall launch its *avalanche* on her works of art and science?
Hath she not wept her cities swept by our hordes of trampling stallions?
And tower and arch crush'd in the march of our barbarous battalions?
Can *we* not wield our fathers' shield? the same war-hatchet handle?
Do our blades want length, or the reapers strength, for the harvest of the Vandal?
Then proudly neigh, my gallant gray, for thy chest is strong and ample;
And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

THE CARRIER-DOVE OF ATHENS.

A DREAM, 1822.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF BÉRANGER.)

Helen sat by my side, and I held
To her lip the gay cup in my bower,
When a bird at our feet we beheld,
As we talked of old Greece in that hour;
And his wing bore a burden of love,
To some fair one the secret soul telling—
O drink of my cup, carrier-dove!
And sleep on the bosom of Helen.

Thou art tired—rest awhile, and anon
Thou shalt soar, with new energy thrilling,
To the land of that far-off fair one,
If such be the task thou'rt fulfilling;
But perhaps thou dost waft the last word
Of despair, wrung from valour and duty—
Then drink of my cup, carrier-bird!
And sleep on the bosom of Beauty.

Ha! these lines are from Greece! Well I knew
The loved idiom! Be mine the perusal.
Son of France, I'm a child of Greece too;
And a kinsman will brook no refusal.
"*Greece* is *free!*" all the gods have concurred
To fill up our joy's brimming measure—
O drink of my cup, carrier-bird!
And sleep on the bosom of Pleasure.

Greece is free! Let us drink to that land,
To our elders in fame! Did ye merit
Thus to struggle alone, glorious band!
From whose sires we our freedom inherit?
The old glories, which kings would destroy,
Greece regains, never, never to lose 'em!
O drink of my cup, bird of joy!
And sleep on my Helen's soft bosom.

Muse of Athens! thy lyre quick resume!
None thy anthem of freedom shall hinder:
Give Anacreon joy in his tomb,
And gladden the ashes of Pindar.
Helen! fold that bright bird to thy breast,
Nor permit him henceforth to desert you—
O drink of my cup, winged guest!
And sleep on the bosom of Virtue.

But no, he must hie to his home,
To the nest where his bride is awaiting;
Soon again to our climate he'll come,
The young glories of Athens relating,
The baseness of kings to reprove,
To blush our vile rulers compelling!—
Then drink of my goblet, O dove!
And sleep on the breast of my Helen.

THE GARRET OF BÉRANGER.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF BÉRANGER.)

Oh! it was here that Love his gifts bestowed
On youth's wild age!
Gladly once more I seek my youth's abode,
In pilgrimage:
Here my young mistress with her poet dared

Reckless to dwell:
She was sixteen, I twenty, and we shared
This attic cell.

Yes, 'twas a garret! be it known to all,
Here was Love's shrine:
There read, in charcoal traced along the wall,
Th' unfinished line—
Here was the board where kindred hearts would blend.
The Jew can tell
How oft I pawned my watch, to feast a friend
In attic cell!

O! my Lisette's fair form could I recall
With fairy wand!
There she would blind the window with her shawl—
Bashful, yet fond!
What though from whom she got her dress I've since
Learnt but too well,
Still in those days I envied not a prince
In attic cell!

Here the glad tidings on our banquet burst,
Mid the bright bowls:
Yes, it was here Marengo's triumph first
Kindled our souls!
Bronze cannon roared; France with redoubled might
Felt her heart swell!
Proudly we drank our Consul's health that night
In attic cell!

Dreams of my joyful youth! I'd freely give,
Ere my life's close,
All the dull days I'm destined yet to live,
For one of those!
Where shall I now find raptures that were felt,
Joys that befell,
And hopes that dawned at twenty, when I dwelt
In attic cell?

JAMES HENTHORN TODD.

BORN 1805—DIED 1869.

[Dr. Todd was one of the chief pioneers in that closer and more careful study of the Celtic language, literature, and antiquities, which has been one of the most hopeful signs of this century of Irish intellectual effort. His labours in this cause were multiform. He wrote original works, he edited the works of others, he was among the founders of the Archæological Society, and he was for years the master-spirit of the Royal Irish Academy. He was the son of Dr. Charles H. Todd, a well known surgeon in his day, and he was born in Dublin on the 23d April, 1805. His course in Trinity College was a distinguished one, indeed he was never separated from intimate association with that institution from his day of entrance to his death. He graduated B.A. in 1825; in 1831 he was elected to a fellowship, in 1849 he became regius professor of Hebrew, and he was appointed librarian in 1852. He also was closely bound up with St. Patrick's Cathedral, the various episodes in whose history he was well acquainted with. He was elected treasurer of the cathedral in 1837. Four years after his entry into the Royal Irish Academy he was—in 1837—elected to the council; he was secretary from 1847 to 1855, and he held the post of president from 1856 to 1861.

The list of his works alone would fill a respectable space. To take his editorial labours first, he produced *The Irish Version of the Historia Britonum of Nennius; The Martyrology of Donegal; The Book of Hymns of the Ancient Church of Ireland;* and he also contributed to the series published by Lord Romilly an account of the wars of the Danes and Norsemen from MSS. in the libraries of Dublin and Brussels. He also edited the following works of Wycliffe: *The Last Age of the Church*, then first printed from a manuscript in the library of Dublin University, with notes (Dublin, 1840); *An Apology for Lollard Doctrines*, also from a MS. in Dublin University (1842); and *Three Treatises—I. Of the Church and her Members; II. Of the Apostasy of the Church; III. Of Antichrist and his Meynee*, also from the same source (1851). His most important original work was a *Life of St. Patrick* (1864), which is generally considered to be the most exhaustive book yet published on the history of the Apostle of Ireland. Another original work of his was *The Book of the Vaudois* (1865), in which he gave some new and highly important information on the history of the Waldenses, his source of information being the MS. in the library of his university, to the study of which he devoted much time. Another field of activity was religious controversy, though it must be said that Dr. Todd was notoriously free from sectarian bigotry, and was equally respected by all creeds. Among the works in this line are *Remarks on the Roman Dogma of Infallibility* (1848), and *Discourses on the Prophecies relating to Antichrist* (1840). He also gave some assistance in the preparation of the new edition of O'Reilly's *Irish and English Dictionary*, which Dr. O'Donovan published in 1864. He was a frequent contributor to *Notes and Queries*, and he also did good service to Celtic study by procuring transcripts of Irish MSS. scattered in foreign libraries.

He died at Rathfarnham, June 28, 1869, in his sixty-fourth year, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, where a Celtic cross marks his last resting-place. He left a valuable library and a still more valuable collection of MSS., many of which fetched very high prices after his death.]

ST. PATRICK'S SUCCESS.[1]

In reviewing the history of St. Patrick's missionary labours, we are struck by the fact that he appears to have always addressed himself in the first instance to the kings or chieftains. In Dalaradia, where his earliest church was founded, the site was obtained from the chieftain of the country, Dichu. At Tara he attacked paganism in its head-quarters, and succeeded in obtaining from King Laoghaire a reluctant toleration of his ministry, and an outward profession, at least, of Christianity. In Connaught he addressed himself to the chieftains of Tirawley, and preached to the people at the great assembly of the tribe. In Munster, if that part of his story be true, his first convert was King Aengus himself, whom he baptized at Cashel, the seat of the kings. In Armagh he obtained the favour of Daire, chieftain of the Airtheara or Orior, and received from him the "civitas" which afterwards became the ecclesiastical metropolis of Ireland.

This policy may have been pursued by St. Patrick as much from necessity as from a knowledge of the character and habits of the people. The chieftain once secured, the clan, as a matter of course, were disposed to follow in his steps. To attempt the conversion of the clan in opposition to the will of the chieftain would probably have been to rush upon inevitable death, or at the least to risk a violent expulsion from the district. The people may not have adopted the outward profession of Christianity, which was all, perhaps, that in the first instance they adopted, from any clear or intellectual appreciation of its superiority to their former religion; but to obtain from the people even an outward profession of Christianity was an important step to ultimate success. It secured toleration at least for Christian institutions. It enabled Patrick to plant in every tribe his churches, schools, and monasteries. He was permitted without opposition to establish among the half pagan inhabitants of the country societies of holy men, whose devotion, usefulness, and piety soon produced an effect upon the most barbarous and savage hearts.

This was the secret of the rapid success attributed to St. Patrick's preaching in Ireland. The chieftains were at first the real converts. The baptism of the chieftain was immediately followed by the adhesion of the clan. The clansmen pressed eagerly round the missionary who had baptized the chief, anxious to receive that mysterious initiation into the new faith to which their chieftain and father had submitted. The requirements preparatory to baptism do not seem to have been very rigorous, and it is therefore by no means improbable that in Tirawley and other remote districts where the spirit of clanship was strong, Patrick, as he tells us himself he did, may have baptized some thousands of men.

In this policy, also, we may perceive the cause of that spirit of toleration which he seems to have shown towards the old superstitions. Conscious that he had gained only the outward adherence of the adult members of the clan, he was compelled to use great caution in his attempts to overthrow the ancient monuments and usages of paganism. It was only in some rare instances that he ventured upon the destruction of an idol or the removal of a pillar-stone. Sometimes he contented himself with inscribing[2] upon such stones the sacred names or symbols of Christianity. The very festivals of the Irish were respected and converted into Christian solemnities or holidays. The *Beltine* and the *Samhain* of our pagan forefathers are still observed in the popular sports of May-day and All-hallow-e'en. "Nothing is clearer," says Dr. O'Donovan, "than that Patrick engrafted Christianity on the pagan superstitions with so much skill that he won the people over to the Christian religion before they understood the exact difference between the two systems of belief; and much of this half pagan, half Christian religion will be found not only in the Irish stories of the middle ages, but in the superstitions of the peasantry to the present day."

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[1] Extracted, by permission of Mr. Charles H. Todd, brother and executor of Dr. Todd, from "*St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland:* A Memoir of his Life and Mission. With an Introductory Dissertation on some early Usages of the Church in Ireland, and its Historical Position from the establishment of the English Colony to the present day."

[2] A curious instance of this is recorded in the Tripartite Life (ii. c. 52). He was in the co. of Galway, near Lough Hacket, and there he found three pillar-stones, "quæ gentilitas ibi in memoriam aliquorum facinorum vel gentilitium rituum posuit." On these Patrick inscribed the name of Christ in three different languages: on one IESUS, on another SOTER, on the third SALVATOR. See O'Flaherty, *Ogyg.* p. 374.

But the extent of St. Patrick's success, as well as the rapidity of his conquests, has been greatly overrated by our popular historians. "While in other countries," says Mr. Moore, "the introduction of Christianity has been the slow work of time, has been resisted by either government or people, and seldom effected without a lavish effusion of blood, in Ireland, on the contrary, by the influence of one humble but zealous missionary, and with little previous preparation of the soil by other hands, Christianity burst forth at the first ray of apostolic light, and with the sudden ripeness of a northern summer at once covered the whole land. Kings and princes, when not themselves among the ranks of the converted, saw their sons and daughters joining in the train without a murmur. Chiefs, at variance in all else, agreed in meeting beneath the Christian banner; and the proud Druid and bard laid their superstitions meekly at the foot of the cross; nor, by a singular disposition of Providence, unexampled indeed in the whole history of the Church, was there a single drop of blood shed on account of religion through the entire course of this mild Christian revolution, by which, in the space of a few years, all Ireland was brought tranquilly under the influence of the gospel."

Unhappily, a deeper insight into the facts of Irish history effaces much of this pleasing picture. It is not true that no blood was shed. It is not true that *all* Ireland was brought tranquilly under the influence of the gospel. St. Patrick's life was often attempted, and often in danger. On one occasion his charioteer was slain in mistake for himself. When going into Connaught he took the precaution of providing himself with an escort, and narrowly escaped the efforts of the Druids to destroy him. His ecclesiastical establishments were surrounded by fortifications for the protection of the inmates, and many of the most celebrated of them, as Armagh, Cashel, Downpatrick, Clogher, and others, were built in situations possessing natural advantages for defence, or near the already fortified habitations of the ancient chieftains. There were many districts and tribes of Ireland where the teaching of St. Patrick was rejected. The Hi Garchon are particularly mentioned as having resisted both Palladius and Patrick, and the biographers of the saint would, no doubt, have recorded many similar instances had it been their object to chronicle the failures instead of the triumphs of their hero. The catalogue of the three orders of Irish saints, and many passages in the Book of Armagh, afford undoubted proofs that *all* Ireland did not submit to Patrick's influence, and the partial apostasy which took place during the two centuries following his death is a convincing evidence that the Christianity he had planted did not strike its roots as deeply as has been popularly supposed. An adhesion to Christianity which was in a great measure only the attachment of a clan to its chieftain, and in which pagan usages under a Christian name were of necessity tolerated, could not, in the nature of things, be very lasting.

Many of the foundations of St. Patrick appear to have had the effect of counteracting this evil by creating a sort of spiritual clanship, well calculated to attract a clannish people, and capable of maintaining itself against the power of the secular chieftains. But this was perhaps an accidental result only; it was certainly not the primary design of these institutions. St. Patrick had a much higher object in view. He seems to have been deeply imbued with faith in the intercessory powers of the Church. He established throughout the land temples and oratories for the perpetual worship of God. He founded societies of priests and bishops, whose first duty it was "to make constant supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks for all men, for kings, and for all that are in authority;" persuaded, in accordance with the true spirit of ancient Christianity, that the intercessions of the faithful, in their daily sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, were efficacious, as St. Paul's words imply, for the salvation of mankind, and for bringing to the knowledge of the truth those upon whom appeals to reason and arguments addressed to the intellect would have been probably a waste of words.

PATRICK KENNEDY.

BORN 1801 — DIED 1873.

[This author was born in the county Wexford early in the year 1801. In 1823 he removed to Dublin to act as assistant in a training school in Kildare Place. In the course of a few years he started a lending library and book-shop in Anglesea Street, at which he spent the remainder of his life, and where he was always ready to have a gossip with any passer-by interested in Irish folk-lore. Though strictly attentive to his humble business—for his shop was small and unpretentious—he found time to write much and read more. He possessed a very considerable amount of ability, and contributed several articles to the *University Magazine*, some of which—"Legends of the Irish Celts," "Tales of the Duffrey," and "The Banks of the Boro"—were afterwards published separately. His sketches of Irish rural life, as observed by himself when a boy in his native county, are characteristic, well drawn, and singularly pure. He was known to lessen his prospects of a profitable business by declining to deal in books which he considered objectionable in tendency. He was a staunch devotee of Father Mathew, and for many years the committee of the Hibernian Temperance Association and kindred bodies held their meetings at his house. In the literary circles of Dublin he was well known and widely respected. He died on the 28th March, 1873, and was buried at Glasnevin. Besides the books mentioned above, he was the author of *The Bardic Stories of Ireland* and *The Book of Modern Irish Anecdotes, Wit, and Wisdom.*]

THE ROAD OF THE DISHES.[1]

Guairé was as dear to the old Irish story-tellers as the Caliph Haroun Alraschid to those of Mecca or Grand Cairo. Our present legend has, however, little to do with the doings of the king, the chief incident having reference to his sainted brother Mochua, and occurring at an Easter tide after his restoration.

The last week of Lent had come to the dwellers at the court of Guairé at Durlus, many of whom had found the abstinence from flesh rather trying to their mere sensual natures. Three or four sons of chiefs who were enthusiastic chasers of the deer as well as admirers of its flesh when nicely cooked, were sauntering leisurely through the adjoining forest one of the days of Holy Week, and entertaining some rather selfish aspirations that the strict season might quickly conclude, and afford them the gratification of indulging in their beloved sport, as well as of tasting juicy venison again, when all at once they caught sight of a noble buck dashing through the trees at a short distance from them. They were aware of the orders given by the king that during Holy Week no wild animal should be slain, and with the exception of a single spear no one in the group was provided with arms. Under the sudden surprise, however, all cast eager glances at this weapon and its holder, and he, under a strong impulse, dashed forward a few perches, and suddenly stopping, and poising the lance, launched it with such force and skill, that the next moment the fleet and spirited animal was struggling in the death-pang.

The triumph of the little party was dashed with chagrin. Their consciences accused them of disobedience, or sympathy with the disobedience, but they agreed to say nothing of the exploit, and to trust to some lucky accident for the skilful cooking of the game for their Easter dinner, and escape from being obliged to account for its capture.

The holy morning came with its enlivening devotions, its welcome breakfast, and its no less welcome relaxations; and when dinner hour arrived, and the joints of meat were arranged on the large table, and the company prepared to take their seats, the venison, about whose acquisition some mystery lingered, attracted more eyes than any other portion of the feast.

At that moment a scene of a different character was passing in the cell of St. Mochua, the king's brother, who dwelt in a cell five miles distant from the palace of Durlus Guairé. The self-denying man had passed the Lent in acts of devotion, eating nothing during the time but scraps of barley bread and water-cress, when absolute need was felt. Even now, when the time for fast and abstinence had passed away, and his morning devotions and his Paschal Mass were finished, he showed no sign of exhaustion, or wish for feasting, for which indeed there had been no provision made.

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[1] This and the following extract are taken from *The Bardic Stories of Ireland*, by permission of the publishers Messrs. M'Glashan and Gill.

If the saint seemed unconscious of want of refreshment, or the unlikelihood of procuring it, it was a different matter with his attendant clerk, who, having courageously endured the barley bread and cress for nearly seven weeks, now felt the desirability of a decent meal of bread and a piece of roast meat. He opened his mind on the subject to his master, who, enjoying a fit of meditation at the moment, could scarcely become sensible of his poor follower's grievance. When fully aware of the uncomfortable condition of his humble brother, he began to be in trouble, but in a moment or two his countenance brightened up, and he addressed him a few words of comfort, promising on the part of Providence that relief was at hand.

Guairé's company, as already said, were on the point of taking their seats, and the four young comrades devouring with eyes and nose the tempting dish of venison, when on a moment that same dish taking the lead, and the others following suite, arose from the board, and noiselessly cleaving the air, passed out of the door, and slowly, and in an even line, the deer's meat still leading the way, directed their flight southwards in the direction of the cell of the sainted Mochua. After a moment of amaze, loud exclamations of anger and lament arose, and out rushed the noble company in pursuit, the four culpable hunters leading the way. There was no need of hurry; the dishes held on their steady way some ten feet from the ground, and merely required the pursuers to keep up a brisk pace not to let them out of sight. On went the race, enlivened and diversified by groans, objurations, and now and then bursts of merriment, at least such merriment as hungry men could afford to exhibit. Coming near the cell of the saint which was cut out of the rock with a smiling plot of green turf before it, the dish in the van sailed lightly into the grotto, and the others disposed themselves in a circle on the dry grass outside.

At five perches from the grotto the four young chiefs, pressing forwards with the rest, found their feet firmly locked to the ground, and there, with feelings of shame, and anger, and remorse, they were obliged to remain while their companions advanced, and received on bended knees the blessing of the saint. Arising and receiving his exhortations to take their food, they sat down, and with the aid of the pure spring water from the rock, they made as hearty a meal as if they were round the large hall table of Durlus. But the condition of the four youths soon attracted their attention, and there arose from the different groups some bursts of laughter, mingled with various expressions of concern.

The king and the saint approached them, and the latter exhorted them to acknowledge the hidden sin for which they were now suffering. The youth who had slain the deer, immediately acknowledged his fault, and willingly took the entire blame to himself. Mochua having satisfied himself that the sorrow was sincere, gave the men his blessing, and they found their limbs at liberty. They got enough to satisfy their hunger in one of the dishes, but at that Easter dinner, did not enjoy the taste of the smallest bit of the coveted venison. The poor clerk got a considerable fright when he first saw the crowd approach in pursuit of the runaway food, so he took his meal in moderation.

That Easter feast was long remembered at Durlus Guairé, and to modern times the route taken by the viands bore the name of *Bothar na Mias* (Way of the Dishes).

THE AMADHĀN MOR.

The *Big Fool* was the strongest man in the world, body and fists. As he and his true love were one day walking in a lovely valley near Loch Lene, they saw a chief approaching. He had on a rich mantle, and bore a golden cup in one hand, and when he came near he hailed them. "Fair couple, tell me your name and the name of this valley." "Maev is the name of this young woman, I am called the Big Amadhān, and the name of the valley I know not; I never was here before. If you have liquor in that cup worthy of a *gaisca*, let me take a drink." "A thousand welcomes, but be moderate!" "Oh, to be sure;" but the *Big Fool* never took the goblet from his lips while a drop remained, for it was sweeter than the sweetest mead.

Just as he let it go from his mouth, his two legs dropped off from the knees, and down he came on the stumps. Bitter were the tears that Maev of the white shoulders shed at her husband's mischance. "Is it thus that you show hospitality to your visitors, man of ill-fortune?" "The fault is your own. If you had drunk sparingly, no harm would have befallen you!" "By the hand of my gossip, I won't leave a pair of legs on any one I meet, beginning with yourself, till I recover them." "Don't touch me if you are wise. I have only to mutter one word to draw your strength from your body, and weaken you like the child of yesterday. Are these your hounds coming down the glen?"

A stag was sweeping down the valley, and hounds and mounted men were pursuing him. A white dog was foremost of the pack, and swift as the deer went, the Big Amadhān kept within seven paces of him, and seven paces behind the hero came the dog. Never was there so long a valley; never were matched deer, man, and dog of such fleet limbs. At last the Big Amadhān thought it better to bring the chase to an end. So he poised his spear, and making an accurate and very strong cast, it entered at the beast's haunch, and came out at his breast. Up came the dog, and leaped with joy round the gaisca, and licked his hands.

It was not long till the master of the hunt came up. He had a gold hafted sword by his side, and two long sharp spears in his hand; a gold brooch held his cloak, and a gold band went round his birredh. "I thank you, good fellow," said he, "for killing that deer for me. Will you help my men to cut it up?" "I killed him for myself and my wife," said the Big Amadhān; "you shall not taste a morsel of it." "Well, at least, allow my dog to come to me." "First tell me your name and title." "I am the Enchanter of the Black Valley and the owner of the White Dog, the fleetest hound within the four seas." "You are so no more; the dog is mine." "You are unjust; you should be content with the deer."

Maev had hastened after her husband and was now come up. She took his left arm within her two, and lovingly looked up in his face. "Though you have done me wrong," said the enchanter, "I wish you joy of your beautiful wife. Where is your lios or caisiol, and what is the name of your tribe?" "I have neither land nor fort. I live by the might of my arm. A druid whom I met this morning deprived me of my legs, and till I recover them I will despoil and discomfort every brother druid of his that I meet." "Well, well; give me my dog, and come yourself and wife and live with me in my dun, where you can express no wish which shall not be satisfied." "But how shall I recover my legs?" "If you please me, even your legs shall be restored. I will get the Druid of the Gold Cup into my power, and force him to give them up." The big hero looked at his wife, she looked at him; and he agreed to the offer.

So he stopped, and taking the legs of the deer in his hands, he set it round his neck; Maev sat on its side, and so the two men, the woman, and the dog went on, and nothing is said of their journey till they came to the end of the valley.

There, on a near hill, was a fort, and every stone, and defence, and gate of it was of yellow gold.

"What is the name of that dun?" said the gaisca, "and who is its chief?"

"That," said the enchanter, "is Dun an Oir (Fort of Gold), and I am its chief, and there you shall be entertained till you displease me."

So they entered the gates, and the Amadhan laid down his load at the door, and the druid brought him and his wife where his own wife was lying on her soft couch. Said the lady to Maev of the silken robe,—

"What is your name, beauteous woman, and the name of him you obey?"

"The Big Amadhān is he called, and he has never met his equal in battle and conflict. I am Maev, and his love for me is only equalled by mine for him."

"But why, O fair Maev of the silken robe, does he want all below the knees?"

"The druidic cup of mead it was, O lady of Dun an Oir, my sorrow be on it! But the longest road has an end, and the master of the cup will be one day under foot of the Big Amadhān. By your hand, lady, he has subdued all the kings and chiefs of broad Erinn."

So they made three divisions of the night: the first they spent at the table, the second in conversation, and the third was given to rest. Next morning the druid and the gaisca were walking on the ramparts, and thus spoke the master of Dun an Oir:

"I go to chase the deer from Dundealagan to Gleann'ra Smolach, and your duty will be to let neither king nor chief within my gates; and if by your neglect they should get in, allow them not to quit till I return. My wife is very beautiful, and in my absence, when hunting, many a young prince and tiernach would be well pleased to pay her their false compliments. This is the only kind of service I shall ever require at your hands. Ask of me in return anything you will."

Away went the master of Dun an Oir, and away with him went the white dog. The lady reclined on her couch, and the Big Fool lay on the floor. After a while, he felt such a weight of sleep on his eyes that he could not keep them open.

"By the hand of your husband, O lady," said he, "I fear I shall be found wanting in my duty. I could not continue awake even to be made Ard-Righ at Tara. All in my power I will perform. Here I lie along at your feet, and no intruder can approach you without disturbing me. O, hard fortune, why did I undertake such a duty!"

After some time he was aroused by something passing over his body, and opening his eyes he saw a stranger in a cloak attempting to kiss the lady. Springing up, and taking him by the arm, he swung him to the opposite wall.

"Stay there, man of evil design, till the return of the druidic master. Here I lie at the door to bar your passage."

"It ill beseems a Big Amadhān like you to lay hands on a chief. Come from your post, I command."

"Yes, at the return of the master."

"I took one of your legs from the Druid of the Gold Cup. I will give it you if you leave the pass free."

Maev, who was listening outside, came in and said—

"Agree to what the chief asks."

"Bring my leg, and let me see how it fits."

He produced it, and it was found full of life.

"Now I am free; leave the door."

"No, by your hand; I am worse now with one short and one long leg than I was."

The magic chief fastened on the other.

"Now I demand my reward. Otherwise you shall be sung by every bard in wide Erinn as the ungrateful Amadhān."

"I value not their lying songs a dry rush. You shall not quit this grianan of the Golden Castle till the return of its chief. I could not prevent your entrance, I will certainly prevent your departure."

The lady of the fort and the wife of the Amadhān raised their voices against this resolution, but the huge gaisca was deaf to their words. At last the man in the cloak flung it off, and there stood the Druid of the White Dog and of Dun an Oir. He seized the Amadhān in his arms, and kissed him on both cheeks, and tears began to fall from the eyes of Maev.

"Thou faithful man," said the druid, "it was I who gave thee the enchanted drink, and did all the rest to have thee for a dweller in my fort. Now when I choose I can go to chase the wolves and deer from Loch Lene to the sea of Moyle. When I am fatigued and remain at home to rest, you may go in search of adventures. I will be as faithful a guardian to thy wife as you were to mine. While all are in the dun together, we shall be as happy, as friendship and love, and the wine and mead cup, and the songs of the travelling bards can make us."

SIR ROBERT M'CLURE.

BORN 1807 — DIED 1873.

[The name of M'Clure belongs rather to the historian of daring men of action than to the biographer of *littērateurs*. His only works are his official despatches; but as the voyage in which those rough notes were taken tells one of the most startling tales of heroic fortitude in face of the most persistent difficulties and the most terrible dangers, a few extracts from them will prove probably as interesting as passages from professional penmen. Robert John Le Mesurier M'Clure was born on Jan. 28, 1807, in Wexford, being the posthumous child of Captain M'Clure of the 89th Regiment. He was reared by General Le Mesurier, governor of Alderney, his godfather. After passing some years at Eton he was sent to Sandhurst; but his longings were for a naval, not a military life. Having proved conclusively his predilections by running away from Sandhurst, he was allowed to have his way and became a midshipman, his first vessel being Nelson's ship *Victory*. He was for several years engaged in American and West Indian waters, and it was not till 1836 that he made his first acquaintance with that form of service which ever after retained for him resistless attractions, and in which he gained his chief distinction. He volunteered for the Arctic expedition under Sir George Buck. In this cruise M'Clure encountered most of the dangers incidental to exploration in the northern seas, until the old *Terror* in which he sailed finally found refuge, when in a sinking condition, in Lough Swilly. His next service was in Canada, where, as lieutenant of the *Hastings,* he did some feats of daring against a strong body of freebooters. He succeeded in taking prisoner their notorious leader, for whose capture the government had offered a reward of £5000. This money, however, M'Clure was refused on the technical ground that the capture had been effected on United States territory. Passing over some years of ordinary employment we find him in 1848 once again engaged in his favourite work of Arctic exploration. Appointed first lieutenant of the *Enterprise,* under Sir James Ross, he passed the winter of 1848-9 at Port Leopold, returning in the autumn of the latter year. It was in his next northern voyage he underwent his strangest adventures and greatest perils, and finally established his title to rank among the heroes of Arctic discovery. The expedition—which had been again appointed to search for Sir John Franklin—consisted of two vessels, the *Enterprise,* under command of Captain Collinson as senior officer, and the *Investigator,* under M'Clure. The story of M'Clure and his ship is too well known to need anything beyond brief recapitulation here. The two vessels—clumsy and small things of but 400 tons—set sail for Behring's Straits on the 20th January, 1850. Almost immediately they were parted, and they only met once again, and finally the *Investigator* had to proceed on its course alone. Having passed round the north-west point of America, and steering between the ice and the land, M'Clure reached what are now known as the Prince of Wales's Straits. Shortly afterwards the ship was frozen in. Preparations were then made to push further on, in order to see whether there was a water passage through. Standing, on a morning in October, on a hill on Banks's Land, M'Clure discovered Barrow or Melville Strait between him and Melville Island. Thus the existence of a passage between the two oceans was proved, and M'Clure became the discoverer of the North-west Passage. Some controversy was afterwards raised when Sir Leopold M'Clintock found the relics and records of Sir John Franklin, whether the credit of having first discovered the passage should not be attributed to one of the ill-fated crew, the argument being that if M'Clure reached the Atlantic from the Pacific, some of the Franklin expedition, starting from the Atlantic, reached a point whence the Pacific could be communicated with. But the *Athenæum* deals with this contention reasonably enough. Expressing its regret that "any attempt should have been made, especially at such a time as this, to diminish the fame of Sir Robert M'Clure's glorious achievement," it goes on to say—"Sir John Franklin made an equally gallant attempt to solve the problem of three centuries, and fell a martyr to the cause of science. . . . But the fact that M'Clintock found a skeleton a short distance beyond Simpson's Cairn is insufficient to justify a claim to discovery, for the poor fellow was probably unconscious of his position, and, indeed, never could have reported it. Moreover, the discoverer of the North-west Passage must be one who has made it by sailing, or walking over the ice from ocean to ocean. This was done by M'Clure and his 'investigators,' and by them alone."

The great prize of the expedition had now been gained, but its greatest hardships were yet to begin. On the 31st October M'Clure and his companions returned to the ship, having travelled 156 miles in nine days. For ten months the vessel was ice-bound, at the end of which time M'Clure blasted the floe with gunpowder. Then he performed what the *Athenæum* styles "probably the most wonderful feat of ice navigation on record; passing round the south and west sides of Banks's Land, between the shore and the stupendous ice-fields of that inland sea, until he reached the Bay of God's Mercy, on the northern coast."

Then came the worst period of all. It was on the 24th of September, 1851, when it had reached the point just mentioned, that M'Clure and his crew were shut in, and it was not till April, 1853, that they were rescued. By that time the food was almost exhausted, scurvy was making terrible ravages among the sailors, and in despair, preparations had been made for abandoning the vessel and starting on the forlorn hope of reaching white settlements. Rescue at last came from a sledging party under Captain Kellett from the *Resolute* and *Intrepid,* which had been sent out in search of the lost explorers. The *Investigator* was abandoned, and the crew were taken home.

On his return to England Captain M'Clure received everywhere a most enthusiastic welcome; he was knighted, received the thanks of a select committee of the House of Commons and a grant of £5000, another £5000 being voted for his officers and crew. M'Clure afterwards served with distinction during the China war, and was created vice-admiral and a Companion of the Bath. He died somewhat suddenly on October 18, 1873, and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, London.]

THE DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

Upon the morning of the 19th we left this low coast and passed between two small islands lying at the entrance of what appeared a deep inlet, running E.S.E., and then turning sharp to the north-east. It had a barrier of ice extending across, which prevented any examination. Wishing to keep between the northernmost of these islands and the mainland to avoid the pack, which was very near it, we narrowly escaped from the latter to within half a mile of the island. Fortunately, the wind being light, we rounded to with all the studding-sails set, and let go the anchor in 2½ fathoms, having about 4 inches to spare under the keel, and warped into 4; while Mr. Court was sent to find a channel, in which he succeeded, carrying 3 fathoms, through which we ran for 1 mile, and then continued our course in 8, having from 3 to 5 miles between the ice and land. At eight p.m. we neared two other islands, the ice resting upon the westernmost, upon which the pressure must have been excessive, as large masses were forced nearly over its summit, which was upwards of 40 feet. Between these and the main we ran through a channel in from 9 to 15 fathoms, when an immediate and marked change took place in the general appearance and formation of the land; it became high, precipitous, sterile, and rugged, intersected with deep ravines and water-courses, having 65 fathoms at ¼ mile, and 15 fathoms 100 yards from the cliffs, which proved exceedingly fortunate, as the whole pack, which had apparently only just broken from the shore, was within ½ mile, and in many places so close to it that, to avoid getting beset, we had nearly to touch the land. Indeed, upon several occasions the boats were compelled to be topped up, and poles used to keep the vessel off the grounded ice which extends all along this coast; nor could we round to, fearful of carrying the jib-boom away against the cliffs, which here run nearly east and west. The cape forming its western extreme I have called Prince Alfred, in honour of his royal highness. There were two apparently good harbours about 20 miles to the eastward of the cape; the westernmost had a breakwater ½ mile in length, 20 feet high, facing the north, with entrances on its east and west sides about 60 yards in breadth; the other was circular, about ¾ mile in diameter, with its entrance on the west side. Our critical position would not admit of any detention, otherwise they would have been sounded, being very anxious to find a secure retreat in the event of having to winter on this coast. The weather had been fine, with a south-east wind, which veered to the W.S.W., bringing fog and rain; so that on the morning of the 20th our further progress was impeded by finding the ice resting upon a point which formed a slight indentation of the shore, and was the only place where water could be seen. To prevent being carried away with the pack, which was filling up its space, we secured to the inshore side of a small but heavy piece of ice, grounded in 12 fathoms 74 yards from the beach—the only protection against the tremendous Polar ice (setting a knot per hour to the eastward before a fresh westerly wind), which at nine p.m. placed us in a very critical position, by a large floe striking the piece we were fast to, and causing it to oscillate so considerably that a tongue, which happened to be under our bottom, lifted the vessel 6 feet; but, by great attention to the anchors and warps, we succeeded in holding on during the conflict, which was continued several minutes, terminating by the floe being rent in pieces and our being driven nearer the beach. From this until the 29th we lay perfectly secure; but at eight a.m. of that day the ice began suddenly to move, when a large floe, which must have caught the piece to which we were attached under one of its overhanging ledges, raised it perpendicular 30 feet, presenting to all on board a most frightful aspect. As it ascended above the foreyard much apprehension was felt that it might be thrown completely over, when the ship must have been crushed beneath it. This suspense was but for a few minutes, as the floe rent, carrying away with it a large piece from the foundation of our asylum, when it gave several fearful rolls and resumed its former position; but no longer capable of resisting the pressure, it was hurried onward with the drifting mass. Our proximity to the shore compelled, as our only hopes of safety, the absolute necessity of holding to it; we consequently secured with a chain stream and hemp cable three 6 and two 5 inch hawsers, three of which were passed round it; in this state we were forced along, sinking large pieces beneath the bottom, and sustaining a heavy strain against the stern and rudder; the latter was much damaged, but to unship it at present was impossible. At one p.m. the pressure eased from the ice becoming stationary, when it was unhung and laid upon a large floe piece, where, by eight p.m., owing to the activity of Mr. Ford, the carpenter, who is always ready to meet any emergency, it was repaired, just as the ice began again to be in motion; but as the tackles were hooked it was run up the davits without further damage. We were now setting fast upon another large piece of broken floe grounded in 9 fathoms upon the *dêbris* formed at the mouth of a large river. Feeling confident that should we be caught between this and what we were fast to the ship must inevitably go to pieces, and yet being aware that to cast off would certainly send us on the beach, from which we were never distant 8 yards, upon which the smaller ice was hurled as it came in contact with these pounded masses, I sent John Kerr (gunner's mate), under very difficult circumstances, to endeavour to reach it and effect its destruction by blasting. He could not, however, find a sufficient space of water to sink the charge, but remarking a large cavity upon the sea face of the floe, he fixed it there, which so far succeeded that it slightly fractured it in three places, which at the moment was scarcely observable from the heavy pressure it was sustaining. By this time the vessel was within a few feet of it, and every one was on deck in anxious suspense, awaiting what was apparently the crisis of our fate. Most fortunately the stern-post took it so fairly that the pressure was fore and aft, bringing the whole strength of the ship to bear; a heavy grind which shook every mast, and caused beams and decks to complain as she trembled to the violence of the shock, plainly indicated that the struggle would be but of short duration. At this moment the stream cable was carried away, and several anchors drew. Thinking that we had now sufficiently risked the vessel, orders were given to let go all the warps, and with this order I made up my mind that in a few seconds she would be on the beach; but as it was sloping, conceived she might still prove an asylum for the winter, and possibly be again got afloat, while, should she be crushed between these large grounded pieces, she must inevitably go down in 10 fathoms, which would be certain destruction to all; but before the orders could be obeyed a merciful Providence interposed, causing the ice, which had been previously weakened, to separate into three pieces, and it floated onward with the mass, our stern still tightly jammed against, but now protected by it. The vessel, which had been thrown over 15 degrees, and risen 1 foot 8 inches, now righted and settled in the water; the only damage sustained was several sheets of copper ripped off and rolled up like a sheet of paper, but not a fastening had given way, nor does any leakage indicate the slightest defect.

By midnight the ice was stationary and everything quiet, which continued until the 10th of September; indeed from the temperature having fallen 16 degrees, with all the appearance of the setting in of the winter, I considered our further progress stopped until next year. The crew were employed collecting ballast (of which they obtained 55 tons), and other arrangements making for such an event. Shooting and other parties made daily excursions inland, in which rambles an exceedingly old Esquimaux encampment was met with, and a most interesting discovery of a range of hills composed of one entire mass of wood in every stage, from a petrifaction to a log fit for firewood. Many large trees were among it, but in endeavouring to exhume them they were found to be too much decayed to stand removal, the largest piece we have been able to bring away being 3 feet 10 inches in girth and 7 in length. These were found by Messrs. Sainsbury and Piers at an elevation of 300 feet above the beach (in lat. 74° 27′ N.). As, however, there was a probability of being thrown upon the ice, it was requisite that a smooth surface should be made to receive the vessel, which was accomplished with much facility by blasting the hummocks along the edge of the floe for about 150 yards, and 20 in breadth. This done, and every indication of the pack being now thoroughly cemented with a temperature of seven *minus*, we completed housing over, and other arrangements for our winter quarters.

As the weather upon the 10th was calm and fine, and the ice quiet, at 8·30 a.m. left the ship accompanied by Lieut. Cresswell, Dr. Armstrong, and Mr. Miertsching, with a party of seamen, carrying a pole, &c., to plant upon the shore of Prince Albert's Land, to which we proceeded to take possession in the name of her most gracious Majesty. This accomplished, we walked to the highest hill observable, at the distance of 5 miles, to an elevation of 1500 feet, which gave an extended view in every direction. The country was very hilly, with deep ravines and large lakes. This appears the general character of the land on both shores. The course of the water towards the north-east we were anxious to trace, hoping to see an opening to Barrow's Strait. In this we were disappointed, from the many low points intervening rendering it impossible to ascertain the land from the sea, both being frozen. On our return we had the mortification to find that the land and sea ice had separated about 100 yards along the whole line of coast. We walked by its margin for some miles hoping to meet with some loose piece of ice to ferry us across; but night closing rapidly subjected us to many falls, owing to the inequalities of our road not being distinguishable, so that we were compelled to halt and commence firing to attract attention, but our distance from the ship was too far to render our signals of any utility. At 8·30 p.m. Mr. Court, with one of the many parties that were searching the ice in all directions, fortunately saw our flashing and made for it; but unsuspecting our dilemma was created by open water he had no boat: immediately returning he met with a party which had two of Halkitt's. These were soon launched, only getting them through the pancake ice, which was by this time an inch thick, was attended with great difficulty. The sea also rapidly setting to the northward, the boats after each transit had to be carried south before being launched, so as to insure their reaching the only spot from which the party to be relieved could embark. This operation commenced at 10·30 p.m., and by midnight we were all over, and reached the ship at 2·30 a.m., all parties meeting with heavy falls, but receiving no accident of consequence. I cannot refrain from noticing the excellence of Halkitt's boats, or speak in too high terms of the ingenuity of the inventor. These admirable little articles were inflated on board, and with the greatest facility carried upon a man's shoulders over the ice, which, from excessive roughness, no other boat could, by any possibility, have been got across without being smashed. By their means a large party were relieved, who were without tents, clothing, fuel, provisions, or in any way provided to withstand the severities of a polar night with the thermometer 8 degrees *minus.* The consequences to them might have been very serious; as it was, however, the annexation of Prince Albert's Land to the British crown was considered to have terminated so favourably that I directed an extra supper and allowance of grog to be issued to my energetic crew as a reward for their eight hours' vigorous exertions.

Being dissatisfied with the view obtained from Prince Albert's Land respecting the waters we were now in as to their connection with Barrow's Strait, which would settle the question of a north-west passage, I determined to proceed in that direction with a travelling party, although rather late in the season, as soon as I felt that the vessel might be safely quitted, which I judged would occur after the ensuing spring tide, if at that period there was no commotion among the ice. Accordingly upon the 21st, everything being favourable, I started with Mr. Court, second master, and the following men:—Robert Calder, captain of the forecastle; Robert Tiffeney, captain of the maintop; Michael Flynn, quartermaster; George Brown, A.B.; Peter Thompson, captain of the foretop; and James Saunders, private, Royal Marines. The ice for two miles from the ship was so rough that Lieutenant Haswell and the whole of the ship's company were occupied in carrying the sledge and different articles of lading. At eight a.m. the sledge was finally packed, when, with the fatigue party in charge of Mr. Wynniatt (mate), accompanied by Dr. Armstrong as an amateur, we set off towards the north-east at noon; the fatigue party having taken us 8 miles, were directed to return. Soon after they quitted us we got among very difficult ice. The sledge was broken, but, quickly fishing it, we proceeded. Unfortunately, scarcely an hour had elapsed when, in crossing a floe, the inequalities of which were imperceptible, it came down with such a crash that it broke into pieces. This was unlucky, but, pitching our tent, Mr. Court and Peter Thompson (captain of the foretop) started for the ship, where they arrived at 7·30 p.m., and rejoined the next day at two p.m. with a fresh and larger sledge, and a fatigue party with Mr. Wynniatt to carry the damaged one back. (This party upon my return I found did not get on board until the following day, being stopped by a heavy snow-drift, but, having a tent and provisions, did not suffer.) As soon as the new-comers were refreshed the sledges were packed, and by three p.m. we were again off, continuing our course without any further disaster until 3·45 p.m. of the 20th, when we had the extreme gratification of pitching our tent upon the shores of Barrow's Strait, in lat. 73° 31′ N., lon. 114° 39′ W. (chronometer), (lon. 114° 14′ W. lunar), nearly on a line as represented on the charts, where Sir Edward Parry has very correctly marked the loome of the land. Upon the following morning, before sunrise, Mr. Court and myself ascended a small hill, about 600 feet in height, so that we could command an extensive view of 40 or 50 miles. The extreme point of Prince Albert's Land bore lon. 78° E. true, about 35 miles, the furthest land N.N.E. 8 miles. The Melville Island shore could not be discovered, but in that direction the ice appeared to be very heavy, and the floes exceedingly large. While we were making these observations the crew were busily engaged erecting a cairn about 15 feet above the water (which had been named Prince of Wales's Strait in honour of his royal highness), in which a copper cylinder was deposited. The spot was so conspicuous that any person passing along the shore must remark it. All being completed by ten a.m. of the 27th we turned for the ship, arriving upon the morning of the 31st, having in nine days made in a direct line 156 miles by observation with a temperature of between + 7 and − 15 degrees. Upon the afternoon of the 30th the weather, which had been overcast, suddenly brightened, showing the Princess Royal Islands, distant about 12 miles. At three p.m. I left the sledge, with the intention of getting early on board to have everything in readiness for the comfort of the party, anticipating their arrival at nine p.m. Unfortunately the weather became again foggy about five p.m., followed soon by darkness; consequently my way was speedily lost, compelling me to wander about the floe during the night, with a temperature of from 5 to 15 degrees *minus*, when at seven next morning I had the mortification to find that I had passed the vessel 4 miles, which I reached by 8·30 a.m., and immediately despatched a party to assist Mr. Court, who was at 5 miles distance, having most judiciously encamped about 7 miles from the ship when the fog became too dense to travel.

I was agreeably surprised to learn from Lieutenant Haswell that on the 29th a party consisting of Messrs. Sainsbury, Paine, Miertsching, and Newton, while sporting upon Prince Albert's Land, had encountered a herd of musk cattle, two bulls, a cow, a heifer, and a calf, and most adroitly shot the whole, which yielded 1296 lbs. of excellent nutritious meat. A supply thus opportune and unexpected may be regarded as a most favourable termination to our season's operations, in which we have been nearly enabled to carry out verbatim their lordships' instructions, in reaching the ice by the 1st of August and establishing a position near Banks's Sound, which service has been performed under circumstances over which we could exercise but little control, our only credit consisting in seizing the advantages that an Invisible Power scattered along our road through fields of ice, where all human exertion would have been as unavailing as the feebleness of a child to advance us one yard.

DR. WILLIAM STOKES.

BORN 1804 — DIED 1878.

[William Stokes, M.D., one of the greatest physicians of Ireland, was the son of Dr. Whitley Stokes, and was born in Dublin in 1804. He was privately educated, and took his diploma in Edinburgh in 1825. His early years gave great promise of future fame. Marrying in 1828, he settled down to practice in Dublin, and for fifty years maintained a high position in his profession, gradually attaining to one of the largest practices ever enjoyed in Ireland. In 1828 he published his first medical work, on *The Application of the Stethoscope,* which excited considerable attention, and was highly praised by the faculty. This was followed in 1837 by *The Diagnosis and Treatment of Diseases of the Chest,* the fame of which extended to foreign countries, and secured him a European celebrity. In 1839 he was elected fellow of the King and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland, and Trinity College in the same year gave him the degree of M.D. Honours continued to fall upon him, so to speak, and in 1845 he was chosen regius professor of physic to the Dublin University, which post had previously been held until his death by his father. Dr. Stokes three times occupied the presidential chair of the King and Queen's College of Physicians. *The Diseases of the Heart and Aorta,* his chief medical work, appeared in 1849.

The university of Oxford conferred upon him, in 1865, the honorary degree of D.C.L., and in 1874 the sister English university presented him with the degree of LL.D. He had already received a similar honour from Edinburgh in 1866, and in 1875 the much-coveted Prussian Order of Merit was bestowed upon him by his majesty the Emperor William of Germany.

In addition to his contributions to the literature of medicine, which secured for Dr. Stokes so high a place in the annals of the medical profession, he gained considerable distinction as a lover of Irish history and antiquities, and the work by which he is best known to the world is his biography of George Petrie the antiquarian, for whom he possessed a profound admiration. In disposition Dr. Stokes was distinguished by singular amiability and gentleness, his character also being marked by an unusual freedom from sectarian prejudice. His death, which took place at his country seat at Carrig Breac, Howth, near Dublin, on the 7th January, 1878, was lamented by all classes, "and to the last he was surrounded by a large circle of devoted relatives and friends." A statue of Dr. Stokes by Foley was erected in 1876 in the hall of the King and Queen's College of Physicians.]

PETRIE'S LAST VISIT TO CLARE.

(FROM "LIFE OF PETRIE.")

In his seventy-third year Petrie, with a small party of friends, visited Cashel, and explored the Lower Shannon and Scattery Island, as well as the coast of Clare. His enjoyment of the cliff scenery, especially that of the coast between Kikee and Loop Head, was seemingly intensified by the feeling that this was the last time he should ever behold it. The weather was fine, and as the party walked on the carpet of sea-pinks which clothes the heights, and looked down on the many picturesque inlets and caverns formed by the sea, everything was glowing in colour. On the strands of the little bays below groups of people, the men in white costumes and the women and children in red, were preparing their curracks for the night fishing, while wreaths of blue smoke arose from their open-air fires. The azure sea was calm, but as far as the eye could reach furrowed by parallel and unbroken undulations, each carrying on its summit a burden of gold from the setting sun, and as it touched the shore throwing a shower of jewels down. Gazing on this scene Petrie exclaimed, "What country is like these western districts of Ireland? Where will the philosophic mind, that knows the history of the people, find such food for reflection? Where is nature seen in such varied beauty?"

From the cliffs of Moher, then showering their finest effects of colour, the party proceeded along the coast to Ballyvaughan, the way being shortened by Petrie's store of historic anecdote. Passing the little harbour of Doolin he pointed out the grave of the Spaniards, a big mound near the sea, where the survivors from the wreck of a vessel of the Armada lie in a common grave. They were all put to death under the orders of the lord-deputy by Clancy, who had been the chief brehon, but had conformed to the state religion, and become sheriff of Clare. Many of the circumstances of this wholesale execution are preserved in the traditions of the people. Among the victims was a young Spanish nobleman, for whom much intercession was made, but in vain, as the concise command to the sheriff of "Hang them!" applied to all. This history was supplemented in a truly national way by the driver. "When peace was made," he said, "the friends of the duke came to the country to get his remains, but how could they make them out among so many? so they went back to Spain, and from that to this the chaplain of the family curses the Clancys on the day the young man was hanged." "Had the Clancys ever any luck?" asked Petrie. "They had not, your honour; anyway none of them ever got to be a clergyman;" then recollecting himself he exclaimed, "There was one, I am told by the old people, but they took the name off him—they gave him his mother's name."

As illustrating the spirit of the times he related how O'Rorke, the prince of Breifne, for saving from massacre and giving temporary shelter and food to the famishing remnant of another Spanish crew, was treated as a rebel who had entertained the enemies of the queen, his lands confiscated, and himself carried to London and there imprisoned.

He was brought into the presence of Elizabeth, but refused to kneel before her, and when demanded scoffingly if he was not accustomed to kneel to a virgin queen, he replied, "To no queen will I kneel but the Queen of Heaven." His execution followed, and when asked had he any dying request to make he said, "None, but that you turn my face to Ireland."

In the district of Burren—the Arabia Petræa of Ireland—so rich in the remains of pagan and early Christian times, and with its invigorating air and singular rock scenery, his spirits became almost boyish. On leaving Ballyvaughan the party had to meet the train at Oranmore; the day was showery, and he had remained within doors; but even when the last moment for departure had arrived he was found dancing round the room to his own spirit-stirring music, while Irish planxties, Spanish fandangoes and boleros, fell in showers from his violin, and not till the very last moment could he be got to mount the car.

A TOUCHING REMINISCENCE.

(FROM "LIFE OF PETRIE.")

After the execution of Emmet he (Petrie's father) was requested to paint a portrait of him from memory, with the aid of such studies of the head and face as he had by him. It is needless to say from whom the order came. When the work was finished the artist wrote to Miss Curran requesting her to come and see it; he was out when she called, but she entered his study notwithstanding. Petrie, then a little boy, was sitting in a corner of the room when he saw a lady, thickly veiled, enter and walk straight up to the easel on which the work rested. She did not notice the child, and thought herself alone with the picture of her buried love. She lifted her veil, stood long and in unbroken stillness gazing at the face, then suddenly turning she moved with an unsteady step to another corner of the room, and bending forward pressed her forehead against the wall, heaving deep sobs, her whole frame shaken with a storm of passionate grief. How long this agony lasted the boy could not tell, it appeared to him to be an hour, and then with a sudden effort she controlled herself, pulled down her veil, and as quickly and silently left the room as she had come into it. She was unaware of his presence, unconscious of the depths of silent sympathy she had awakened in the heart of the child, whose sensitive and delicate nature kept him from intruding on her grief.

And so he continued through life a rare example of purity and gentleness of character, almost feminine, although when called upon he could exhibit the greatest energy, firmness, and determination.

JOHN FRANCIS MAGUIRE.

BORN 1815—DIED 1872.

[This politician and author, remarkable for his unswerving and unselfish devotion to the interests of his country, was born in Cork in 1815. He was designed for the bar; but during his course of study for the legal profession he became a frequent contributor to newspapers and periodicals, and in 1841 established the *Cork Examiner*. Owing in a great measure to the able advocacy by this journal of the popular movements which were being conducted simultaneously by Father Mathew and O'Connell, the *Cork Examiner* rapidly advanced in public favour, and became a recognized authority on national affairs. In 1843 Mr. Maguire was called to the bar; but he was so deeply immersed in literature and politics that he could not give much time to his profession. In 1852 he was elected member of parliament for Dungarvan, and in the same year he published an interesting pamphlet on the industrial progress of the country, apropos of the exhibition for home manufactures at Cork, in the promotion of which he took an active part. In 1853 he was elected mayor of Cork, and distinguished his year of office by earnest endeavours for the improvement of the city. In parliament Mr. Maguire succeeded in effecting a change in the law relating to Irish paupers in England. As the law stood no Irish pauper could claim relief unless he had resided five years in an English parish. The new law provided relief after a residence of six months. In 1856 he visited Rome, paid his respects to Pius the Ninth, and gleaned sufficient information during his stay to enable him to write his popular work, *Rome and its Ruler*, or, as it was subsequently named in an improved edition, *The Pontificate of Pius the Ninth*. The *Life of Father Mathew*, published in 1862, is perhaps the most pleasing and generally popular of Mr. Maguire's works. It was written from personal knowledge of the great apostle, and, as the author modestly states in his preface, he only ventured to attempt the task when he saw that no other person had intimated an intention of so doing. In 1866 Mr. Maguire resigned his seat for Dungarvan, and became member for his native city of Cork. In the same year he visited America, with the view of making observations upon Irish life in that country. *The Irish in America* appeared shortly after his return, and gained immense popularity, not only among Irish people in all parts of the world, but in quarters where its contents might effect the object he had in view, viz. the righting of what he supposed to be Irish wrongs. Mr. Maguire was an advocate of woman's rights and a supporter of female suffrage. His novel, *The Next Generation*, published in 1871, was written with the design of setting forth the possible state of society when these so-called rights should obtain. A number of his articles on home rule, which appeared in the *Examiner*, were published in book form shortly before his death, which took place at his residence, Stephen's Green, Dublin, Nov. 1, 1872. At a meeting in Dublin, for the purpose of raising a testimonial to the worth of Mr. Maguire, the first resolution, after setting forth the general sorrow at the premature death of this eminent man, went on to say, "We all recognize and honour his unselfish devotion to what he believed to be the public good, his generous consideration for the feelings of others, and his indefatigable zeal in the advancement of the social, moral, and material interests of this country." The testimonial was highly successful, among the subscribers being the Queen.]

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS OF THE FUTURE.

(FROM "THE NEXT GENERATION."[1])

The appearance of the interior of the new house on the day of its formal opening was very striking. The front seats of the spacious galleries gleamed like beds of flowers of every hue and form; the fairest women of the three kingdoms lending the attraction of their charms, embellished by the becoming attire of our more refined and tasteful modern style, to grace the happy occasion. Some lovely specimens of the genuine oriental type—pale, dreamy, and large-eyed—were scattered through the ranks of northern beauty; their subdued tints contrasting with the bright bloom with which a temperate clime endows its fortunate maidens.

And different indeed was the aspect of the body of the house from what it had been in former times—that is, previous to the passing of the woman's charter. Instead of long level rows of murky attire, sombre in hue and not over-graceful in fashion, vivid colours broke out in all directions, relieving what, without such enlivening brilliancy, would have been a dark monotony of tone. Of the eighty-nine lady-members, not ten were absent. The women-members pride themselves on their punctuality on all occasions; and for some half-hour previous to the chair being taken by the speaker, the movement and animation throughout the chamber were pleasant to witness, as acquaintances recognized each other, and the friendships born of the last session were renewed in this.

Lord Asterisk, the gracious and genial premier, being in the Upper House, and the minister for foreign affairs being at intervals unavoidably absent, the leadership of the Commons devolved during the greater portion of the session of 1890 and the entire of that of 1891, on the chancellor of the exchequor, a woman of singular tact and prudence, whose abilities made her respected, and whose thorough kindliness of disposition rendered her popular even with her political opponents—for of personal she had none. Her influence over the house was surprising. The honest frankness of her manner, not to say lulled suspicion, but banished it utterly; and in the most trying emergency, when some sudden difficulty would beset the ministry, a few sentences, spoken in her clear and harmonious voice, aided by a manner at once natural and replete with quiet dignity, would restore confidence to the timid, and act like a trumpet call upon the rank and file of her followers. In the administration of her onerous office she was singularly wise; and while firm against any attempt to divert the public money from its legitimate necessities, she well understood to what a variety of purposes the resources of the state might be applied with real advantage to the public interest.

Mrs. Bates, "the chancellor," as she was commonly termed, was then in her forty-fifth year, though—partly from her fine constitution, and, no doubt, much more from the equanimity of her disposition—she had the appearance of being five or six years younger. Her colour, a healthful pale, added to the effect of dark, penetrating eyes, whose honest glance inspired trust and confidence. With fine teeth, and perfect hair, simply arranged, and figure such as well became her years, Mrs. Bates was dressed with that happy discrimination which observes the right medium between richness and too great plainness of attire.

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[1] By permission of Messrs. Hurst and Blackett. On account of space, the extract is somewhat abridged.

The Hon. Meliora Temple, first commissioner of works, was, among the female members of the Lower Chamber, the one who stood next to Mrs. Bates in general esteem and popular admiration. Fully twenty years younger than her leader, she was more attractive by her gracefulness than from actual beauty, though she was held by good judges of feminine excellence to be a fine specimen of the brunette. But there was something about her indefinably artistic, a kind of careless grace in all her movements and attitudes; a something that made every article of ornament—were it a jewel, or were it merely a ribbon, or a flower, no matter how worn or placed—acquire an unaccountable charm, such as it could not possess if worn by another. The people almost worshipped her name; for, independently of her steadfast adherence to the interests of the humbler classes of the community, it was mainly through her efforts, as the reader is aware, that the three new parks for the million—with their bands, their menageries, their museums, their lovely flower-beds, and their play-grounds and games for the young—are now affording such innocent enjoyment and healthful recreation to the sons and daughters of toil. The gratuitous distribution of plants for window-gardening has also associated her name with much sinless pleasure. Pity that her retirement within the last year or two—though for a happier sphere of duty—should have lost to public life one of its most graceful ornaments, and to the nation a public servant endowed with the happiest gifts, and a generous zeal for their useful exercise.

Two other ladies were seated on the treasury bench; the minister of education and the newly-appointed patronage secretary—Eva Taylour Robertson and Grace O'Donnell.

"Order! order!" cried the speaker, the Right Hon. Edward Pleydell; and at that well-known injunction silence fell upon the assembly—but only for the moment; as more than one animated conversation was still carried on among the lady members.

"Order! order!" repeated the speaker, in still more solemn tones, in the midst of which died faintly the musical tinkle of a woman's laugh.

"That's Fanny Silverbright's laugh, I bet a sovereign. I could recognize it among a thousand," said Sir Frederick Hassell.

"If it isn't, 'tis her ghost's," said Sir John Bulmer.

"Oh, thank Heaven, not that. Better in the flesh by a thousand times," rejoined Hassell.

"Notices of motion!" cried the clerk, in a loud voice.

Mrs. Grimshaw announced her intention of bringing certain of the standing orders under the early notice of the house, with a view to their revision. It may be remarked that Mrs. Grimshaw had won the right of speaking with authority on all the matters of procedure from her singular assiduity, clear good sense, and intuitive respect for order and regularity. It was well known that her judgment was much relied upon by the speaker, by whom she was treated with uniform courtesy. Indeed her luminous evidence before the select committee of the previous session was much spoken of on both sides of the house. Nominally belonging to the opposition, her sense of justice was so great as very much to modify her political leanings, if she might be said to have any of a decided character.

Mrs. Ivory would on the next day ask her right hon. friend the first commissioner of works, what steps had been taken to complete the ladies' flower-garden; and when the new lifts from the terrace to the committee-rooms would be adjusted.

The chancellor of the exchequer gave notice of bringing in the budget on the following Monday week. Mrs. Bates was greeted with a loud cheer.

"The clerk will now proceed to read the orders of the day," said the speaker.

"The royal speech," said the clerk.

The speaker then, amid the deferential silence of the house, read the royal speech.

The speaker then called on the member selected to move the address in answer to the speech. He was a highly respectable gentleman from Wales, who, shrewd, sensible, and earnest, was better received and more enthusiastically applauded on that occasion, to him for ever memorable, than he might hope to be in his life again.

"Miss Hingston!" called the speaker.

A murmur ran through the assembly, and a flutter was perceptible in the front galleries, as a graceful woman of five-and-twenty rose in obedience to the call from the chair. Every eye was fixed upon the seconder of the address,—all in the Chamber, whether "strangers" or members, regarding her with genuine interest, while many felt towards her that strong personal sympathy which similarity of sentiment and identity of opinion and policy inspire. Usually pale, with at most a faint tinge of colour in her cheek, Dora Hingston was now flushed with anxiety, natural to the position in which she then stood, the observed of all observers. Hers was a fair womanly countenance; gentleness, modesty, and firmness being its chief characteristics. The brow was broad, and full of intellect; the mouth finely formed, and winningly sweet in its smile; the chin firmly moulded, and denoting strength of purpose; while the eyes were wonderfully thoughtful in their expression, and almost indefinable in their colour. Her hair of a dark brown, and seemingly most profuse, was arranged with the graceful simplicity so prevalent in Grecian sculpture. Her dress was a blending of exquisite propriety and elegance of taste, and sufficiently displayed the fine figure of the wearer, though without the least appearance of design. The general effect was in the highest degree pleasing and prepossessing.

An eager cheer, in which, without distinction of sides or parties, all joined, greeted the rising of the *débutante;* the applause dying away in the clapping of small hands, and a musical "hear, hear," from the younger of the female members, whose interest in her success was intense. The silence that followed this outburst of feeling must have been trying to Miss Hingston's nerves. It was soon broken by a sweet voice, clear and distinct, yet slightly tremulous. She spoke as follows:—

"Sir, it has pleased the wisdom and generosity of the present enlightened age to grant to my sex the full and free right of taking part in public affairs, and sharing in the sacred trust committed to a representative for the advantage of the general community. But that splendid concession—at once so large and so magnanimous on the part of the other sex—was not obtained without much difficulty, and in the face of powerful opposition. Therefore, sir, it is that I now feel—oh, so deeply!—how incapable I am, by any gifts of mine, whether natural or acquired, to reconcile those, however few they may be, who still retain a sentiment of hostility to what were known as woman's rights, to the position and office I now unworthily assume—(cries of "No, no")—or to satisfy the expectations of those who were instrumental in achieving our triumph, and perfecting the great reform for which they so disinterestedly strove (hear, hear). This sense of incompetency painfully oppresses me at this moment; therefore I must look, necessarily and naturally, to the indulgent sympathy of my audience, to overlook, if possible, my manifold defects, and to consider only the opinions or principles which I would humbly though sincerely advocate (loud cheers).

"On that paragraph in the speech relating to improvements of implements of war, I would remark, that so long as from some manifest imperfection in our nature, common to all races and peoples, war is still held in the highest honour by mankind—and here, I am bound, yet sorry, to admit, I cannot exclude woman from participation in this prevailing sentiment—we must be prepared for any emergency, if we desire to maintain our position among the nations (cheers). This I cannot and do not deny. Yet if the policy of preparedness were our only or our chief policy, I confess I should despair of all real progress—of any nearer approach to that goal at which communities, no less than individuals, should strive to reach. Happily, to prepare for strife—for the slaughter of myriads of our fellow-creatures—is not our only anxiety; to excel in the art and power of destruction is not our only, or our principal ambition. The well-merited honours bestowed so graciously on four British subjects,—an English and a Scotch lady, a Jewish gentleman, and an Irish priest,—is a noble evidence to the contrary (loud cheers).

"As to the Payment of Members Act, and the amendment proposed ——"

Here the voice of the speaker faltered, and a cry of "Water!" was heard. Miss Hingston had either not thought of, or had forgotten, to provide herself with the customary glass of water with which intending speakers usually supply themselves. Quick as thought two persons quitted the house in search of the required restorative. These were Clara Carter and Maurice Lawless. It was Miss O'Donnell's duty, or that of a subordinate, to meet an emergency of the kind; but she was new to her office, or was not as quick as her rival of the opposition, who forgot every consideration of party in her deep interest in the speaker. Impelled by a generous womanly impulse, Clara Carter was the first to reach the fountain, or large filter, from which she drew a sparkling draught.

"Pardon me," said Lawless; "do oblige me, Miss Carter—do allow me to relieve you of this," at the same time gently taking the glass from her dainty hand.

"Oh, Mr. Lawless, if you wish it, certainly," said Clara, letting the radiance of her brown eyes flood him with their magnetism.

"Miss Carter, no wonder that you are so dangerous to our party," remarked Lawless, in answer to the look, more than to the words, of the "Witch."

"Oh, Mr. Lawless, how can you imagine such a thing of innocent little me? But really you, Irishmen, are so fond of saying pretty things to us poor girls."

At this moment, as Clara was murmuring the words, "You Irishmen!" in a tone half conscious, half deprecatory, Grace O'Donnell arrived on the spot. At a glance she took in the little scene. Giving one passionate look at poor Lawless, in which a volume of scorn was conveyed, she directed her gaze full at Clara, whose glance met hers as quickly and as fiercely as sword meets sword in brave men's hands. Not more than half the contents of that glass reached its intended destination: Lawless's unaccustomed nervousness tracked his footsteps with splashes on the marble floor.

In the meantime Miss Hingston had been struggling against that horrid sense of dryness which frequently follows any sustained effort at public speaking. With a smile of eyes and lips, the welcome offering was received by the fair orator, whose voice at once recovered its silver *timbre* and its charming clearness.

She expressed her approval of the intended relaxation of the provisions of the Payment of Members Act. For instance, as she stated, ladies of moderate fortune would feel it a hardship to be compelled to meet the expenses of a session in London, with the charges of frequent travelling; and yet, from a conscientious motive, they would not apply for the full amount—£600 a year—allowed by the act upon declaration of necessity for it being duly made. They would be quite content with half that amount, which would be sufficient as a supplement to their own private means.

After touching lightly on one or two other topics, Miss Hingston continued:—

"There is one passage in the gracious speech from the throne to which I turn almost instinctively—in which allusion is made to the condition of Ireland—to the happy state of things existing in that country which was the birth-place of one of my parents. Sir, we are now accustomed to these auspicious announcements. But their similarity is far from being monotonous or displeasing (hear, hear), no more than would be the sweet strain of some familiar melody. And of what is the state of things which they depict the result? Of a godlike policy—of justice, kindness, confidence, and sympathy (cheers)—of all that could satisfy a justice-loving, a proud, and a sensitive people (hear, hear). It would be morally impossible that the people of Ireland could be insensible to a policy that has been now for nearly a quarter of a century unfalteringly persevered in. There was much to undo, much to atone for; but it has been boldly undone, it has been nobly atoned for. And now we reap the full result in the glorious harvest of our sowing. Heaven inspired those who commenced the work—Heaven smiles this day on its crowning triumph (cheers); for, sir, this is indeed—in fact and truth, in identity of feeling as well as interest—an United Kingdom (cheers). My prayer, in which I know all join, is—*Esto perpetua!*" (Loud cheers.)

Miss Hingston concluded by seconding the address, and sat down amidst a storm of applause.

There was a murmur in the house for a considerable time after the close of the speech, as neighbour spoke to neighbour in its commendation. Several of the members of the opposition, as well as members on the ministerial side, congratulated her upon her success. The chanceller of the exchequer was most impressive in her approval:—

"My dear Miss Hingston, you have had a great success, and I heartily congratulate you upon it. You have received the gift of abundant talent; and, what is better, you apply it to the best purposes." And the clear, bright, honest eyes of Mrs. Bates looked conviction itself.

"Dora, I am proud of you," said Mrs. Grimshaw. "You are not on our side—and I am sorry you are not; but, on the one side or the other, you are a credit to us."

"And I say the same," added Miss Pepper, in a tone of great earnestness.

"Would you allow me," said a winning voice, "to say how much I admired you, and how sincerely I wish you joy?"

This was Clara Carter, who had so generously come to Miss Hingston's assistance at a critical moment.

Dora Hingston expressed her acknowledgments with much modesty and gratitude, which deepened the admiration of her friends.

"You must be one of ours," said Mrs. Grimshaw.

"Of ours! Mrs. Grimshaw?"

"Yes, my dear—I mean you must join the Minerva. I guarantee your unanimous election."

"I should feel very much honoured," replied Miss Hingston.

"Then, my dear, that's settled," said the founder and chief manager of that famous club.

"Can you swim, Miss Hingston?" inquired a sweet voice, musical as the tinkling of silver bells.

"Can I swim? Certainly, I can. Papa—who was a naval officer—insisted on all his children without distinction, knowing how, as he said, to save themselves or others in case of accident; and our residence on the coasts of Kerry and Cornwall afforded us constant opportunity for the best practice. But why ask, Miss Silverbright?"

"Oh, Miss Hingston, you can't think how you delight me," gushed Fanny. "You must be a mermaid. We shall all be so happy. Shan't we, Mrs. Ivory?"

"Indeed, we shall, if Miss Hingston will do us the favour," replied the handsome widow.

"Of course, if you desire it, it would be a great enjoyment to me—for I have many friends in your club."

"That is charming. Is it not, Mrs. Ivory? And," whispered Fanny, "you must call me Fanny or Fan—whichever you please; and I will call you Dora. Mayn't I?" pleaded the most lovable of all the mermaids.

"Certainly," replied Dora, in a corresponding tone.

JOHN MITCHEL.

BORN 1815—DIED 1875.

[The subject of this sketch was a man of great literary talent, a lover of his country, and one of the most fearless, it may almost be said reckless, among the Young Ireland party. He was born at the manse in Dungiven, county Derry, 3d November, 1815. His father was a Dissenting minister, and like many northern Protestants of the period, he had been a member of the Society of United Irishmen in 1798. When young Mitchel was about eight years old his father accepted the call to a congregation in Newry, and there the boy was sent to school. About 1830 he entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he passed through his prescribed course respectably, but without any remarkable display of brilliant talent. He subsequently spent some years as apprentice and assistant to a solicitor in Newry, and while in this position he married, in 1835, the daughter of Captain Verner, a young lady of great beauty. Shortly afterwards he became a solicitor, and for some years he settled down to the practice of his profession in Banbridge, a town a few miles distant from Newry. From the establishment of the *Nation* newspaper in 1842 Mitchel had been an occasional contributor. His clear and forcible style, and strong expressions on national grievances, soon brought him into notice as a man of literary promise, and at the request of Mr. Duffy, the spirited publisher of "The Irish Library," he contributed one of its standard works, "*The Life of Aodh O'Neill*, called by the English Hugh, Earl of Tyrone." In his preface to this work Mr. Mitchel disavows all sectarian and party feeling, and denounces it as the bane of Ireland; he affirms that only "when Irishmen consent to let the past become indeed history, not party politics, and begin to learn from it the lessons of mutual respect and tolerance, instead of endless bitterness and enmity, then, at last, this distracted land shall see the dawn of hope and peace."

In 1845, on the death of the highly-gifted Thomas Davis, Mr. Mitchel was invited to take his place as editor of the *Nation*. He at once accepted the offer, and removed with his wife and family to Dublin. For a time he attended the meetings in Conciliation Hall, but as repeal of the union appeared further off than ever, he, with many others who believed in the doctrine of might—"foolish young men," as the great Liberator called them—separated themselves from the peace policy of O'Connell and formed the Irish Confederation in 1846. The desperate state of the country, and the enthusiasm of his associates, seemed to Mitchel to point to the time being ripe for his cherished scheme of insurrection. The *Nation* was found at this crisis not sufficiently advanced for his purpose, and in December, 1847, he resigned the editorship. He then started the *United Irishman*, for the openly avowed purpose of rousing into activity what he called "the holy hatred of English rule." He instructed the people in the tactics of street warfare, devoting a considerable portion of the paper to the purpose. He represented to the farming classes how very small the proportion of the fruits of their toil they could call their own, and for the peace policy by which they had been so long deceived he asked them to accept "Liberty! Fraternity! and Equality!" One of his articles concluded by declaring that the "clear steel will, ere long, dawn upon you in your desolate darkness; and the rolling thunder of the people's cannon will drive before it many a heavy cloud that has long hidden from you the face of heaven. Pray for that day; and preserve life and health that you may worthily meet it. Above all let the man amongst you who has no gun sell his garment and buy one!"

The government would endure no more, indeed it is a remarkable circumstance that the paper was allowed to circulate for three months. Mitchel was arrested, tried on the charge of "treason-felony," and although defended with rare tact and eloquence by Robert Holmes, brother-in-law to Robert Emmet, the verdict, as everyone expected, was *guilty*, and the sentence fourteen years' transportation. It was very evident the impending punishment had not effected any sudden change in the prisoner's sentiments, for at the wind-up of a defiant speech he concluded thus:—"Neither the jury, nor the judges, nor any other man in this court presumes to imagine that it is a criminal who stands in this dock. . . . The Roman who saw his hand burning to ashes before the tyrant, promised that three hundred should follow out his enterprise. Can I not promise for one, for two, for three, aye for hundreds?" The shouts and responses to this question were so earnest and general throughout the court, that Chief-baron Lefroy ordered Mr. Mitchel to be immediately removed. To prevent any possible rescue, and free the country of this fearless and outspoken rebel—a host in himself—on the evening succeeding the sentence, May 27th, 1848, he was heavily ironed and conveyed in a van, with a mounted escort, to the North Wall pier, where he was at once put on board the *Shearwater*, lying alongside with steam up, ready to receive him, and conveyed to Spike Island.

The 1st June of the same year he sailed in the *Scourge* for Bermuda, where he spent some time on board a penal ship. In April, 1849, he was sent to the Cape of Good Hope in the convict ship *Neptune*. After a long detention, from the refusal of the colonists to receive the convicts, although they offered to make an exception in favour of the political prisoners, Mitchel at length, by government order, sailed from the inhospitable shores, and on April 7th, 1850, reached his destination, Van Diemen's Land. Here Mr. Mitchel found a number of his friends who had arrived before him, Messrs. O'Brien, Martin, Meagher, O'Doherty, and others. In consideration for his delicate health he was permitted to reside with his brother-in-law, John Martin, and in a short time his family joined him. In 1853 Mr. P. J. Smyth, the present member for Westmeath, arrived from America for the purpose of assisting Mr. Mitchel to make his escape. In accordance with an arranged plan they presented themselves before a magistrate to whom Mr. Mitchel gave up his parole, and while that functionary was considering what was best to do in this difficulty, the friends left the office, mounted their horses, and rode away. After many adventures, graphically described in his *Jail Journal*, he reached California, and shortly afterwards settled in New York, where he was warmly received by numerous friends.

In 1854 Mr. Mitchel established the *Citizen* newspaper. He subsequently edited the *Southern Citizen*, and during the American civil war conducted the *Richmond Examiner*. He, much to the disappointment of his admirers, strongly advocated the Southern cause, but how his principles of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" could agree with slavery is difficult to understand. He proved his sincerity, however, by giving his two brave sons to fight for the cause, both of whom fell during the war. *The History of Ireland, from the Treaty of Limerick to the present time*, appeared in 1868. In 1867 Mr. Mitchel had started the *Irish Citizen* in New York, but after conducting it energetically for several years his health gave way, and he was forced to resign his literary labours. In 1875 he visited Ireland; he was everywhere received with marks of public respect, and as a testimonial of regard a large sum of money was presented to him. He then returned to America, but scarcely had he reached the shores of his adopted country when the seat for county Tipperary became vacant, and he was summoned to return as candidate. On his arrival in Cork on the 17th February he found that he had been elected without opposition on the previous day, and he was greeted by all classes with enthusiasm. Mr. Disraeli objected to the election on legal grounds, as the member was a felon who had not completed his term of sentence. A fresh election ensued, and Mr. Mitchel was again returned.

While the awkward question was pending as to whether he could be received as a member of the British parliament, the whole difficulty was solved in an unexpected way. When Mitchel was starting for Ireland he was a dying man, and he knew it. But his iron will would not be appalled by any danger when required to perform what he considered as an act of duty to his country. When he landed in Cork he was almost helpless. The excitement, perhaps, hastened the end; and shortly after his election his last illness came. He retreated to the scene where he had passed his early and more tranquil days; and on the 20th March, 1875, at the residence of his brother-in-law "Honest John Martin," his stormy spirit at last found peace. Irishmen of all classes and politics attended Mr. Mitchel's funeral, and the mourning was deep and universal. It was felt that, however wild might be his opinions or rash his deeds, he was of that unbending soul and that incorruptible heart of which heroes are made; and, take him for all in all, he was, perhaps, the most unselfish public man that Ireland has produced in the present generation. It is unjust to his memory, however, to regard him as merely a revolutionary. He was not only a writer, but a writer of genius. His terse sentences have the vigour of perfect lucidity and directness; he is a master of grim humour; and his works are full of passages of picturesque beauty—the pictures being the more striking because, as a rule, drawn with few strokes. His *Jail Journal* has many beauties, but some of its finest parts appear to us tawdry and long-drawn out,—a not unnatural result of its being written in the too large leisure and too frequent solitude of convict life. The finest of his works is *The Last Conquest of Ireland* (*Perhaps*), which appears to us, in parts at least, worthy of Carlyle. A prefatory notice to the poems of hapless Clarence Mangan, is also a beautifully written sketch—a gem of biography. The *History of Ireland*, on the other hand, is for the most part slovenly, and probably was not much better than a "pot-boiler." Mitchel also published a series of scathing replies to the calumnious attacks on the Irish people by an English historian, under the title, *Froude from the Standpoint of an Irish Protestant;* as well as *The Repeal Agitation*, *The Nurseries of the Famine*, and a collection of the poems of Davis.]

FAREWELL TO IRELAND.

(FROM "JAIL JOURNAL."[1])

May 27, 1848.—On this day, about four o'clock in the afternoon, I, John Mitchel, was kidnapped, and carried off from Dublin, in chains, as a convicted "felon."

I had been in Newgate prison for a fortnight. An apparent *trial* had been enacted before twelve of the castle jurors in ordinary —much legal palaver, and a "conviction" (as if there were *law*, *order*, *government*, or *justice* in Ireland). Sentence had been pronounced, with much gravity, by that ancient purple Brunswicker, Baron Lefroy—*fourteen years' transportation;* and I had returned to my cell and taken leave of my wife and two poor boys. A few minutes after they had left me a jailer came in with a suit of coarse gray clothes in his hand. "You are to put on these," said he, "directly." I put them on directly. A voice then shouted from the foot of the stairs, "Let him be removed in his own clothes;" so I was ordered to change again, which I did. Asked to what place I was to be removed. "Can't tell," said the man: "make haste." There was a travelling bag of mine in the cell containing a change of clothes; and I asked whether I might take it with me. "No; make haste." "I am ready, then;" and I followed him down the stairs.

When we came into the small paved court some constables and jailers were standing there. One of them had in his hand a pair of iron fetters; and they all appeared in a hurry, as if they had some very critical neck-or-nothing business in hand; but they might as well have taken their time and done the business with their usual unconcerned and sullen dignity of demeanour.

I was ordered to put my foot upon a stone seat that was by the wall; and a constable fastened one of the bolts upon my ankle. But the other people hurried him so much that he said quickly, "Here, take the other in your hand, and come along." I took it, and held up the chain which connected the two, to keep it from dragging along the pavement as I followed through the hall of the prison (where a good many persons had gathered to see the vindication of the "law"), and so on to the outer door. I stood on the steps for one moment and gazed round: the black police omnibus—a strong force of the city constabulary occupying the street on either side; outside of them dark crowds of people standing in perfect silence; parties of cavalry drawn up at the openings of the streets hard by. I walked down the steps; and amidst all that multitude the clanking of my chain was the loudest sound. The moment I stepped into the carriage the door was dashed to with a bang. Some one shouted, "To the North Wall!" and instantly the horses set forward at a gallop. The dragoons, with drawn sabres, closed both in front and rear and on both sides; and in this style we dashed along, but not by the shortest, or the usual way to the North Wall, as I could see through a slit in the panel. The carriage was full of police-constables. Two of them, in plain clothes, seemed to have special charge of me, as they sat close by me, on right and left, one of them holding a pistol with a cap on the nipple. After a long and furious drive along the North Circular Road I could perceive that we were coming near the river. The machine suddenly stopped, and I was ushered to the quay-wall between two ranks of carbineers with naked swords. A government steamer, the *Shearwater*, lay in the river with steam up, and a large man-of-war's boat, filled with men armed to the teeth, was alongside the wall. I descended the ladder with some difficulty owing to the chain, took my seat beside a naval officer who sat in the stern, and a dozen pulls brought us to the steamer's side. A good many people who stood on the quay and in two or three vessels close by, looked on in silence. One man bade God bless me; a police-inspector roared out to him that he had better make no disturbance.

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[1] This and the following extracts are by permission of Messrs. Cameron and Ferguson.

As soon as we came on board, the naval officer who had brought me off, a short, dark man of five-and-forty or thereabouts, conducted me to the cabin, ordered my fetters to be removed, called for sherry and water to be placed before us, and began to talk. He told me I was to be brought to Spike Island, a convict prison in Cork Harbour, in the first place; that he himself, however, was only going as far as Kingstown, where his own ship lay; that he was Captain Hall of the *Dragon* stream-frigate; and that he dared to say I had heard of the unfortunate *Nemesis*. "Then," quoth I, "you are the Captain Hall who was in China lately, and wrote a book." He said he was, and seemed quite pleased. If he had a copy of his work there, he said he should be most happy to present it to me. Then he appeared apprehensive that I might confound him with Captain Basil Hall. So he told me that he was not Basil Hall, who in fact was dead; but that though not actually Basil Hall, he had sailed with Basil Hall, as a youngster, on board the *Lyra*. "I presume," he said, "you have read his voyage to the Loo Choo Islands?" I said I had, and also another book of his which I liked far better: his "Account of the Chilian and Peruvian Revolutions, and of that splendid fellow, San Martin." Captain Hall laughed. "Your mind," said he, "has been running upon revolutions." "Yes, very much—almost exclusively." Ah, sir!" quoth he, "dangerous things these revolutions." Whereto I replied, "You may say that." We were now near Kingstown pier, and my friend, looking at his watch. said he should still be in time for dinner; that he was to dine with the lord-lieutenant; that he had been at a review in the Park this morning, and was suddenly ordered off to escort me with a boat's crew from the *Dragon;* further, that he was sorry to have to perform such a service; and that he had been credibly informed my father was a very good man. I answered I know not what. He invited me to go with him upon deck, where his crew were preparing to man the boat; they were all dressed like seamen, but well armed. . . .

Captain Hall, of the *Dragon*, now bade me good evening, saying he should just have time to dress for dinner. I wished him a good appetite, and he went off to his ship. No doubt he thought me an amazingly cool character; but God knoweth the heart. There was a huge lump in my throat all the time of this bald chat, and my thoughts were far enough away from both Peru and Loo Choo. At Claremont Bridge, in Dublin, this evening, there is a desolate house—my mother and sisters, who came up to town to see me (for the last time in case of the worst)—five little children, very dear to me; none of them old enough to understand the cruel blow that has fallen on them this day; and above all—above all—my wife. . . .

It darkened over the sea, and the stars came out; and the dark hills of Wicklow had shrouded themselves in the night-fog before I moved from the shoreward gunwale of the quarter-deck. My two guardians, the police-constables in plain clothes, who had never left my side, now told me it was growing late, and that tea was ready below. Went down, accordingly, and had an "æsthetic tea" with two detectives. Asked my two friends if they knew my destination. They knew nothing, they said; but thought it probable I would not be removed from Spike Island; supposed that government would just keep me there "till matters were a little quieted down," and then let me go. Well, I think differently, my plain-coated, plain-witted friends. On Ireland, or anywhere near it, assuredly I will not be allowed to live. But where then? The Carthaginians have convict colonies everywhere: at Gibraltar, at Bermuda in the Atlantic; at Norfolk Island in the Pacific; besides Van Diemen's Land and the various settlements in New South Wales; for on British felony the sun never sets. To any one of these I may find myself steering within the twenty-four hours. But be my prison where it will, I suppose there is a heaven above that place.

There is a good berth provided for me here, and I am as sleepy as a tired ploughman. Good night, then, Ireland and Irish tumults, strugglings and vociferations, quackery, puffery, and endless talk! Good night, friends and enemies. And good night, my sweet wife and widow!—yet we shall meet again.

28th.—Sunday morning. A bright morning, but no land in sight. Found the *United Irishman* of yesterday in my cabin. The sixteenth *and last* number. Read all the articles. Good Martin! Brave Reilly! but you will be swallowed, my fine fellows. "Government" has adopted the vigorous policy. . . . About ten o'clock the land-fog rose, and far to the northward I could recognize the coast about Youghal, the opening of the Blackwater, and beyond these, faint and blue, the summits of Knockmeledown. We had kept a wide berth from the land all night, but were now making straight for Cork Harbour. Soon it opened; within half-an-hour more we came to anchor opposite Cove, and within five hundred yards of Spike Island—a rueful looking place, where I could discern, crowning the hill, the long walls of the prison, and a battery commanding the harbour. A boat was instantly lowered and manned. My friends in plain clothes told me they would "take it on their own responsibility" (policemen have high responsibilities in Ireland) *not* to put me in irons as I went ashore. The commander and first lieutenant buckled on their swords, and took their seats in the stern of the boat beside me. We were rowed rapidly to the island, and as we walked up the approach we met an elderly, grave-looking gentleman, who said, "Mr. Mitchel, I presume!" How the devil, thought I, did you know already that I was coming to you? —forgetting that Lord Clarendon, before I was "tried," made sure of my conviction. However, I bowed, and then he turned and escorted us to his den, over a drawbridge, past several sentries, through several gratings, and at last into a small square court. At one side of this court a door opened into a large vaulted room, furnished with a bed, table, chair, and basin-stand, and I was told that I was in my cell. The two naval officers took their leave politely, saying they hoped to meet me under happier circumstances; and they seemed really sorry. I bowed and thanked them; and I was left alone. I found I had the range of the cell and the court before it, no prisoner being there but myself. Mr. Grace, the governor, came in to tell me I might write home if I chose, submitting the letter to him. I did write, telling where I was, and desiring a trunk to be sent to me with some clothes and a few books. Mr. Grace also offered to lend me books while I should stay. A turnkey, or guard in blue uniform, kept sauntering up and down the court, and sometimes lounged into the room. Asked him what he wanted. He told me he was not to leave me until lock-up hour—thought this a great grievance, and wished for lock-up hour. It came at last: my door was shut, and for the first time I was quite alone.

And now,—as this is to be a faithful record of whatsoever befalls me,—I do confess, and will write down the confession, that I flung myself on the bed and broke into a raging passion of tears—tears bitter and salt—tears of wrath, pity, regret, remorse—but not of base lamentation for my own fate. The thoughts and feelings that have so shaken me for this once language was never made to describe; but if any austere censor could find it in his heart to vilipend my manhood therefor, I would advise him to wait until he finds himself in a somewhat similar position. Believe me, oh, Stoic! if your soul were in my soul's stead, I also could heap up words against you, and shake mine head at you.

It is over, and finally over. In half-an-hour I rose, bathed my head in water, and walked awhile up and down my room. I know that all weakness is past, and that I am ready for my fourteen years' ordeal, and for whatsoever the same may bring me—toil, sickness, ignominy, death. Fate, thou art defied.

CHARACTER OF O'CONNELL.

(FROM "THE LAST CONQUEST OF IRELAND.")

In February, 1847, and amidst the deepest gloom and horror of the famine, O'Connell, old, sick, and heavy-laden, left Ireland, and left it for ever. Physicians in London recommended a journey to the south of Europe; and O'Connell himself desired to see the pope before he died, and to breathe out his soul at Rome in the choicest odour of sanctity. By slow and painful stages he proceeded only as far as Genoa, and there died on the 15th of May.

For those who were not close witnesses of Irish politics in that day—who did not see how vast this giant figure loomed in Ireland and in England for a generation and a half—it is not easy to understand the strong emotion caused by his death both in friends and enemies. Yet, for a whole year before, he had sunk low indeed. His power had departed from him; and in presence of the terrible apparition of his perishing country, he had seemed to shrink and wither. Nothing can be conceived more helpless than his speeches in Conciliation Hall, and his appeals to the British parliament during that time: yet, as I said before, he never begged *alms* for Ireland: he never fell so low as that; and I find that the last sentences of the very last letter he ever penned to the Association still proclaim the true doctrine:—"It will not be until after the deaths of hundreds of thousands, that the regret will arise that more was not done to save a sinking nation. How different would the scene be if we had our own parliament—taking care of our own people—of our own resources. But, alas! alas! it is scarcely permitted to think of these, the only sure preventatives of misery, and the only sure instruments of Irish prosperity."

Let me do O'Connell justice; bitter and virulent as may have been the hatred he bore to me in his last days of public life. To no Irishman can that wonderful life fail to be impressive,—from the day when, a fiery and thoughtful boy, he sought the cloisters of St. Omers for the education which penal laws denied him in his own land, on through the manifold struggles and victories of his earlier career, as he broke and flung off, with a kind of haughty impatience, link after link of the social and political chain that six hundred years of steady British policy had woven around every limb and muscle of his country,—down to that supreme moment of the blackness of darkness for himself and for Ireland, when he laid down his burden and closed his eyes among the palaces of the Superb City, throned on her blue bay. Beyond a doubt his death was hastened by the misery of seeing his proud hopes dashed to the earth, and his well-beloved people perishing; for there dwelt in that brawny frame tenderness and pity soft as woman's. To the last he laboured on the "Relief Committees" of Dublin, and thought every hour lost unless employed in rescuing some of the doomed. The last time I saw him, he was in the Relief Committee rooms in Dame Street, sitting closely muffled in a chair, as I entered and found myself opposite to him and close by. Many months had gone by since we had spoken; and he had never mentioned me or any of my friends in that time without bitter reproaches. To my lowly inclination I received in reply a chilling, stately bow, but no word.

Readers already know my estimate of his public character and labours. He had used all his art and eloquence to emasculate a bold and chivalrous nation; and the very gratitude, love, and admiration which his early services had won, enabled him so to pervert the ideas of right and wrong in Ireland, that they believed him when he told them that constitutional "agitation" was moral force—that bloodshed was immoral—that to set at naught and defy the London "laws" was a crime—that, to cheer and parade, and pay repeal subscriptions, is to do one's *duty*—and that a people patient and quiet under wrong and insult is a virtuous and noble people, and the finest peasantry in the universe. He had helped the disarming policy of the English by his continual denunciations of arms, and had thereby degraded the manhood of his nation to such a point that to rouse them to resistance in their own cause was impossible, although still eager to fight for a shilling a day. To him and to his teaching, then, without scruple, I ascribe our utter failure to make, I do not say a revolution, but so much as an insurrection, two years after, when all the nations were in revolt, from Sicily to Prussia, and when a successful uprising in Ireland would have certainly destroyed the British empire, and every monarchy in Europe along with it. O'Connell was, therefore, next to the British government, the worst enemy that Ireland ever had,—or rather the most fatal friend. For the rest, no character of which I have heard or read was ever of so wide a compass; so capable at once of the highest virtues and the lowest vices—of the deepest pathos and the broadest humour—of the noblest generosity and most spiteful malignity. Like Virgil's oak-tree, his roots stretched down towards Tartarus, as far as his head soared towards the heavens; and I warn the reader, that whoso adventures to measure O'Connell must use a long rule, must apply a mighty standard, and raise himself up, by a ladder or otherwise, much above his own natural stature.

A GALWAY ELECTION.

(FROM "THE LAST CONQUEST OF IRELAND.")

Next came the Galway election. It was essential that Mr. Monahan, being attorney-general, should be also a member of parliament; and there was a vacancy in Galway city. The repealers resolved to contest it; and Mr. Anthony O'Flaherty, a gentleman of Galway county, addressed the electors. It was resolved not only to contest this election with the Whig attorney-general, but to fight it with the utmost vehemence and bitterness, in order to show the world how the "amelioration" Whig government was appreciated in Ireland. But though nine-tenths of the people of Galway were repealers, we knew that the enemy had great advantages in the struggle: because, in the first place, any amount of money would be at their command for bribery; and next, the *landlords* of the city and of the rural districts around were principally of the sort called "Catholic gentry,"—the very worst class, perhaps, of the Irish aristocracy.

The "Irish Confederation" sent down a number of its members to give gratuitous aid to Mr. O'Flaherty's law-agents and committee. These were Dillon, Meagher, O'Gorman, Doheny, Barry, O'Donoghue, Martin O'Flaherty, and John Mitchel. In the depth of winter we travelled to Galway, through the very centre of that fertile island, and saw sights that will never wholly leave the eyes that beheld them:—cowering wretches, almost naked in the savage weather, prowling in turnip-fields, and endeavouring to grub up roots which had been left, but running to hide as the mail-coach rolled by: very large fields, where small farms had been "consolidated," showing dark bars of fresh mould running through them, where the ditches had been levelled:—groups and families, sitting or wandering on the high-road, with failing steps and dim, patient eyes, gazing hopelessly into infinite darkness; before them, around them, above them, nothing but darkness and despair: parties of tall, brawny men, once the flower of Meath and Galway, stalking by with a fierce but vacant scowl; as if they knew that all this ought not to be, but knew not whom to blame, saw none whom they could rend in their wrath; for Lord John Russell sat safe in Chesham Place; and Trevelyan, the grand commissioner and *factotum* of the pauper-system, wove his webs of red tape around them from afar. So cunningly does civilization work! Around those farm-houses which were still inhabited were to be seen hardly any stacks of grain; it was all gone; the poor-rate collector, the rent-agent, the county-cess collector, had carried it off: and sometimes I could see, in front of the cottages, little children leaning against a fence when the sun shone out,—for they could not stand,—their limbs fleshless, their bodies half-naked, their faces bloated yet wrinkled, and of a pale, greenish hue,—children who would never, it was too plain, grow up to be men and women. I saw Trevelyan's claw in the vitals of those children: his red tape would draw them to death: in his government laboratory he had prepared for them the typhus poison.

Galway is a very ancient but decayed city, with many houses yet standing, built in the old Spanish style, with high walls of solid stone, and an interior court-yard, entered by a low-browed arch. Foaming and whirling down from Loch Corrib, a noble river flows through many bridges into the broad bay; and the streets are winding and narrow, like the streets of Havana. When we arrived, the city, besides its usual garrison, was occupied by parties of cavalry and all the rural police from the country around;—they were to suppress rioters of O'Flaherty's party, and help those of Monahan's, cover their retreat, or follow up their charge. The landlords and gentry, Catholic and Protestant, were almost unanimous for Monahan, and highly indignant at strangers coming from Dublin to interfere with the election. Accordingly, in the court-house, on the day of nomination, a young gentleman of spirit insulted O'Gorman, who forthwith went out and sent him a challenge. This was beginning a Galway election in regular form. The meeting, however, was prevented by some relative of the aggressor, who discovered the challenge; and they were both arrested. There was no further disposition to insult any of us. The tenantry of the rural district of the borough (which happened to be unusually large) were well watched by the agents and bailiffs, who, in fact, had possession of all their certificates of registry; and when the poor creatures came up to give their reluctant vote for the famine candidate, it was in gangs guarded by bailiffs. A bailiff produced the certificates of the gangs which were under his care in a sheaf, and stood ready to put forward each in his turn. If the voter dared to say, *O'Flaherty*, the agent scowled on him, and in that scowl he read his fate;—but he was sure to be greeted with a roaring cheer that shook the court-house, and was repeated by the multitudes outside. Magistrates and police-inspectors, pale with ferocious excitement, stood ready, eagerly watching for some excuse to precipitate the troops upon the people; and when the multitudes swayed and surged, as they bore upon their shoulders some poor farmer who had given the right vote, the ranks of infantry clashed the butts of their muskets on the pavement with a menacing clang, and the dragoons gathered up their bridles, and made hoofs clatter, and spurs and scabbards jingle, as if preparing for a charge.

I took charge of one of the polling booths as O'Flaherty's agent. A gang of peasants came up, led or driven by the bailiffs. One man, when the oath was administered to him, that he had not been bribed, showed pitiable agitation. He spoke only Gaelic, and the oath was repeated, sentence by sentence, by an interpreter. He affected to be deaf, to be stupid, and made continual mistakes. Ten times at least the interpreter began the oath, and as often failed to have it correctly repeated after him. The unfortunate creature looked round wildly as if he meditated breaking away; but the thought, perhaps, of famishing little ones at home still restrained him. Large drops broke out on his forehead; and it was not stupidity that was in his eye, but mortal horror. Mr. Monahan himself happened to be in that booth at the time, and he stood close by his solicitor, still urging him to attempt once more to get the oath out of the voter. Murmurs began to arise, and at last I said to Mr. Monahan: "You cannot, and you dare not, take that man's vote. You know, or your solicitor knows, that the man was bribed. I warn you to give up this vote and turn the man out." In reply he shrugged his shoulders, and went out himself. The vote was rejected; and, with a savage whisper, the bailiff who had marshalled him to the poll turned the poor fellow away. I have no doubt that man is long since dead, he and all his children.

The election lasted four or five days, and was a very close contest. The decent burghers of the town stood by us, and our friends were enabled to rescue some bands of voters out of the custody of the agents and bailiffs, whose practice it was to collect those of the several estates in large houses, set a guard over them, and help them to stifle thought and conscience with drink. Monahan had a mob hired,—the Claddagh fishermen,—so that we were obliged to organize a mob to counteract it. Of course there was much skirmishing in the streets. Monahan was run very close, and in the last two days his party spent much money in bribery; a kind of contest into which Mr. O'Flaherty did not enter with him. The attorney-general won his election by four votes out of a very large constituency; but his escape was narrow. If he had lost he would have been thrown aside like any broken tool; but, as it chanced, he is now Chief-justice of the Common Pleas. More than this; he had the satisfaction, not many months after, of hunting into exile, or prosecuting (with packed juries) to conviction, every Irish confederate who went down to hold out Galway against him—with a single exception. Ministers gave him *carte blanche* in the matter of those prosecutions, and he used it with much energy and legal learning.

END OF VOLUME THIRD.

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